

HISTORY

OF

ROUTT NATIONAL FOREST

1905 - 1972

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ROCKY MOUNTAIN STATION

I. History of Area Prior to Establishment of the Routt.

Early History

The Indian lore of the Routt Country is not well recorded. The head of the Yampa River was in the Ute territory. In the treaty of 1868 the Utes gave up the San Luis Valley in consideration of an annuity but retained practically all of the Western Slope of Colorado. This original reservation comprised 19 million acres.

The Meeker or Thornburg Massacre in 1879, in which Indian Agent Meeker, Major Thornburg and 25 soldiers were murdered, caused the Government to break its treaty with the Utes. They were deprived of their lands in Colorado. Part of the tribe were put on a reservation in the extreme southwestern part of the state and part were moved to the Uinta Reservation in eastern Utah. In 1881 the Utes formally surrendered all land in Colorado north of the 32nd parallel.

Before the Meeker Massacre, hundreds of Utes visited the Steamboat Springs country each year for the good hunting and fishing and to drink the healthful spring water.

The Routt country was a meeting grounds for the mountain tribes such as the Arapahoes and Gros Ventres, and the Sioux and Cheyenne Indians of the Great Plains, and the Utes of the Colorado and Great Basins. The hunting and fishing facilities that center in this area plus the fact that it is accessible from the Laramie Plains, the Red Desert, the Arkansas River and the Colorado River, all natural wilderness highways, probably were responsible for this intermingling of different tribes.

Explorers

The Routt country saw such famous mountain men as William Ashley, Pegleg Smith, William and Milton Sublette, Thomas Fitzgerald, Jean Gervais, Jim Bridger, Jim Baker and Kit Carson during the fur trapping period from 1825 to 1845. Routt streams were rich in beaver, the most sought for fur of that era. The Routt's proximity to Brown's Hole, a favorite wintering ground for mountain men, increased its desirability for fur trapping. William Ashley, of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, first brought trappers to the Green River near the northwest corner of Colorado in 1825. He descended Green River in 1825 and discovered Brown's Hole.

"Pegleg" Smith, a famous beaver trapper of the 1820's and 30's was an early visitor to the Routt. He was born in Kentucky and was christened Thomas Smith. He headed west after a fight with his teacher in a Kentucky school and in 1824 was trapping in western Colorado. He was travelling through North Park in 1827 with a party of trappers when a band of Indians attacked them. In the fight, an arrow struck Smith in the leg just above the ankle causing a compound fracture. When Smith stepped toward a tree for his rifle, his leg bone stuck into the ground. His companions were unwilling to amputate the leg so Smith called for the cook's butcher knife and cut through the muscles and tendons himself. Milton Sublette, who was one of the party, then helped Smith finish the job by searing the stump with a red hot iron to stop the bleeding. Smith nearly bled to death, but the trappers carried him westward from North Park in a litter between two horses finally reaching Green River. Thus the Routt country witnessed a "stretcher case" as early as 1827.

When the party reached Green River perhaps at Brown's Hole they encamped and when the stump had healed, Smith fashioned a wooden leg. After that he went by the name of Pegleg Smith. The healing process was hastened by some friendly Ute Indians who were camped on the Green River and who chewed up roots and spit the juice on the wound.

Pegleg was a character. He once went to California and stole some horses to trade to the gold rush emigrants who were pushing past his Bear River (Utah) ranch in 1849. An emigrant asked what such fine horses cost him. "They cost me very dearly", he said. "Three of my squaws lost brothers, and one of them a father on that trip and I came near going under myself."

Henry Fraeb, a partner in the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, was a leader of mountain men in Northern Colorado during the most active days of the fur trade in the central Rockies. He was a German from St. Louis, Missouri. He had trapped for some time previous to 1829 for in that year he was the leader of a band of independent trappers. In 1830, with Jim Bridger, Thomas Fitzpatrick, Milton Sublette, and Jean Baptiste Gervais, he formed the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. During the season of 1830-1, Fraeb and his party of trappers worked the Routt country. They finished up in Middle Park and then went to the summer rendezvous on Green River in southwestern Wyoming.

The Rocky Mountain Fur Company was dissolved in 1834. In 1840 Fraeb went into partnership with Jim Bridger. They built a fort, probably Fort Bridger, in southwestern Wyoming in 1841. While Bridger was at the Fort, Fraeb and a party of trappers

travelled to the Snake River in northwestern Colorado to kill buffalo for meat for the Fort and to trap beaver. On his way to this hunt, he met the first overland emigrants bound for California (the Bartleson party) and also the Catholic missionaries who were headed for Oregon, all being guided by Fraeb's old partner, Thomas Fitzgerald.

When Fraeb and his trappers with their Snake Indian allies got up the Snake River to near the present town of Slater, they met a large party of Cheyenne, Arapaho and Sioux Indians. These Indians were on the warpath and promptly attacked the trappers. Jim Baker, who was in the battle says that there were about 500 of the Indians who were armed with some rifles and also with bows and arrows. The trappers and their Snake allies sent their squaws to a mountain south of the battlefield where they could be safe. The Indians made about forty charges during each of which the outnumbered trappers held their fire until the Indians were within ten or fifteen paces of the breastworks that the trappers had hastily erected. Baker says that about a hundred Indians were killed in the 12 hour battle. Of the twenty three trappers, ten were killed including Fraeb. The trappers also lost 110 horses in the battle and came through with only 45 live ones.

Because of this terrific battle the stream that marked the site near Slater, Colorado was named Battle Creek. A nearby mountain was also called Battle Mountain and the mountain where the squaws were sheltered was named Squaw Mountain.

In 1843-44 a severe winter killed most of the horses in the Rocky Mountain region. Jim Baker tried to get more horses from the Utes in Utah but finally had to go to southern California where he stole some from the Mexicans and drove them back.

An early recorded visit to the Routt Country is found in a book written by Thomas Jefferson Farnham and published in 1843 entitled: "Travels in the Great Western Prairies, the Anahuac and Rocky Mountains and in the Oregon Territory." Farnham, a young Vermont lawyer who had moved west to Peoria, Illinois and who headed a small emigrant party, the "Peoria Dragoons", passed through the Routt country in August, 1839. In 1838, Farnham had been introduced to the wonders of Oregon by Jason Lee, a Methodist missionary who, in 1834 had established a mission on the Willamette River 12 miles north of the present town of Salem, Oregon. Lee, anxious to win Oregon from the British and the Hudson's Bay Company, was speaking in Peoria on a lecture tour through the States to advertise the glorious features and future of the Oregon country for the purpose of recruiting emigrants to settle it.

Farnham, with 16 other men, mostly Peorians, left Independence, Missouri on May 21, 1839 travelling the Santa Fe Trail on horseback to Bent's Fort, without guides. Friction developed within the group, enroute, and at Bent's Fort all but Farnham and four others (a man named Oakley, Sidney W. "Blubbermouth" Smith, W. Blair and J. Wood) resigned from the party. These five, however, elected to go on via the Arkansas River, South Park, Middle Park, Yampa River, Brown's Hole, Fort Hall, Fort Boise, Fort Walla Walla to Fort Vancouver. A mountain man by the name of Kelly was hired to guide them from Bent's Fort to Fort Davy Crockett.

The Party, guided by Kelly, left Bent's Fort (or Fort William as Farnham calls it) on July 12, 1839. They travelled up the Arkansas which is described as a clear, clean stream, up the Huerfano, back to the Arkansas, through Twin Creek Pass into South Park. Their trip to South Park, taking eight days, was a hungry one. No game was seen. In South Park (known as Bayou Salade because of the rock salt deposit in the southwestern part near Trout Creek Pass) they found both buffalo and fresh Indian sign. At the risk of being attacked and over-powered by the fierce Utes they stopped and replenished their larder. Leaving South Park on July 24 they dropped into Middle Park at the head of the Blue River and followed it down to the Grand (Colorado) reaching the Colorado River on July 29. They then climbed the ridge between the Muddy and the Colorado (probably up Red Dirt Creek) and camped at the foot of Gore Peak on July 30. On the 31st they climbed Gore Peak and surveyed the country. Farnham mentions that there were no trails to guide them. Descending Gore Peak they dropped into Service Creek at a point a little above the intake of the flume of the Service Creek Lumber Company, a tract now owned by R. H. Hubbard of Steamboat Springs. Farnham clearly described a rock monolith that is a landmark just above Mr. Hubbard's land. Here the party struck the trail to Brown's Hole and met three trappers who were journeying from Fort Davy Crockett to Bent's Fort to meet a pack train from the settlements. Farnham refers to the meadow on Service Creek as Tumbleton's Park, and the rock monolith as Tumbleton's Rock.

They left Service Creek and rode crosscountry toward the Little Bear (Yampa) River, possibly getting into Green Creek meadows since Farnham vividly described crossing some exceedingly boggy ground. They rode until 10 o'clock the night of July 31 to reach the Yampa which they must have hit just below Service Creek and just south of Pleasant Valley. Farnham describes the spot as a small opening below dense timber which would place their entry in the Yampa Canyon south of Pleasant Valley. He also places the spot 15 miles upstream from Sulphur Cave which is about correct.

Farnham remarks that the country they camped in was covered with a "Rich vegetalbe loam, supporting a heavy growth of pine, spruce, quaking asp, etc. The glades that intervened were more beautiful than I had seen. Many were covered with a heavy growth of timothy or herds grass, and red top (tufted hairgrass) in blossom. Large tracts in the skirts of the timber were thickly set with Sweetcicily (sweetanise or osho)-----What! the tame grasses of Europe, all that are valuable for stock, the best and most sought by every intelligent farmer in Christendom; these indigenous to the vales of the Rocky Mountains? It was even so." This, the first praise of the vegetation along his entire trip, marks T. J. Farnham as the forerunner of our modern Chamber of Commerce. The beautiful Routt Country had cast its spell on him.

An amusing campfire conversation occurred here on the Yampa on the night of August 1. The party had entered the valley and camped at a log stockade which the guide Kelly had erected several years previously. Kelly, a Kentuckian, had spent 12 years in the northwest Colorado country by 1839; having first entered it in the employ of the American Fur Company in 1827. Although Kelly did not mention the year he built the stockade, it must have been in the late 1820's or early 1830's as Farnham describes it as an "Old Encampment" and Kelly's story related how the Yampa Country had gone to pot since that time. To go on with the story; Kelly relates that he was travelling with a fellow trapper who became ill - hence he stopped here and built the stockade as a defence against the Utes while he nursed his partner back to health. They camped here seven days, picketing their horses within rifle shot of the stockade and putting them inside it at night. "The buffalo were plenty here then," said Kelly. "The mountains were rich. The bulls were so bold that they would come close to the fence there at night, and bellow and roar till I eased them of their blood by a pill of lead in the liver. So you see I did not go far for meat. Now, the mountains are so poor that one would stand a right good chance of starving, if he were obliged to hang up here for seven days. The game is all driven out. No place here for a white man now. Too poor, too poor. What little we get, you see, is bull beef. Formerly, we ate nothing but cows, fat and young. More danger then, to be sure; but more beaver too; and plenty of grease about the buffalo ribs. Ah! those were good times; but a white man has no more business here." So said the guide Kelly, for whom the Yampa Valley was all washed up - in 1839.

The party shot an elk and jerked the meat. Then on August 4 they rode down the Yampa fifteen miles coming to the site of Steamboat Springs at noon. Farnham says: "About 12 o'clock, we

came upon a cave formed by the limestone and sulphur deposit of a small stream that burst from a hill hard by. The water had, by constant depositions, formed an elevated channel some five rods down the face of the hillside, at the termination of which it spread itself over a circular surface of one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in circumference. In the center of this, was an orifice, down which the water trickled into the cave below. As little of the cave could be seen from the ground above, myself and two others attempted to explore it. We found the roof hung with beautifully crystallized sulphur, and the bottom strewn with large quantities of the same material in a pulverized state. The odour was so offensive, however, that we were glad to retreat before we had formed a very perfect estimate of its extent and contents. It was about six rods long, eight feet wide, and four feet high. Near it were a number of warm springs." This description might well have been made of the sulphur cave and mineral springs within the town of Steamboat Springs in 1951 rather than in 1839.

The party continued down the Yampa that day of August 4, 1839 camping "at the junction of the two principal forks of Little Bear (Yampa) River." This probably was at the mouth of Elk River. Here they met four French Canadian trappers who had left Brown's Hole fourteen days before and were journeying to Old Park (Middle Park) to trap beaver. They reported having been attacked by a band of Sioux a few days previously on the trail from Fort Davy Crockett.

The small party travelled westward noting the rapid change in climate and vegetation, from a cool, lush mountain valley to an arid dusty desert. They saw antelope but could not hit them, shot a bear cub but could not stomach it, so they starved themselves to the point of killing and eating the party's pet dog. Finally late in the afternoon of August 12, the Farnham party reached Fort Davy Crockett in Brown's Hole.

Here, T. J. Farnham left the Routt Country, travelling northwest to Fort Hall and to Oregon. Suffice it to say that he and five companions, Oakley, "Blubbermouth" Smith (who made his fortune and founded an important family in Oregon), W. Blair, J. Wood and the old mountain man guide named Kelly had made the first recorded visit to Steamboat Springs. Of these, Kelly had visited the place several years, perhaps 10 years, earlier.

At Fort Davy Crockett Farnham parted with Kelly, who returned to Bent's Fort, and with Oakley and Wood, who had become discouraged with the hardships and dangers of the trail. Smith (whom Farnham cordially disliked), Blair and Farnham pushed on to Fort Hall and Fort Boise. Farnham reached Fort Vancouver

safely on October 16, 1839.

Colonel John C. Fremont was the only true explorer to enter the Routt Forest, although he was far from being the first white man to see the country. Fremont returned from California via the Routt in 1844. On June 7th he and his party descended into Brown's Hole from the Uintah trading post on the Uintah River in Utah owned by Mr. A. Roubideau, a fur trader. From this date until noon of June 17th he travelled in the Routt country. He left Brown's Hole on June 8 and proceeded east until he reached the Little Snake on June 10. In the early days the Little Snake was known as the Elkhead River. An interesting note in his diary states that they killed several mountain sheep on Vermillion Creek in Brown's Hole.

On June 11 Fremont travelled up the Little Snake and camped a few miles from a fork of the Little Snake which he calls the St. Vrain. Kit Carson was guiding Fremont. On the Little Snake the party killed buffalo and mountain sheep and saw elk and antelope.

On the 13th of June the party crossed to the North Platte Drainage, presumably going up Battle Creek and down Cottonwood Creek to the present town of Encampment and down the Encampment River to the Platte River. They turned up the Platte entering North Park, which Fremont called New Park. On June 15 Fremont estimated the elevation of the park at 7,720 feet from the temperature of boiling water and gave its latitude as 40° 52' 44". He was pretty close to right on both counts. He says "It is from this elevated cove and from the gorges of the surrounding mountains and some lakes within their bosoms that the Great Platte River collects its first waters and assumes its first form and certainly no river could ask a more beautiful origin." A rather fine watershed statement made back in 1844.

On June 16, Fremont crossed the Park and on June 17 went over the Muddy Pass into Middle Park where he continued Southeastward to Pueblo or Bent's Fort.

Sir George Gore is said to have crossed the Gore range and traversed Gore Canyon in 1855. He was an Irish noble who hunted through the West from 1854-1856. He was guided by Jim Bridger. This party reputedly visited the Steamboat Springs on the Yampa River.

John Lathrop Jerome, and a companion known only as Ned, made a trip into the Steamboat Springs country in 1875. He left Denver horseback on September 2, 1875 and reached Central City by two

that afternoon. Forty miles! Not bad. On Saturday, September 4 they pulled out of Central City and camped at the foot of James Peak. On the fifth they crossed the divide and reached the meadows on the Frazer River at three in the afternoon. They reached Hot Sulphur Springs on the sixth and went on until they reached the mouth of the Muddy. On the seventh they crossed Gore Pass and camped on its western slope. Jerome says "It was a gorgeous wild country, long, luxuriant wild grass, handsome thickets of aspens, which we found were full of deer. At the foot of the hill where we camped, the brook was broad and deep from the beaver dams, and we could overlook the whole country back to the main range."

After crossing Gore Pass the two men proceeded slowly toward the Yampa River. He says of the Yampa known then as the Bear River: "There were a multitude of geese and cranes along the Bear River. They would fly above us in great flocks, but they were so shy that we never could shoot at them except on the wing and at long range. Then there were ducks and prairie chickens in abundance; that was my principal hunting. But the choicest fun was fishing. I've never caught many trout before, and no painter would have dared represent such heavy handsome strings of fish as we caught! A dozen, weighing sixteen pounds, great, scarlet-breasted, gorgeously spotted beauties. I did not dream fish could be so handsome, and none are so fine as those in the cold, shaded mountain streams. Indeed, the beauty of the stream was a great part of the pleasure; the water was as clear as crystal, brown from the color of rocks over which it ran, and in a perpetual cascade. It was a pleasure to wade in it, back and forth across the stream; wet all the time nearly to my waist, and although very cold, I luxuriated in it. The best trout fishing was in the small streams emptying into the Bear; the rains made the main stream too roily. But we caught beautiful trout there, and besides the English Grayling; that is quite a feat, as tis a celebrated fish and only found in two or three American streams. We thought their flavor if anything finer than trout; the flesh is firmer. It's a handsome silver gray fish.".....Steamboat Springs - we rode down there once or twice - are the most wonderful I have ever seen, hot and cold. The name comes from two, close together, which make a noise like the paddles of a steamer, and can be heard at a distance. They come straight up from a hole in the solid rock, fountains six inches in diameter, and thrown a foot or so in the air. The ground sounds hollow as you walk, and there's a cave reaching down into the side of the mountain, which one can't explore on account of the sulphurated hydrogen."

On their way toward Steamboat Springs, Jerome and Ned met an emigrant party who were headed from Walla Walla, Washington

Territory looking for a place to settle that suited their fancy. Jerome wondered just what standards they had set for a homesite to pass up such a beautiful place as the Yampa Valley. The two men rode back to Central City reaching that town on the last day of September, 1875.

Traders, Military Posts

The main rendezvous of the fur traders was in the Green River country in Wyoming. No trading posts were closer than Brown's Hole, Fort Uintah, Utah, or Horse Creek, Wyoming. Also the main emmigration route passed north of the Routt along present U.S. 30. The forts of the early days were largely located along this route.

Some interesting history is connected with Fort Davy Crockett, a trading post built in Brown's Hole in 1837 by Phillip Thompson and William Craig. This post was built because so many trappers and Indians wintered in the sheltered Brown's Park country, where feed for the horses was plentiful and game was abundant.

The Fort was located on the Green River (called Skeetskadee or Sage grouse river by the Indians) about 2 miles above the entrance to the Lodore Canyon and just below the old Two Bar spread. Dr. Fredrick Wislizenius, a physician and botanist, who was travelling with an American Fur Company pack train on a botanizing trip, visited the Fort in 1839. Joe Meeks, Jim Baker, Kit Carson, Jim Bridger and other famous mountain men patronized this Fort.

A description of Fort Davy Crockett, as he saw it on his visit in 1839, is found in T. J. Farnham's book "Travels in the Great Western Prairies". Farnham says: "As we entered it (Brown's Hole from the southeast) we crossed two cool streams that tumbled down from the stratified cliffs near at hand on the right (Cold Springs Mountain); and a few rods beyond, the whole area became visible. The Fort, as it is called, peered up from the centre, upon the winding bank of the Skeetskadee (Green River). The dark mountains rose around it sublimely, and the green fields swept away into the deep precipitous gorges more beautifully than I can describe.....The area of the plain (Brown's Hole) is thickly set with the rich mountain grasses and dotted with little copses of cottonwood and willow trees. Its climate is very remarkable.-----While the storm rages on the mountains in sight and the drifting snows mingle in the blasts of December, the old hunters here heed it not. Their horses are cropping the green grass on the banks of the Skeetskadee, while they themselves are roasting the fat loins of the mountain sheep, and laughing at the merry tale and song. The Fort is a hollow square of one story log cabins, with roofs and floor of mud, constructed in the same manner as those of Fort William (Bent's Fort). Around these we found the conical skin lodges of the squaws of the white trappers, who were away on their fall hunt, and also the lodges of a few Snake Indians who had preceded their tribe to this, their winter haunt.

Here also were the lodges of Mr. Robinson, a trader who usually stations himself here to traffic with the Indians and white trappers..... And indeed, when all the independent trappers and the whole Snake village, two or three thousand strong, impelled by the same necessity, pitch their lodges around the Fort, and the dances and merry makings of a long winter are thoroughly commenced, there is no want of customers."

The fur trade diminished rapidly in the 1840's and Fort Davy Crockett soon folded. When Captain John Fremont crossed the Green River in Brown's Park on June 4, 1844 he mentions the abandoned and ruined Fort Davy Crockett. Therefore, it must have been abandoned soon after Farnham visited it in 1839.

Early Settlement

Gold in Hahns Peak Basin attracted the first settlers to the Routt country. Joseph Hahn, for whom the Peak and Basin are named, made the discovery with two companions in 1862. In 1865 Hahn, with William A. Doyle and Captain George Way, came back to prospect but returned to the mining camps at Central City for the winter.

In the spring of 1866, Hahn, Doyle, Way and Charles Utter came back in with a pack train travelling through Middle Park and over the Continental Divide near Rabbit Ears, reaching Hahn's Peak on August 27, 1866. A statement by Doyle made in 1910 indicates their particular party grew to 51 during the summer and that they organized a mining district in which Hahn was elected surveyor and Doyle recorder. A man named Resen was appointed as sheriff and Way was named judge of the miners' court. Doyle stated there were about a thousand miners in the Basin from Central City, but they all cleared out at the first sign of winter.

The Hahn party split up in early October, Hahn and Doyle staying at Hahn's Peak building winter quarters and Way and Utter and the others heading for the settlements for winter supplies. They left October 2 and were supposed to return October 20. They never returned. Hahn and Doyle wintered in the basin living off the country. On April 22, 1867, they started to snow-shoe out to Empire. Doyle states that Hahn accidentally lost all the flour and all the food they had was some coffee. On April 29 they had reached the Muddy, but Hahn was exhausted and could go no further. He died on April 30 and Doyle wandered on to the Troublesome where he was rescued by Jack Sumner, Ashley Franklin and a man by the name of "Dutch Gus" on May 30.

Nothing more developed in the gold mining business in the Hahn's

Peak area until 1874 when the Purdy Mining Company, Hopkins, Harris, Dunbar and Co., Lambert, William Bell, S.D.N. Bennett and others began extensive developments. On the basis of their placer showings these men interested J.V. Farwell, a Chicago financier, in building a \$160,000 ditch extending 27 miles from the North Fork of Elk River to Hahn's Peak Basin. This ditch, which traverses Farwell Mountain, was dug with pick and shovel and is still in existence. One of the earliest roads in Routt County was built in 1877 from Hahn's Peak to Laramie via Hog Park. John A. Gordon did the freighting for the Farwell Company.

The mining camp split into two communities, Bugtown or International Camp centering around the Farwell interests and so named because so many "big bugs" were located there, and Poverty Bar where presumably the ordinary miners were domiciled. These were about two miles apart. Farwell's operation was a dismal failure and he soon disposed of his properties to James France, a banker in Rawlins, Wyoming, and left the country. The camp burned later in a forest fire. Poverty Bar produced about \$500,000 in gold (no great amount) and the camp developed into the village of Hahn's Peak which for years was the county seat of Routt County but is now a ghost town.

Robert McIntosh extended the Farwell Ditch to Poverty Bar and operated a placer for some years with indifferent results. Milner, Metcalf and associates from Steamboat Springs, George B. McFadden and others later tried their luck, but the property eventually went to Routt County for tax delinquency. That ended the gold mining on any appreciable scale in the Routt Country.

The real settlement of the Routt area was by ranchers and farmers. The James H. Crawford family, who emigrated from Missouri, established the first home in Steamboat Springs in 1875. The family wintered at Hot Sulphur Springs in 1874-75. During 1875 five cabins were built in what is now the Steamboat Springs townsite by J. H. Crawford, Perry A. Burgess, William E. Walton, William G. Mellen, and Joseph G. Coberly. Burgess Creek and Walton Creek that head on the Routt Forest bear these men's names. The townsite occupies the homestead of W. G. Mellen who relinquished his filing to the Steamboat Springs Townsite Company in 1875.

Steamboat Springs grew slowly. It was isolated and the Indian troubles were serious drawbacks. After the Meeker Massacre in 1879 and the removal of the Utes, the demand for homes in the Yampa Valley increased. Sam Reid raised vegetables in Elk

River Valley in 1876 to supply the Hahns Peak miners.

The first newspaper in Steamboat, the Pilot, was established in 1885. The first sawmill, operated by H.H. Suttle on Soda Creek, came in 1883. At that time the chief supply base was Rawlins, Wyoming. In 1888 considerable building expansion occurred which has continued to date. The town was incorporated in 1900.

Mail service was very poor until the D.&R.G.W. railroad was built and the station at Wolcott established. Prior to that time mail had come from Georgetown by stage via Hot Sulphur Springs. Until 1878 no mail service whatsoever was available. After the railroad was built, mail was received 6 days a week by stage.

The Denver and Salt Lake railroad, now part of the D.&R.G.W. system, was built by David H. Moffat whose first intent was to build from Denver to Salt Lake City. He let the first contract in 1902 and the railroad reached Rollins Pass, October 2, 1904. The first train passed through Gore Canyon September 14, 1907, and the railroad reached Steamboat Springs, December 13, 1908. It was extended to Craig, Colorado, in 1913 but that has been its western terminus.

The first settler in Hayden was Ezekiel Shelton who homesteaded in 1881. In 1883 there were three women in the community, Mrs. Emma H. Peck, Mrs. Ann Walker and Mrs. Mary Shelton. The valley settled rapidly under the homestead laws, then in effect. The town of Hayden was named for F. V. Hayden, Surveyor General of the United States.

The first settlers in the upper Yampa Valley were Peter Simon and Sam Fix who homesteaded near Yampa in 1881. The Egeria Park post office was established in 1883 at the E. H. Watson ranch. The first school was started in 1884.

The first coal mine was opened by William Mahoney in the late '80's on Oak Creek near the present Moffat mine. The first county road was started in 1886 from Phippsburg to Steamboat Springs.

The town of Yampa originated from a store established on the site by Henry Hernage in 1886.

The first permanent settlers in the Little Snake Country came in the 1860's. Among these were Bill Slater, Bob Dixon and "Bible-back" Brown. The towns of Dixon and Slater were named for these men. The Noah Reader family were the first really permanent residents of the territory. George and Maggie Baggs homesteaded near the present town of Baggs, Wyoming in the early

'70's. The homestead was in Colorado and is the first land proved upon in Routt County, carrying the first deed issued. The Baggs ran cattle. Another early cattle rancher was J.W. Darr who homesteaded near Slater and later sold his ranch to George and Earl Salisbury. It was the S - S Ranch. Mrs. Oliver St. Louis, whose maiden name was Leone Morgan, was one of the first white children born in the Snake River Country. Her birth date is 5/26/1879. William Gaddis was born on Four Mile Creek 10/9/1874, the first white child on Little Snake River. Many families still in the Snake Valley were among the original settlers, the Beelers, the Morgans, the Cogdills, the Salisburys, the McCargors, and the McIntoshs. J. W. Salisbury settled in the valley in 1880 after having brought a trail herd of cattle from the southwest to the Black Hills. He and Robert McIntosh formed a partnership in 1881 in the horse ranching game starting the 4-J brand that is still owned by Miss Mildred McIntosh.

Robert McIntosh, who was a Chicago contractor, came to Hahn's Peak in 1876 and engaged in the mining business until the 1880's when he acquired a ranch on Snake River formerly owned by Alfred McCargar. He operated the store at Slater until his death in 1924. His daughter, Miss Mildred McIntosh, still operates the ranch and store and is a permittee on the Routt Forest.

The town of Craig was formed in 1880 by William Teagarden and W. H. Tucker - Denver parties were interested financially in the deal, two of whom were named Craig, so the town gained that name immediately. The settlement prior to the organization of the town of Craig was at first called Windsor (1877), and later Yampa (1883).

The early settlement of North Park is not so well documented as is that of the Yampa and Snake River area. In 1881 the chief town in the Park was Teller City, which is now a ghost town, and has been acquired by the Forest through land exchange. It was reported that two railroads were racing for North Park in 1881, one the Union Pacific from Fort Collins and the other from Laramie. Neither railroad ever reached Teller City but the Laramie, North Park and Western Railroad, now owned by the Union Pacific, was built into the Park as far as Coalmont. The other railroad project apparently did not materialize. In 1890 Teller City had 500 inhabitants and was the largest town in Grand County. Grand County, formed in 1874, used to include North Park and all of Routt and Moffat Counties.

North Park was first settled by D.J. Foredyce and W.H. Pinkham in 1877. These men located in the north end of the Park. Pinkham Creek was named for W. H. Pinkham. J. A. Mendenhall settled

in the eastern part of the Park in 1879 bringing 3000 cattle and 600 horses with him from the overgrazed country around Virginia Dale. Monte Blevins, Mendenhall's son-in-law, was foreman of the outfit. Later Blevins was a big cattleman in the Park.

In 1881 the town of Walden did not exist but there was a ranch on the Michigan at the present townsite owned and operated by a man named Walden. This ranch was a stopping place for travellers between Laramie and Teller City. A man by the name of Halstead LeFevre was superintendent of the North Park and Vandalia Mining and Smelting Company. A tributary of the Michigan River now bears his name. He and Ben Tower discovered rich ore in the Teller City area in 1879. The town had a newspaper in 1881 named the Grand County Times. In 1881 the town trustees were J. W. Riffle, President; S.A. Day, Treasurer; J. Bicktold, Thomas Downing and A. McKinnon. J. G. Mills was town clerk.

This early boom evidently dissipated itself quickly. Teller City has been a ghost town for half a century at least. Fair sized pines now are growing from the roofless cabins. The only "in-habitants" are people who visit the Forest Service campground located on the townsite, who are looking for fishing spots, not the mother lode.

Indian Creek was named from the murder of Prentice Daw in 1880. His partner, Burlingame, killed him but laid his death to a band of Utes led by Ute Jack. Investigation proved Burlingame's guilt and the Creek where the partners lived was named Indian Creek from the circumstances of the murder.

Cameron Pass was crossed by wagon road at least as early as 1881. The Grand County Times on May 12, 1881, reports a road beginning at Livermore and going up the Poudre via Stewart's toll road to Cameron Pass and then dropping into the towns of Teller City and Park. The road to Laramie over the present Medicine Bow Forest was also in use at this time as was the road from Hahn's Peak through Hog Park to Laramie. The Buffalo Pass was crossed by road leading from Kremmling to Steamboat in 1895. The present highway was put through Rabbit Ears in 1920. The highway follows the route of a Forest Service road built over the Rabbit Ears Pass in 1913. This early road was built by the Service with cooperation from settlers and sheepmen. Half Federal and half contributed funds were used. The first automobiles over it were driven by W.M. Carver and J.L. Norvel in September, 1913. Muddy Pass leading from Walden to Kremmling was crossed by trail from 1878 to 1898 when a road was built over it. A county road was established in

1914 and State Highway 14 was established in 1922. Gore Pass was on an established trail, in 1866. Actually, Sir George Gore opened the trail in 1855. The first road crossed the Gore in 1875 when the Crawford's entered the Yampa valley with their wagons. In 1922 the State highway was established over Gore Pass. The Willow Creek Pass between Walden and Granby was first crossed by road in 1902 and the highway was constructed in 1924. The writer has no definite record on the road between Slater and Steamboat Springs, but it is certain that a road was in use to Hahn's Peak in 1877 when a post office was established in that town.

One last bit of history seems in order, that of selecting the county seat of Routt County. Originally Routt County included the present Moffat County and the county government was located at Hayden. During the Ute uprising in 1879, the county seat was moved to Hahn's Peak, then a flourishing village and considered safer from Indian attack. In fact local election votes in 1877 and 1878 had selected Hahn's Peak in favor of Hayden but due to dissention between International Camp ("Bug Town") and Hahn's Peak residents the move was not made until the Indian scare. The move took place May 1, 1879. County records were tied in flour sacks and moved by saddle horse.

In a few years Hahn's Peak village began to decline and in 1883 a general election vote to change the county seat resulted in Fortification and Yampa (later called Craig) receiving 48 of the 95 votes cast; Hahn's Peak got only 17 votes. However, politics blocked the move. The "canvassing board" appointed to review the case met at Hahn's Peak and were treated so royally that they declared the vote no majority for the Craig area since the vote was split between the two communities of Yampa and Fortification. Other election votes in 1887 and 1898 failed to dislodge the seat of government from the now defunct village because Steamboat, Craig, Hayden and Yampa split the votes making a majority for any town impossible. In 1910 Senator John Cary introduced a bill in the 18th General Assembly to divide Routt County and form Moffat County from the western part. This move, resulting from the county seat fight, was successful. The Governor signed the bill on 2/27/1911 and in the next county election in 1912 Steamboat Springs was selected as county seat of Routt County by a big majority and the county government was moved to Steamboat in that year.

International Camp (part of Hahn's Peak community) had the county seat until 1880 but on the collapse of that camp the offices were moved to Poverty Bar and the town of Hahn's Peak was established. The Hahn's Peak post office was also moved from "Bug Town" to Poverty Bar in 1880.

II. Events Leading to Establishment of the Forest.

The Park Range Forest Preserve was proclaimed by President Theodore Roosevelt on June 12, 1905 in accordance with the Act of March 3, 1891. President Roosevelt knew the Routt area personally since he hunted in the California Park country in the 1890's when that spot was a famous hunting ground for elk, deer and antelope. Elihu Root, Roosevelt's Secretary of State, also visited the Steamboat Springs area in the '90's to hunt and fish. Editor Charles Leckenby of the Steamboat Pilot knew Root personally from these hunting trips to the Routt. Roosevelt wrote to Root on August 24, 1901 after he had hunted in the Routt area that he had contacted settlers who had also met Root in the mountains and commented on the high regard these men had for Root.

So we might say that enabling legislation, plus the personal knowledge of the country, plus a strong sense of public duty and conservation led to the proclamation setting aside the Park Range Forest Reserve. The stockmen and irrigation farmers of the Snake River country also were strong for the reservation to straighten out the bad range and watershed situation then extant on the public domain.

In 1908 Roosevelt change the name of the Park Range Forest Reserve to the Routt National Forest in honor of Colonel John N. Routt, the last territorial governor and the first elective governor of Colorado.

III. Boundaries and Name Changes.

Theodore Roosevelt established what is now the Routt National Forest by proclamation on June 12, 1905. This proclamation was made under the Act of March 3, 1891, which gave the President authority to "set apart and reserve in any State or Territory having public land bearing forests, in any part of the public lands wholly or in part covered with timber or undergrowth, whether of commercial value or not, as public reservations, -----." The gross area of the reservation, known at that time as the Park Range Forest Reserve was 757,116 acres. It included part of the Bears Ears country; excluded Little Snake River, Crane Park, Whiskey Park and Big Red Park; excluded the south end of the Gore west of the heads of Green Creek and Service Creek and south of T.2N. It included the area in North and Middle Parks on a line approximately due South of Pearl, Colorado. Its northern boundary was the Colorado-Wyoming line. The headquarters of the Park Range Forest Reserve were in Kremmling until August, 1907, when they were moved to Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

On March 1, 1907, President Roosevelt issued a second proclamation that enlarged the Park Range Forest Reserve to 1,133,330 acres and changed the name to Park Range National Forest. This proclamation blocked out the original area taking in the Little Snake Country, Hahn's Peak Basin, the lower Big Creek and Mad Creek areas, and the Green, Service, Silver Creek drainages. The boundary line from this proclamation ran 3 miles west of Toponas and cornered on the base line between R. 85W and R.84 W. No great changes were made to the east boundary except to include the east half of T. 3 No., R. 82 W., in the Red Dirt country.

The Park Range National Forest was proclaimed the Routt National Forest by President Roosevelt on July 1, 1908. At this time also, the Encampment River and Big Creek watersheds in the northeast corner of the Forest on the Atlantic slope were eliminated and given to the Hayden National Forest, which had headquarters in Encampment, Wyoming. The amended area was 1,053,030 acres, gross.

President Taft eliminated a large area of the Routt on August 24, 1910, by proclamation, following the policy active at that time of excluding agricultural lands originally withdrawn. This proclamation excluded the Slater Park area, the Bear Creek and Little Bear Creek areas, the Pilot Knob and Wolf Mountain country, a part of Hahn's Peak Basin, Copper Ridge near Steamboat Springs, the area immediately around Toponas and Egeria Creek, and the east half of T. 3N., R. 82 W., in the Red Dirt area. This proclamation resulted in the elimination of approximately 113,230

acres from the Routt. A mapping error in the elimination of 1908 resulted in an over-elimination of 3,700 acres from the Routt to the Hayden. This acreage figure was restored to the Routt in 1915 bringing the gross Routt area to 939,800 acres.

It is interesting to note that the northwestern boundary of the Forest, along the Little Snake drainage west of Columbine, was pushed south against the wishes of the livestock people. A group of homesteaders on November 27, 1909, petitioned the Forest Service to exclude a strip of land from one mile to six miles wide inside the Forest lying along the north boundary from South Fork of Snake River west. Their reason was that this is agricultural land. Stock raisers and irrigationists residing in the Slater area petitioned the Forest Service in 1912 to ignore other petitions for eliminations and to make no further inroads on the National Forest lands in this Snake River area since the Forest administration was arresting unrestricted grazing, correcting erosion and protecting timbered lands from uncontrolled fires and cutting. They mentioned in particular the hazard to their livelihoods should overgrazing and watershed destruction continue.

The Hahn's Peak Basin remaining within the National Forest after Taft's proclamation of 1910 was eliminated by President Wilson on November 21, 1916, when he established the boundary line in the Hahn's Peak Basin that now exists, eliminating about 20,000 acres in this executive order.

President Wilson's proclamation of August 20, 1918, gouged the Routt area again. It took roughly 138 sections from the forest, including the Three Forks, Columbus Mountain, Brush Mountain and Baker Peak country. Another chunk of the Bear Creek country north of Craig, a small area in the Pot Holes, Morrison Creek valley to the present boundary line, and a 9 section strip in T. 1N., R. 84 W., south of Egeria were taken. The largest elimination was in the Snake River Country south and east of Slater. This was done in spite of the stockmen's protests who wished the protection of National Forest administration. A voluminous, unsigned "L Boundaries" report dated 4/17/17 explains the stockmen's wishes and credits them with having the original withdrawal include this Gibraltar Peak, Long Mountain, Baker Mountain area but went to great length to explain why these lands should not be retained. Thirty years of hindsight indicate the stockmen and established irrigationists had more vision than did the homesteaders and the Forest Service in 1917. The gross area of the Routt in 1919 was 809,201 acres, net acreage was 743,481.

President Harding eliminated 2,318 acres in the Grizzly Creek area in T. 10 N. Ranges 87 and 88 west, in his executive order

of June 19, 1923. This established the present exterior boundary of the Bears Ears portion of the Routt. In 1924 the gross area of the Routt was 811,825.93 acres, the net area was 747,427.49 acres.

The Wilson proclamation of 1918 and the Harding order of June 10, 1923, trimmed the north and west boundaries of the Routt to about what they are today. From that date followed a period of expansion. President Hoover, on August 2, 1929, proclaimed that the Encampment River drainage and the Big Creek Lakes drainage, placed in the Hayden National Forest by Teddy Roosevelt in 1908 when the Routt was formed from the Park Range Reserve, was added to the Routt. This made the northern boundary of the Routt the Colorado-Wyoming line from the Fireline trail to Line Creek. The same proclamation added the Wyoming portion of the Hayden to the Medicine Bow National Forest and abolished the Hayden.

Herbert Hoover again added to the Routt on May 26, 1930 when he proclaimed in the neighborhood of 350,000 acres of Forest land in North Park, formerly in the Colorado and Arapahoe National Forests, be added to the Routt. This addition gave the Routt all National Forest land in North Park south of the Colorado-Wyoming line, west of the Medicine Bow mountains summit and north of the Continental Divide. The area of the Routt after this consolidation was 1,111,970 acres, gross.

The State Board of Land Commissioners of Colorado on March 5, 1934 made a land for land exchange offer to trade 70,722.17 acres of scattered state lands within the National Forests in Colorado for a like acreage of National Forest land. This exchange was completed on December 2, 1938 when President Roosevelt issued patent to the State of Colorado for 70,980.36 acres, 65,625.39 acres of which were eliminated from the Routt and 5,354.97 acres from the Roosevelt. These lands, located along the eastern edge of North Park from T. 11 N., R 79 W., to T. 6 N., R. 75 W., now form the Colorado State Forest which has administrative headquarters on the Michigan River east of Gould. The area of the Routt after this elimination was 1,114,042 acres gross, 984,098 acres net.

The Middle Park Stockgrowers Association and the Grand County Board of Commissioners petitioned the Forest Service in April 1946 to transfer the lands in the Routt National Forest tributary to Middle Park to the Arapaho National Forest for better administration. Accordingly, on November 12, 1946, these lands were transferred to the Arapaho by Public Land Order 331. The Routt was reduced 45,415 acres by this transfer.

As of December 31, 1947, the total area of the Routt was 1,068,630 acres gross, 956,370 acres net.

The latest major revision in boundary occurred in 1954 when the Yampa District was added to the Routt. This revision added lands from the White River National Forest, North of the White River drainage, East of the Marapos Creek drainage to the range line between Ranges 85W and 86W draining into the Yampa River, and the Egeria Creek drainage. This area extends north to Township 4 North.

This change resulted in the 1965 gross acreage of 1,247,631 and a net acreage of 1,125,045.

Through land exchanges and other adjustments, areas as of June 30, 1972 were: gross - 1,247,628 acres and net - 1,124,928 acres.

IV. Administrative History and Record of Personnel

Viewed in retrospect, the small amount of information on Forest personnel in the official files is astounding. The files had to be searched for signatures, initials and dates to determine who the personnel were for a given year, and where they were stationed. There necessarily are gaps in this record since many of the closed files have been destroyed. Also the inclusive dates of service are rough and possibly inaccurate. As more information develops, the following statement can be revised and refined.

The headquarters of the Forest have been in Steamboat Springs since August 1907. Before that date, the headquarters were in Kremmling. The headquarters of the Rangers, however, have been changed so frequently in the past due to the consolidations and intra-Forest combinations that the pegging of men, dates and places is complicated to say the least. The following rosters of personnel have been obtained through exhaustive study of the files and conferences with old-time residents and workers. Ex-supervisor Ray Peck gave invaluable assistance on this phase of the Routt Forest history.

The Supervisors who have manned the Routt and their approximate terms of office are as follows:

<u>Tenure</u>	<u>Supervisor</u>	<u>Service Dates</u>
3	Thomas Hogan	1905 to 1907
7	J. H. Ratliff	1908 to 1914
	Ed N. Kavanaugh	1914 (fraction of the year "acting" while Supervisor of Bighorn)
3	A. M. Cook	1914 to 1917
5	Ray Peck	1918 to 1922
3	W. J. Pearce	1922 to 1925
8	P. V. Woodhead	1926 to 1933
11	W. B. Fay	1934 to 1944 (fall of)
3	C. E. Fox	1944 (fall of) to 1947 (Jan. 31)
8	G. D. Pickford	1947 (Feb.1) to 1956 (June)
4	Robert W. Gardner	1956 to 1959
5	John C. Miller	1959 to 1964
3	Carter P. Qualls	1964 to 1967
	Walter B. Metcalf	1967 to --

Two of the ex-supervisors who served on the Routt have attained National prominence in their profession. E. N. Kavanaugh served as Assistant Regional Forester in Range management for Region 6 from 1917 to 1938 and then in Region 4 as Chief of Lands. In 1939 he transferred to the Department of the Interior where he now is Chief of the Conservation Division of the Bureau of Land Management. P. V. Woodhead advanced to Inspector of Grazing under the Chief of Range Management (W.O.), to Assistant Regional Forester in charge of Range and Wildlife Management for Region 3, and, upon the retirement of Frank W. Pooler in 1945, to Regional Forester of R-3. Both are retired.

Men who served on the Supervisor's staff are difficult to identify as to names and tenure. To the best of our knowledge, however, they are:

F. D. Whitney	1907
C. A. Sommers	1908 - 1910
William M. Darley	1909 - 1911 (on "June 11" work)
P. J. Paxton	1909 - 1914 (Tech. Ass't.)
John E. Elliott	1908 - 1911 (Timber Surveys)
Ray Peck	1911 - 1917
Roscoe B. Weaver	1914 - 1915 (Tech. Ass't.)
Gerald M. Hunter	1915 - 1918 (Timber Surveys)
A. L. Richey	1918 - 1919
H. D. Cochran	1920 - 1921
C. H. Vaux	1922 - 1923
A. L. Nelson	1924 - 1926
P. V. Woodhead	1925
C. R. Towne	1926 - 1927
W. B. Fay	1927 - 1929
C. R. Towne	1930 - 1935
Phillip McCandless	1936 - 1938
R. A. Lerchen	1938 - 1940
E. R. Lepley	1940 - 1946
Sam E. Deffler	1946 - 1950
Walter E. Pool	1951 - 1954
John Douglas	1954 - 1956
Keith Knutson	1956 - 1961
John T. Kimball	1956 - 1958 (Admin. Ass't.)
Harry W. Wagner	1958 - 1959 (Admin. Ass't.)
Raymond V. Adolphson	1958 - 1961 (1st. For. Engineer)
Robert O. Lewis	1958 - 1968 (Forester - Range)
Billy B. Dunbar	1959 - 1963 (Admin. Officer)
Maurice D. Barz	1960 - 1963 (Forest Engineer)
Omar M. Campbell	1961 - 1967 (Forester - TM)

Walter E. Taylor	1962 - 1964(Forester - Lands)
Wayne E. Wilkins	1963 - 1967(Forest Engineer)
Clyde F. Fish	1963 - 1967 (Admin. Officer)
John D. Grover	1964 - (Forester - Lands)
Henry Haalck	1967 - 1968 (Forester - T.M.)
Walter E. Perryman	1967 - (Forest Engineer)
Marcus A. Arnold	1967 - 1970 (Admin.Officer)
John K. Stithem	1968 - (Forester-Range & Wildlife)
Lawrence Amicarella	1968 - 1972 (Forester - Timber Management)
J. C. Cooper	1971 - 1973 (Admin. Officer)
Albert B. Rogers	1972 - (Silviculturist)
David L. Hessel	1972 - (Forester, TM)

The earliest forestry employee in the area, according to M. Wilson Rankin's book "Reminiscences of Frontier Days", was Sam Reid, who lived in Hayden Valley and was employed in 1879 by the old "Bureau of Forestry" to report timber trespasses. Rankin delivered Reid his appointment telegram which was addressed "Sam Reid, Routt County, Colorado."

The first ranger on record is Harry Gibler. He was assigned to the Forest in 1905 but, according to ex-Supervisor Ratliff, resigned before entering on duty. John M. Ellis was the first Forest Guard serving from January 1906 to May 1906.

By 1907 Ranger Districts had been set up and manned. District #1, known as the Kremmling District, ran from the Base Line to the Muddy Creek Divide east of the Gore summit; District #2, the Grizzly Creek Area, included the forest area in North Park from the Muddy Creek Divide to the Wyoming line; District #3, known as the Yampa District, extended from the Base line to Service Creek on the Yampa River side; District #4, the Steamboat District, extended from Service Creek to Mad Creek; District #5, the Hahns Peak District, included the country north of Mad Creek to the head of Encampment River, west through Columbine to California Park and south to the Forest boundary; District #6 included the Bears Ears country south of the Snake River Divide and west of California Park; District #7, the Counting Station District, included the Snake River slope west of Columbus Mountain; and District #8 included the head of the South Fork of Snake River. The Encampment River area, originally part of District #8, was transferred to the Hayden National Forest in 1908. The south and east fringes of North Park were in the Arapaho and Colorado forests, respectively, until 1930. According to Ray Peck many of the early rangers were assigned to districts to establish their position and grades but were actually used as project men on timber surveys, boundary surveys, land classification, improvement construction, etc.

As it stands today, the North Park District is made up of old District #2, part of the Encampment River District of the old

Hayden, the Rand District that was in the Arapaho until 1930 and the East Side District that was in the Colorado National Forest until 1930. The Gore District includes old District #3, and parts of old District #1, #2 and #4. The Hahns Peak District contains parts of Districts #4, #5, #8 and most of the Encampment River area that was transferred from the Hayden in 1929. The Bears Ears District is made up from Districts #6, #7 and parts of #5 and #8.

Bears Ears District

District #6 (1906 - 1919)

H. C. Hurd	1906 - 1908
Ray Peck	1908 - 1909
Ed Peck	1909 - 1919

District #7 (Counting Ranger Station 1906 - 1918)

John O'Connor*	*1906
James A. Oliphant	1906 - 1910
H. C. Hurd	1911 - 1913
L. L. Segur	1913 - 1917
Marcy Meaden	1917 - 1918

*O'Connor died suddenly in July 1906 - Replaced by Harry Ratliff. Ratliff intimates that O'Connor was murdered.

Old Bears Ears District (1919 - 1923)

Chas. Lancaster	1920 - 1921
Percy Ray	1921 - 1923

District #8 (Three Forks District 1906 - 1924)

See Hahns Peak District

Consolidated Bears Ears District (1924 -)

Percy Ray	1924 - 1929
Owen B. Hurley	1929 - 1931
Marvin Klemme	1932 - 1935
R. J. Greffenius	1935 - 1940
John Douglas	1941 - 1943
Frank Smith	1943 - 1944
Roan C. Anderson	1945 - 1957
William M. Fenner	1957 - 1963
LaVerne A. Schultz	1963 - 1971 (Oct.)
John P. Heaton	1971 -

Headquarters transferred from Hayden to Craig in 1962.

Gore Ranger District

District #4 (Old Steamboat District 1906 - 1929)

George W. Nay	1906 -
James L. Blackburn	1908 - 1909
Ray Peck	1909 - 1911
William M. Darley	1911 - 1912
Oliver E. Taylor	1913 - 1915
A. L. Richey	1915 - 1918
James H. Monson	1919 -
L. L. Segur	1920 - 1921
Dewey S. Wright	1922 - 1926
George P. Lang	1926 - 1929

District #3 (Yampa District 1906 - 1929)

Albert Whitney	1906 -
Arthur Stanley	1907 - 1909
Edward A. Parks	1910 - 1912
John B. Lansing	1910 - 1913
C. W. Euler	1913 - 1925
George W. Howard	1925 - 1929

District #2 (See North Park Ranger District)

Combined Gore District (1929 - 1972)

George P. Lang	1929 - 1930
C. E. Seymour	1930 - 1934
Frank W. Woody	1935
William J. Cochran	1936
John C. Miller	1937 - 1943
John F. Douglas	1944 - 1950
R. J. Greffenius	1950 - 1955
Ray Urbom	1955 - 1958
Carl Henderson	1958 - 1964
James R. Schoenbaum	1964 - 1969
David R. W. Hoefer	1969 - 1972

District abolished 6/30/72 and combined with Hahns Peak and Yampa.

Hahns Peak District

District #8 (Three Forks, 1906 - 1924)

Harry Ratliff (J.H.)	1906 - 1907
(Ratliff spent most of his time as Ranger working on the Carbon County timber trespass in Hog Park)	
P. L. Gooldy	1907 - 1911
Earl Salisbury	1907
Lewis Cadwallader	1908
Stanley Brock	1910 - 1914
(Brock spent most of his time supervising sheep grazing along the "High Trail").	
William H. McCormick	1912 - 1914
(McCormick also supervised sheep grazing on "High Trail").	
William F. Cochran	1915 - 1924
(Cochran was the first ranger on the Three Forks District really assigned to do district work. The others were more or less project men.)	

District #5 (Old Hahns Peak District 1906 - 1924)

Samuel Coleman	1906 - 1907
James L. Blackburn	1909 - 1913
Pleasant H. Sallee	1914 - 1915
Frank Rose	1915 - 1921
Dean Leonard	1921 - 1924

Encampment District (Hayden Forest 1908 - 1928)

A. L. Richey	1908 - 1915
(no record)	1915 - 1919
Ray Riggs	1919 - ???
Frank R. Wadleigh	1927 - 1928

District #4 (Steamboat District - See Gore Ranger District)

Combined Hahns Peak District (1924 -)

Dean H. Leonard	1924 - 1932
Larry H. Carr	1933 - 1936
Samuel W. Orr	1937 - 1943
Daniel E. Gibson	1942 - 1951
Ray Bennett	1951 - 1959
Robert J. Miller	1959 - 1963
Warren L. Hartman	1963 - 1972
William F. Conklin	1972 -

North Park District

East Side District (Colorado N.F. until 1930)

N. G. Bellairs	1906 - 1910
(no record)	1911 - 1929

Rand Ranger District (Arapaho N.F. until 1930)

J. A. McNamara	1906 - 1910
C. C. White	1911
John Stephens	1912 - 1915
Cleve Langston	1916 - 1917
Frank Poley	1918
E. M. Davis	1919 - 1920
Frank Crow	1921 - 1923
Albert Straub	1924 - 1925
Carl Sward	1926 - 1927
Paul Lundell	1928 - 1929

District #2 (Grizzly Creek 1906 - 1929)

W. L. Galpin	1907 - 1909
Angus H. Taylor	1909 - 1914
Austin Russell	1914 - 1915
E. J. Davis	1916 - 1918
C. P. McClanahan	1919 - 1923
H. G. Bechler	1923 - 1924
C. A. Kutzleb	1924 - 1929

Present North Park District (1930 -)

C. A. Kutzleb	1930
Henry Parks	1931 - 1932
D. H. Leonard	1933
Samuel Orr	1934 - 1936
Lawrence Carr	1937
Frank Blankenship	1938 - 1942
Gordon Van Buren	1943 - 1945
Stratton H. Van	1946 - 1956
Gerald D. Wadlow	1956 - 1959
George S. Gorsuch	1959 - 1961
Robert J. Scofield	1961 - 1964
E. Allen Crozer	1964 - 1966
Jack A. Wolfe	1966 - 1970
Wayne S. Shuttleworth, Jr.	1970 - 1972
N. V. Milanowski	1972 -

Yampa District

The present Yampa District was created on May 1, 1954. It is composed of parts of the old Burns Hole and Williams Fork Districts on the White River National Forest. Transfer to the Routt National Forest was effected with creation of the Yampa District.

District Rangers who have served on the Yampa District are:

Gordon Harp	1954 - 1958
Raymond Brown	1958 - 1962
E. Allen Crozer	1962 - 1964
Jack K. Carter	1964 - 1968
Lee W. Jensen	1968 - ----

The record of rangers on the Routt, their assignments and years of service leaves much to be desired. It is hoped that this Forest History will be kept up-to-date sufficiently in the future so that these important personnel records will be maintained accurately.

V. Timber

When the Park Range Forest Reserve was created in 1905 there were no maps, no policies, no timber cruises, no trained men, practically no anything. But timber was being cut in trespass on the Forest and there was an active demand for timber from the rapidly growing communities around the Forest and from the railroads, which were vigorously extending their branch lines and improving their main lines. The infant organization had to act hurriedly to put the timber business under administration.

The first timber sale according to ex-Supervisor Ratliff, was to the Colorado Telephone Company for telephone poles. He likewise reports the first saw log sale was made to E. V. Wall on Rabbit Ears. Ratliff recalls that Wall also had the first saw-mill special use permit.

Mr. Paul Reddington, an inspector from the Washington office, who spent the summer of 1906 on the Forest, reports that Wall, Gray and Dunlap settled a timber trespass in 1906. This may have been the same Wall that Ratliff mentioned. The earliest timber sale mentioned in Mr. Reddington's report was 10/20/05 to Thomas J. Owenby for 2,200 telephone poles at 20 cents per pole. This was the sale to the Colorado Telephone Company that Ratliff recalls. Other early sales mentioned by Reddington are: Charles F. Perkins, 9/26/06; Dixon Mercantile Co., 9/25/06; E. D. Smith 10/4/06; Evans, Reynolds and Osenbaugh, 7/25/06; D. S. Wall, 9/28/06; and Thomas J. Owenby (Colorado Telephone Company) 9/11/06.

The undated report of Paul Reddington, undoubtedly written in 1906 and which represented the first technical forestry on the Routt, is rich in historical facts. He stated in his opening paragraph that the timber sale work on the Park Range Reserve was in poor shape. His main complaints were that stumpage prices were too low and that all sales were based on insufficient reports (reports in this case meaning stumpage appraisals). He stated that the 1906 timber business was "not large" but he predicted that with the coming of the "Moffatt" railroad (expected within the next two years) the demand would increase sharply.

Discussing the timber sale activities by ranger districts, Reddington reported that the Kremmling District, old District #1, had no sales because Township 1 No., Range 82 W., was "outside of the reserve" and most of the sawmills were operating in this heavily timbered area. He placed a minimum stumpage value of \$2 per M on this district. He placed a minimum stumpage of \$2 per M on the timber in District #2 (Grizzly Creek), and stated the sawmill operating in that area had costs of \$8 per M for cutting, hauling to the mill, and sawing, compared

with lumber prices of \$14 per M at the mill. He recommended that the Service Creek, Morrison Creek, Toponas Creek and Rock Creek waters beds be added to the Reserve in District #3 (Yampa District) and mentioned that D. S. Wall was operating a mill in Sec. 2, T. 5N., R. 83 W., under a sale made 9/28/06. This undoubtedly is the Wall sale mentioned as the first saw timber sale by Ratliff. District #3, at that time, evidently included the Sand Mountain, Hahn's Peak and Elk River areas also as Reddington mentioned the G. H. Suttle trespass which occurred in Section 2, T. 9 N., R. 86 W., and also mentioned that there were 100 - 125 million feet of timber on the North, Middle and South Forks of Elk River. He stated that Elk River was a drivable stream and that "this timber will soon be wanted." He had looked the timber body over with a prospective purchaser who would not bid because a state law at that time prohibited the driving of streams in Colorado. Reddington stated that "a strong effort will be made this winter to repeal the law." He figured Suttle's operating costs on Sand Mountain at \$8 per M and stated the stumpage fee should be \$2.25. He appraised costs for the Elk River operation as follows:

Cutting	\$ 1.25 per M
Skidding & hauling to river	4.00
Cleaning out stream	.75
Driving (initial operation)	<u>3.00</u>
	\$ 9.00
Stumpage	<u>2.00</u>
	\$11. 00

Price of rough lumber at Hayden - \$15 - \$16

He stated that the Elk River timber should be removed as soon as possible since 25% was dead or dying from insects, and that the minimum price should be \$2 per M. His stumpage appraisal for Harrison Creek and Walton Creek timber was \$2.25 to settlers and \$2.75 for export. His appraisal for District #4 which consisted of the heads of Encampment River and Big Creek was that there was no local demand. He stated that the Carbon Timber Co. was operating on patented land just north of the Colorado line and possibly would want timber in the future. This, he recommended should be sold for \$3 per M. Evidently the full significance of the extent of this company's trespass was unknown at this time.

In District #5 (Snake River) he mentions that the only patch of timber of any size was on the South Fork of Snake River near Bears Ears (he must have meant Grizzly or Slater Creek).

He stated that E. D. Smith had been sold 2 million feet on October 4, 1906 in this area and emphasized that "It is important that the amount of available timber in this district be determined as soon as possible, to adjust the demand to the supply". This statement was underlined in his report. He stated that this Lost Park timber should be set aside to meet the demands of ranchers on Little Snake River.

Mentioning the Beaver, Four Mile and Fortification Creek watersheds, he recommended that no more green timber, except balsam fir, be sold, due to the ravages of fire and early day cutting in this locality. C. F. Perkins was operating a sawmill on the Forest near Mt. Welba in 1906. The costs of logging in this locality were figured at \$18.00, \$8.00 for cutting and sawing and \$10.00 for hauling to market. Stumpage costs were set at \$2.25 per M. He stated that rough lumber cost \$25 in Dixon. District #6 from Little Bear to Elkhead Creeks contained little commercial timber. One operator, Andrew McLachlin, was cutting in innocent trespass in 1906. Costs for logging were set at \$15.25, \$4.50 for cutting and skidding, \$2.75 for sawing and \$8.00 for hauling to market. Stumpage was appraised at \$2.50. The price of rough lumber at Craig was \$22.00.

Reddington commented that marking adhered too closely to diameter limits. He recommended leaving 8 to 10 yellow pine and Douglas fir trees per acre for seed. In the case of lodgepole and spruce he stated, "the percentage of removal must depend on the density of the stand". He recommended marking balsam fir closely in all instances.

Reddington praised the rangers in getting a good job of brush piling done. He commented that Supervisor Hogan had been pretty well fouled up in his record-keeping but that he (Reddington) had straightened things out pretty well. Reddington complained that Hogan could not get away from office work long enough to get acquainted with sale administration, and that he needed competent office help. He recommended that Hogan spend at least half his time in the field. In order to obtain this better administration Reddington recommended:

- (1) The Supervisor's Office be moved to Steamboat Springs.
- (2) A clerk be assigned to the Forest.
- (3) A technical assistant be assigned.
- (4) A correct survey be made and a map drawn of the Forest.
- (5) Considerable trail and ranger station construction be done.

In closing, Reddington stressed these points:

- (1) Not more than 300,000 feet should be cut annually from the Snake River area.
- (2) No timber should be sold commercially from Fortification, Four Mile, Little Bear and Elkhead Creeks.
- (3) Rangers should make a 2½ percent cruise and an appraisal before making out a timber sale so that the Washington office could ascertain if the stumpage price was correct.
- (4) Sales should conform to watersheds.
- (5) All possible publicity should be given the settlement of timber trespass cases in order to acquaint the public with Forest Service policy in this respect.

Reddington's report is a remarkable piece of work considering how little he had to go on and what a short time he had to prepare it. One direct result of his summer's work was moving the Supervisor's headquarters to Steamboat Springs. The addition of the Service Creek, Morrison Creek, Toponas Creek and Rock Creek areas to the Forest doubtless was another result of Reddington's early visit to the Routt. Also, on December 15, 1906, Supervisor Hogan wrote "Order Number 4" to the rangers of the Park Range Reserve specifying the following prices for stumpage.

Green Timber

Engelmann spruce, Douglas fir and lodgepole pine	\$2 per M
Balsam	\$1.50 per M
Fence poles	3 cents each
Corral poles	6 cents each
Cord wood	.50 per cord
Buck sticks (double)	6 cents each

Dead Timber

Suitable for lumber same price as green, otherwise	\$1.00 per M
Dry firewood	25 cents per cord

The Washington office was pressing the officers of the new Forest for an estimate of its timber as early as 1907. In a letter from the Chief of the Branch of Silviculture, William F. Cox, dated 7/13/07 the Supervisor was advised that the Forester wanted a

check estimate on the 649,424,000 F.B.M. of timber supposed to be on the Park Range Reserve. On December 7, 1907, Supervisor Hogan reported to the Forester that there were 425,000,000 F.B.M. of lodgepole, 310,000,000 of Engelmann spruce, 175,000,000 of balsam fir, 400,000 of Douglas fir and 200,000 of yellow pine, totalling 910,600,000 feet B.M. of green sawtimber, on the Park Range Reserve. In addition he reported 65,000,000 feet of dead timber.

On November 10, 1908, Supervisor Ratliff estimated 1,599,973,300 F.B.M. of green timber and 581,110,300 F.B.M. of dead on the Routt National Forest. The amounts by species were reported as follows:

	<u>Green</u>	<u>Dead</u>
Lodgepole pine	725,910,400	362,955,100 F.B.M.
Engelmann spruce	552,635,400	138,158,800
Balsam Fir	90,373,800	22,369,500
Douglas Fir	2,422,200	605,500
Yellow Pine	25,000	6,000
Aspen	228,526,200	57,000,000
Cottonwood	66,200	14,000
Juniper (cedar)	14,100	1,400
TOTAL	<u>1,599,973,300</u>	<u>581,110,300</u>

This estimate really got down to fine points.

An extensive timber survey was started on the Bears Ears district in April of 1910 and was continued through 1911, covering the entire Forest. Percy Paxton, Ray Peck, Ed Parks and John Elliott, and others participated in this survey, which was conducted under difficulties. The Forest was divided into four working circles and the reported commercial timber from this survey was as follows:

	<u>Commercial Timber M Feet B.M.</u>				
Working Circle	: Engelmann	: Lodgepole	: Alpine	: Douglas	: Total
	: Spruce	: Pine	: Fir	: Fir	: Coniferous
Bear River	390,181	251,261	119,166	7,933	768,541
Snake River	170,285	98,174	26,336	515	295,310
Platte River	112,835	92,772	73,100	442	279,149
Grand River	81,541	219,667	15,328	-	316,536
TOTALS	<u>754,842</u>	<u>661,874</u>	<u>233,930</u>	<u>8,890</u>	<u>1,659,536</u>

Dead timber all species on the forest - 450,078 M feet B.M.

This cruise is the only complete cruise on the Forest. It, of necessity was very extensive, but according to Ray Peck it resulted in obtaining a much better map of the Forest than had been available and it served as a guide for timber management planning, for land classification, and for many other purposes. Cruising since that date has been on the basis of small projects to prepare for specific timber sales.

The earliest timber sales have already been mentioned. Several notable timber sales have occurred on the Routt including those to the Sarvis Timber Company, the Rocky Mountain Lumber Company and the Nebraska Bridge Supply and Lumber Company. The sales to the Sarvis Timber Company were not large: that of 10/20/13 was for 522,000 feet B.M., 12/28/13 for 573,000 feet, and 10/2/15 for 1,568,000 feet. The significant feature in connection with this company is the great amount of money they invested in roads and stream improvements in the Service Creek area and the small amount of timber that they cut. The Company folded up some time between December 31, 1918, and February 10, 1919, according to our file records. An extension of time to their last contract was accepted on 2/10/19 by the Sarvis Lumber Company, a successor to the Sarvis Timber Company. The splash dams on Service Creek and the mill site at Steamboat Springs, now in ruins, are the monuments of this Company's dreams of grandeur.

On November 1, 1918, a block of timber on the North Fork of Elk River was sold to the Rocky Mountain Lumber Company. The sale was not large, only 500,000 feet B.M.; it was the idea of the Company, to cut the timber in the Elk River area and drive the logs down Elk River to the Yampa, that was notable. The President of the Rocky Mountain Lumber Company was C.H. Ramsey. The first sale was only partially cut, the balance being transferred to later sales made to the Company.

Another block of 575,000 feet B.M. was sold to the Company on December 3, 1918. This block was on the Middle Fork of the Elk River above the Seedhouse. This sale was cut out by 10/22/21 according to reports in our files.

On 8/21/19 a third sale for 27,500,000 feet was made to the Company. This block included all the timber in Lost Dog and English Creeks and head of Hinman Creek.

The plans of this Company were outlined in a letter written to the District Forester, 11/28/17, signed by G. W. Lee, Secretary. This letter stated the Company wanted to buy immediately 30,000,000 feet of timber and later 45,000,000 feet more. Lee stated that "upon financing the Company will construct a modern mill of not less than 25,000 feet daily capacity, convert Elk

River into a driving stream, build booms, establish camps and commence operations upon a logical and extensive scale".

The total cut on this last sale amounted to 908,101 feet of saw logs and 59,064 linear feet of props. Most of this material is still lying in decks along Elk River. The Rocky Mountain Lumber Company, according to a newspaper report from the Steamboat Pilot, 5/4/21, was strictly a stock promotion scheme subsisting for current operating and development expenses on the sale of common stocks. The first drive on Elk River, scheduled for 1920, came to grief and not a log reached the lower river.

The Rocky Mountain Lumber Company was declared bankrupt by a Court of Bankruptcy in Denver on July 27, 1921 and the sale was cancelled by the Forester on January 19, 1922. So ended another dream.

The Michigan River unit was cruised in 1924 while the area was administered by the Arapaho National Forest. The cruise was made by W. B. Afgar and J. V. K. Wagar. The tract was cruised for hewn ties and was considered a driving chance. The estimated volume was 2,600,000 ties. Several individuals inquired about this timber chance but it was not until 9/18/35, after the area had been transferred to the Routt, that the Forest Products Treating Company became interested in the timber on the unit. The unit was advertised from 3/12/36 to 4/30/36 and bids were opened on 5/12/36. The Nebraska Bridge Supply and Lumber Company was the successful bidder.

This Company, a subsidiary of the Forest Products Company, bid on 2,000,000 hewed ties (standard and reject), 26,939,000 feet B.M. of saw timber and an unestimated amount of live and dead props and posts. They have cut continuously since that date and as of February 25, 1948, they have harvested 76,984,735 feet B.M. of timber and paid a total of \$212,387.61 for stumpage. Hewed ties are no longer produced, portable mills having long since replaced the tie hack. The Company has a sawmill at Walden that turns out ties and a good grade of pine and spruce lumber. It also has a telephone pole and fence post peeler plant at Walden. From six to eight portable sawmills cut ties and short side lumber in the woods.

The amount of timber cut and sold from the Routt is set forth in the following table. Unfortunately the record is fragmentary prior to 1918. It is regretted that the older records have been destroyed since it is thereby impossible to report the total volume of timber business on the Routt since administration began. Possibly some clue to the missing records can be found in the future and the table can be completed.

The low year on record was 1925 when only 266,000 board feet were cut. The high year was 1949 with 17,161,000 board feet harvested.

YEAR	SOLD		CUT	
	Volume M ft. b.m.	Value Dollars	Volume V ft. b.m.	Value Dollars
1908 F.Y.			1,300	-
1915 F.Y.	949	1,278	1,449	2,526
1916 F.Y.	2,586	3,489	2,496	4,053
1917 F.Y.	1,451	2,286	901	1,587
1918 F.Y.	1,446	2,299	1,626	2,684
1919 F.Y.	3,097	5,799	1,095	1,623
1920 F.Y.	28,045	43,397	1,307	2,227
1921 F.Y.	1,226	2,458	1,962	3,469
1922 C.Y.	681	1,146	648	1,094
1923 C.Y.	1,995	5,284	984	2,219
1924 C.Y.	905	2,149	1,792	4,359
1925 C.Y.	294	510	266	428
1926 C.Y.	438	826	598	1,203
1927 C.Y.	951	1,590	355	618
1928 C.Y.	1,027	2,034	782	1,368
1929 C.Y.	1,511	3,348	3,218	9,937
1930 C.Y.	900	1,895	7,659	21,328
1931	577	1,086	6,151	15,520
1932 C.Y.	238	373	3,260	7,633
1933 F.Y.	332	917	2,192	5,761
1934 F.Y.	659	1,470	2,308	5,848
1935 F.Y.	4,877	14,833	2,158	6,870
1936 F.Y.	94,622	271,066	4,090	11,176
1937 F.Y.	4,849	10,380	9,756	24,207
1938 F.Y.	1,410	3,431	7,879	17,086
1939 F.Y.	1,032	2,404	8,347	20,374
1940 F.Y.	1,230	2,826	8,982	21,628
1941 F.Y.	4,522	10,345	7,391	17,069
1942 F.Y.	1,780	4,313	6,429	16,683
1943 F.Y.	2,034	4,825	11,933	32,491
1944 F.Y.	8,592	24,747	4,949	12,677
1945 F.Y.	11,198	39,435	13,726	37,356
1946 F.Y.	129,114	392,451	15,765	39,765
1947 F.Y.	4,780	18,849	12,315	40,408
1948 F.Y.	19,503	68,162	12,376	43,538
1949 F.Y.	3,255	10,742	17,161	57,692
1950 F.Y.	4,352	11,170	13,118	44,843
1951 F.Y.	6,376	23,075	13,903	47,221
1952 F.Y.	76,034	433,690	16,380	53,059
1953 F.Y.	34,332	167,524	20,108	107,306
1954 F.Y.	646	1,995	20,816	108,704
1955 F.Y.	30,656	232,121	25,675	139,025
1956 F.Y.	64,390	78,991	22,074	114,227
1957 F.Y.	14,301	43,043	26,952	132,684

YEAR	SOLD		CUT	
	Volume M ft. b.m.	Value Dollars	Volume V ft. b.m.	Value Dollars
1958 F.Y.	4,065	29,771	29,024	174,065
1959 F.Y.	23,416	265,197	28,263	193,897
1960 F.Y.	31,394	282,528	22,241	173,764
1961 F.Y.	5,811	31,995	21,659	147,564
1962 F.Y.	52,225	144,830	24,971	93,763
1963 F.Y.	63,816	267,312	28,498	117,902
1964 F.Y.	37,212	114,912	36,709	153,981
1965 F.Y.	44,506	180,938	37,518	132,353
1966 F.Y.	18,947	62,520	37,574	150,815
1967 F.Y.	16,695	37,885	33,681	209,591
1968 F.Y.	35,333	315,642	28,486	216,330
1969 F.Y.	18,653	195,788	38,628	381,769
1970 F.Y.	47,335	219,488	34,333	291,947
1971 F.Y.	35,270	72,812	36,592	267,392
1972 F.Y.	50,142	633,205	23,736	231,172

Timber trespass cases worthy of mention are the Carbon Timber Company case of 11/9/07, the A. L. Suttle case of 8/10/06, and the Charles Perkins case. The latter case was never formally recognized.

The Carbon Timber Company was a Wyoming corporation with headquarters at Hanna, Wyoming. It operated within the boundary of the Routt in the Encampment and Damfino drainages, presumably on private land. The land was undoubtedly gained fraudulently as Harry Ratliff reports that in 1901 and 1902, Andy Olsen, Dan Wilt and P. O. Short hauled wagon loads of men to Steamboat Springs and Walden to file on timber claims just south of the Colorado line in the Encampment and Damfino areas. These claims evidently were proved up on in a hurry because he also states that from 1903 to 1905 he and other Elk River ranchers furnished the Carbon Timber Company tie camps, along Encampment River, Damfino Creek and Hog Park, with hay, grain and meat.

In 1906, the Carbon Timber Company made inquiries to purchase National Forest timber on the Routt but evidently the Service had by that time got wind of illegal cutting in the area. No sale was made to them. In July, 1907, Supervisor Hogan sent Ranger Sam Coleman and guard Earl Salisbury in to Hog Park to cruise the area for trespass. Nothing happened, so in September, Hogan sent Harry Ratliff, then a Ranger and Stapleton, a guard,

in to find out the trouble. They found Salisbury working with Company tie hacks and Coleman locating trespass cutting with the help of Company men and with the use of Company data. No maps had been prepared and tally sheets were grossly inaccurate. Ratliff took over and started running control lines to the State line to locate the areas of trespass. Coleman was transferred from the job to Steamboat Springs and took all U.S. marking hatchets with him. Ratliff had to follow him a ways to get the equipment. It is said that some fisticuffs resulted on this occasion. Anyhow, from September to late November, Ratliff mapped and cruised the area finding approximately 1,200 acres of forest land cut over and 1,078,348 feet b.m. of saw timber, 235,680 ties, 23 mine ties, and 156,240 mine props cut in trespass. He recommended settlement on an innocent basis and fixed charges at 6-2/3 cents per tie, 3 cents per mine prop and \$2 per M b.m. for saw logs. He also recommended a \$1.00 per M deposit for brush burning and cleanup. His report was dated 11/9/07.

The Carbon Timber Company under signature of its President, Andrew Olson, 1/19/09, offered to settle the trespass for \$8,496.89 at the rate of \$1 per M for 7,519,431 board feet and \$2.50 per M for 386,982 board feet, and also agreed to skid and clear a strip 100 - 200 feet wide between their property and National Forest lands. On March 29, 1910, the Company agreed to settle on the basis of 11,278,293 feet b.m. out in "unintentional trespass" for \$14,775.18 and, in lieu of cleaning the brush and debris between the Company's land and the National Forest, to clear a "fire line" approximately 18 miles long and 100 feet wide, located as may be prescribed by the Forest Officer in charge, along a route approximately on the top of the Continental Divide, in Colorado and Wyoming, from a point where the Continental Divide crosses the township line between Townships 10 and 11 N., R. 84 W., 6th P.M. in Colorado to a point where Continental Divide crosses line between Sections 14 and 15, T. 13 N., R. 85 W., 6th P.M. in Wyoming. Thus was settled timber trespass number 1 on the Routt and so also was built the famous Fireline Driveway over which millions of Wyoming sheep have travelled from the deserts to the high summer ranges of the Routt.

The A. L. Suttle case 8/10/06 was investigated by Harry Ratliff, Paul Reddington and Albert Whitney. It involved illegal cutting by G. H. Suttle and his sons, Elmer and Albert. The case was carried to Federal Court and G.H. Suttle was convicted and jailed. In Reddington's opinion (written in 1906) this conviction was a good thing and strengthened forest administration. Ratliff, however, (in 1940) thought the action unwarranted and believed the matter could better have been settled through a

timber sale. As a result Suttle, who was respected in the community, became a life-long enemy of the Service in general and Ratliff in particular.

Suttle was enjoined from cutting timber on the Forest without permit. He broke that injunction in 1907, 1908 and 1909. On July 1, 1910, Ray Peck, Ed Parks, Stanley Brock and H.C. Hurd were cruising the trespass area just outside the Suttle homestead in Sections 2 and 3, T. 9 N., R. 86 W. Suttle approached the party armed with a Winchester and announced that he did not recognize the Forest Service lines and that he would shoot the first man in the party who put foot on his ground. Peck asked him where the lines he recognized were. Suttle refused to do this but repeated his threat to shoot. Not knowing where the old man's line was located for sure, the Forest Service party pulled out to avoid bloodshed.

On June 6, 1913, the case against Arthur L. and George N. Suttle was dismissed by the Solicitor since both men were dead. The case was closed in the Routt files August 28, 1914. A colorful episode in the Routt history.

Charley Perkins was cutting timber on Black Mountain in 1905 when the Forest was created. He had an 80 acre claim patented and a stone with a $\frac{1}{4}$ scribed on it. The rangers suspected that he moved the stone regularly to get more Government timber, but they could do nothing about it as the surveys in the area were fictitious and they had nothing to tie to. Perkins was killed in a logging accident in 1912 and nothing further was done about the case. When the township was resurveyed, the 80 was found to be several miles away in the aspen belt. Percy Paxton estimated that several hundred acres had been cut illegally by Perkins.

Wind Storm of June 15, 1939

A severe windstorm of general scope occurred on June 15, 1939. Considerable damage to timber on the Routt Forest resulted from this storm. The greatest damage occurred on wet sites, although the storm swept down trees on ridge tops and other typical dry sites in local areas. It is estimated that about 85 per cent of the damage occurred on south and west exposures, and was much heavier on cut over areas than in virgin timber. The force of the wind was not uniform over the Forest, it being more severe on the Gore and North Park Districts than elsewhere. The estimated damage from this storm as reported by E. R. Lepley in 1942 was 1960 acres, 2,880 M ft. b.m.

The storm was so intense a small fire near Breckenridge, Colorado, burning in an old burn near timberline suddenly spread over 80 acres to timberline although much of the area was still snow covered. Bob Lewis reports that at the peak of this storm while counting cattle onto the Pike National Forest near Cripple Creek, Colorado he had extreme difficulty in getting small calves through the gate with their mothers. Many were blown over 100 feet off the trail.

Engelmann Spruce Bark Beetle (engelmannii Dendroctonus)

Prior to 1939 all reports indicate the Routt Forest as quite free of tree damaging insects, with all losses endemic, and usually as a secondary attack on diseased or injured and dying individual trees. By 1944 some indications of an epidemic attack were beginning to appear over the Forest. Heavy infestations of the Black Hills beetle, a close relative to the Engelmann Spruce beetle, were reported in lodgepole pine stands in the Chedsey Creek, Little Grizzly and Sawmill Creek drainages in North Park. E. R. Lepley and Ranger Gordon Van Buren state that a conservative estimate of new trees infested in 1944 would be 5,000. "Groups of up to 50 and 75 infested trees were seen with the infestation extending 25 to 30 feet up the bole of the tree". Timber harvesting in 1945 and 1946 in this area apparently checked this outbreak.

In 1945 Ranger John Douglas reported a very heavy attack of Engelmann Spruce beetle on the south end of the Gore District, near Lone Spring Butte, Wheeler Basin and Muddy Slide, an area of about 1600 acres. This attack was confirmed by Entomologist Tom T. Terrell, and it is suspected the insect attack in North Park may have been by the same species of beetle. Typical of some insect attacks, 1946 showed only about one-fifth as many new trees infested as the 1945 attack indicated. This was no doubt an unfavorable year for the "bugs", but still enough remained to create an explosive situation. Our entomologists continued to survey the situation and study the insects life cycle, rate of increase, and travel distances and methods of control. This continued through 1949. By that year surveys showed practically all the Engelmann Spruce timber on the White River Forest north of the Colorado River and the Yampa District were infested and dying. Light infestations had crossed the Colorado River east to the Eagle area and were spreading north and east across the Yampa River.

It was found the "bugs" could be killed by spraying the tree bole from the ground to a height of 15 to 20 feet with a

solution of diesel fuel and orthodichlorobenzene. Pilot projects in 1950 indicated the cost would be about \$4.00 per tree, almost prohibitive, but with all the Colorado Engelmann Spruce timber at stake, it was decided to hit the front of the spreading beetles. The Forest Service requested funds from Congress and presented their plan. By late 1951, funds were appropriated and a 100 man camp was established on Buffalo Pass to work south toward the Rabbit Ears Highway. Early in 1952 another 100 man camp was established at Base Camp about two miles north of Dumont Lake. This camp was to work the area from Harrison Creek north to join with the crew from Buffalo Pass.

Other camps were established on the perimeter of the spreading beetles on the White River and Arapaho Forests. This late treatment was generally possible because of the two-year cycle for the beetles to mature before leaving the parent tree. This also made detection difficult as an infested tree would remain full color green the first year and then begin to fade color and die the second year after attack.

Needless to say the control efforts, with the assistance of a favorable winter beetle kill, prolonged severe temperatures, a parasite feeding on the beetles, and a great increase in woodpeckers, combined with great success and by the fall of 1952 practically all camps in the area were closed. Only spot treatment was necessary over the following year.

The Forest had suffered a tremendous loss, practically all of the Engelmann Spruce on the Yampa District along with lodgepole pine and spruce east across the Gore District from Harrison Creek north to Buffalo Pass. The loss has been conservatively estimated to be about one and a fourth billion board feet of Engelmann Spruce and lodgepole pine.

During the peak of the flight in 1950 beetles were carried by the wind, a distance of 20 to 30 miles, east across the Colorado River from the White River plateau. Beetles floated two to four inches deep along the shores of our high mountain lakes in the attack area.

Very little of this timber was ever salvaged. Within two years following death of the tree wide spiral cracks developed in the trees, making them unsuitable for lumber. Pulp mills in Wisconsin continued to be a market until 1959, but the sapwood was rapidly deteriorating from the ground up the bole of the tree, and it became uneconomical to ship such a great distance, there being no paper mills in this area. A lack of suitable roads made it uneconomical for the harvest, as cull became an increasing factor in pulpwood quality.

Fire

The fire history of the Routt country is rather unique - although the forest is high and moist and is not reckoned a heavy fire forest, great acreages of the timber were destroyed by renegade Utes in the summer of 1879. A letter written by J. B. Donaldson, Superintendent of the Farwell mining interests at International Camp, Colorado, dated 9/19/1879, and addressed to James B. Thompson, Special Agent, General Land Office, Washington, D.C., described this great conflagration. This letter is quoted in full as follows:

International Camp, Colorado
September 19, 1879

James B. Thompson
Special Agent, General Land Office
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Thompson:

Your favor of September 6 received. The forest fire that began near Sand Mountain early in May last has been burning ever since and has finally culminated, after sweeping all over that section of the country, in a grand attack on our mining property on String Ridge, sweeping all before it, and causing us very serious expense to keep it out of this camp. Besides it is now sweeping everything before it along the line of our 17-mile ditch, on which we have several miles of fluming.

The fire is so hot and the smoke so dense that we cannot reach many of our flumes to know at present how many of them are destroyed. If any are left it will be nothing short of a miracle.

Thousands of acres have been burned, and who can say where it will stop? Our sawmill and timber, I think, may go, unless we get rain or snow within the next three days. We keep men night and day battling it where we can, but man is almost powerless against such a destructive element when once set in action.

Frank Hinman asked the Utes when he was on Snake River, why they set the timber in our section on fire and they replied: "In order that their ponies could travel. Now, too much timber."

Jim Baker, the scout, who lives on Snake River, was out with a surveying party, and says the Utes started a fire in the

timber in two different places, not far from their camp. I am not acquainted with any of the Utes, and of course they will not converse with a stranger, but I do know they were in our vicinity when these fires were started in the spring, and there had been no hunters around or we should have known it, because the mining camps are their market for meat.

About the quantity of timber and grazing land burned over, I cannot give it in acres, but it is immense. It can only be measured by miles, and at this date it is growing more fierce every day. Nothing can now stop it but a storm of rain or snow.

Very truly yours,

/s/ J.B. Donaldson

The fires burned the Sand Mountain ridge, Hahn's Peak Basin and the Continental Divide from the head of the North Fork of Elk River to Service Creek.

The first fire after the Forest was created was on the foot of Buffalo Pass on the North Park side in June 1906. It was fought for 8 days by Hurd and Ratliff and extinguished. The first lookout station on the Routt and probably the first in Region 2 was built on Hahn's Peak in 1908 according to Mr. Ratliff.

The fire history of the Routt is not outstanding in spectacular blazes. The Green Ridge fire in 1942 was one of the largest recent fires, 460 acres. The season of 1947 was a record, no fires on the Forest.

From 1947 through 1965 the fire situation has been much the same as past Forest History with no large spectacular fires. The largest fire reported during the period was the Sunday Fire in Lost Park on the Bears Ears District in 1962. Although this fire was far from being one of the larger fires of the Rocky Mountain Region, several new innovations and events in control for the Routt are worthy of note here.

Sunday Fire - 8/5/62

Following a prolonged dry period in late June and the month of July in 1962 the Sunday fire in Lost Park, fanned by gusty winds up to 50 miles per hour broke out on August 5. Five days later the fire was brought under control after burning approximately 500 acres of cutover and virgin Englemann Spruce forest. Strong gusty winds with hot dry weather made control extremely difficult although nearly five hundred fire fighters

were used in the control operation. Four tank transport planes were used to drop slurry (a mixture of water and bentonite) on hot spots during the control period. This was a first for fire control on the Routt Forest.

Other supporting equipment used on the fire were: Eight 50 gallon slip on pump tanks, six Pacific Marine pumps - each with 500 to 2000 feet of hose, one 250 gallon pump tank, one 300 gallon pumper, two D6 Caterpillar dozers, two D7 Caterpillar dozers, one TD9 dozer, two helicopters for scouting and transport of men and equipment, one "Bird Dog" lead plane for guiding slurry drops, and a light scout plane to report fire spread, mapping, etc.

A secondary camp was dropped in an inaccessible area some three miles from the base camp and crew firefighters were transported into the area by helicopter.

A Forest Service "Bird Dog" pilot, Maurice McFaddin, from the Black Hills N.F., lost his life when the slurry plane apparently over ran the guide plane in making an aerial drop on a small lightning fire about 15 miles from the base fire. This is believed to be the first fatal accident occurring on the Routt Forest, to an employee while on duty. This accident occurred on August 11, 1962.

Assistance on the fire was received from Regions 1, 2, 3 and 4, with overhead and firefighters furnished by 11 National Forests. Other assistance was furnished by Routt and Moffat counties, the towns of Craig, Steamboat Springs and Hayden, Craig National Guard, State Forester, State Game, Fish and Parks Department, and numerous ranchers and industrial people from Routt and Moffat Counties. Although most of the crews and equipment were released within ten days of the fire starting date it was necessary to keep a patrol crew on duty until September 15 when the fire was declared out.

VI. Grazing

Cattle interests were the first to settle in the Little Snake River and Bear River Valleys; they were the first to visualize the great natural resources of the country and they wanted to keep it for themselves. The pressure from sheep came from the Red Desert country in Wyoming. In the 1880's Snake River was a cowman's country with sheep barons continually crowding on to the range at every opportunity. Early cow outfits were the L7, Two-Bar, Leavenworth Cattle Company, Reader, Dorr and Nelson and Strowbridge.

The deadline at first was the Little Snake Valley. In 1890 or '91 Johnny Wilkes brought two bands of sheep into the Battle Creek country and immediately the cowboys on the Snake and Yampa River mobilized. They gathered at Dixon, Wyoming and sent two men, one Charles Irwin of Steamboat Springs to Wilkes' camp to tell him to get out of the country. Wilkes moved out.

A few years later, probably still in the '90's, a man by the name of Jack Edwards started a band of sheep for the Yampa Valley. James Adams of Egeria Park organized the cowboys as far south as the Eagle River and 200 armed men met at Hayden. They went on to Fortification the next day, met the sheep and turned them back without bloodshed.

Johnny Wilkes moved into Big Red Park with a big band of sheep a year or so after he was chased out of the Savory Country. By this time the deadline had been moved south to the Colorado-Wyoming boundary. About 50 cowboys gathered at the upper Gardner ranch and rode toward Red Park. Word had reached Wilkes of their coming and when they arrived at the Park he had rushed his sheep across the State line. Hundreds of sheep were killed or abandoned in the wild rush to safety. This must have been in the mid nineties and is the first report of sheep grazing on the forest. Sheep owned by the Cow Creek Sheep Company were caught in Red Park in 1903 and were run out by 300 riders in one of the greatest sheep stampedes in history. No one was killed.

The table showing livestock permitted on the Routt from 1906, when livestock were first placed under permit, is a historical document that largely speaks for itself. No sheep were permitted on the Forest in 1906 for the reason that no sheep were allowed south of the Wyoming-Colorado "deadline". Sheep evidently had entered Jackson County in North Park previously because on January 24, 1907, a document signed by officers of the Carbon County Woolgrowers Association of Wyoming and the Snake River Stockgrowers Association of Colorado agreed that sheep could

enter and "graze upon a certain portion of the Park Range National Forest lying west of the land in Colorado now used by the sheepmen, said land to be hereafter used by the sheepmen, more particularly described in a letter from Mr. Thomas Hogan, Supervisor of the Park Range National Forest, to Mr. J. W. Nelson, Supervisor of the Sierra Madre National Forest, of the date of November 9, 1907". This letter is lost from the Routt files but it evidently opened up the Encampment River area and Damfino Creek south of the Wyoming line. It went south as far as Seven Lakes.

The deadlock that had existed for years, whereby Wyoming sheep were barred from Colorado, broke in 1907 as a result of extreme overgrazing on the Sierra Madre Forest Reserve (later called the Hayden National Forest, and now, since 1929, part of the Medicine Bow National Forest). It is recorded that the Sierra Madre, which now is largely within the Snake River Ranger District of the Medicine Bow, issued permits on a prior use basis for 300,000 sheep in 1906 on range that in 1935 grazed 42,000 sheep and still was overused.

Wyoming sheep grazed on the Routt in 1907 but there is no record of the permitted numbers. The Hayden Forest issued grazing permits for the Wyoming sheep at least until 1917. On February 10, 1908, Will C. Barnes wrote as Acting Chief to Supervisor Thomas Hogan of the Park Range National Forest and to Supervisor Jesse W. Nelson of the Sierra Madre National Forest extending the area in which sheep could be permitted. This area added Whiskey Park and Big Red Park to the sheep range on the Routt. Barnes' letter to Jesse Nelson gave him authority to stock this area with 10,000 sheep pursuant to the "final agreement between the advisory boards of the Carbon County Woolgrowers Association and the Snake River Stockgrowers Association as to the additional range for sheep in the Park Range National Forest." This agreement was signed January 4, 1908 but its contents are not known. Patrol of the enlarged area was assigned to Supervisor Nelson, who assigned Ranger Louis E. Coughlin the task.

In 1909, 8,901 ewes and wethers were trailed to Steamboat Springs from Wyoming after summering on the Routt. They were shipped in late September and early October and the Supervisor reported their conditions as excellent because they had grazed such an abundance of green, succulent forage.

One comment is worth repeating from the first grazing report made in 1909: "No opposition (from trailing the sheep through the county) was met from any source, which was particularly gratifying to me, as it had been rumored that these sheep

would never reach the railroad. Some excitement was caused by the accidental shooting of a man named Williams of Steamboat Springs, and some Denver newspapers (could one of these have been the Denver Post?) tried to make it appear that he was killed by cattlemen, who were opposed to the grazing of sheep in Routt County. The man was at one time employed by the Cow Creek Sheep Company of Wyoming, but was not connected with the permittees of this Forest in any way, nor was he interested in sheep. The facts are he was undergoing an attack of bad whiskey secured at a saloon near Steamboat Springs and shot himself." This statement indicates the tenseness with which the first sheep were introduced into the Routt.

The Supervisor reports that no part of the Forest was overgrazed in 1909. To the contrary, control by the "west end drift fence" and other management measures resulted in improvement of formerly overgrazed land, in his estimation. In his report he recommended a drift fence from Buffalo Pass to Rabbit Ears to hold back Bighorn cattle from drifting into the Yampa and Elk Rivers. This was later built but soon abandoned owing to the heavy snows. He stated the Forest, then totalling 1 million acres gross, could handle about 65,000 cattle. He recommended that 40,000 cattle and 30,000 sheep be authorized - the sheep to come from the Hayden. Thus started the use of the Hahn's Peak and Gore by the Wyoming sheep outfits.

The build-up in sheep grazing on the Routt was phenomenal. Permitted numbers passed 70,000 in 1911 and peaked in 1931 with 143,274 head under permit. Range problems on the Routt with respect to policy and protection of the resources have always centered primarily on sheep, Wyoming sheep in particular. In the early days of 1907, '08 and '09 all the sheep were from Wyoming. Up until 1925, 80 percent of the sheep grazed on the Routt were from Wyoming. This ratio dropped in 1927 when 50 percent of the permitted sheep were from Wyoming. In 1946 the ratio was 51 percent Wyoming sheep and 49 percent Colorado.

The Routt was opened to Wyoming sheep because the cattlemen used only the lower foothills in the early days, and, of course, because there were no resident sheepmen in north-western Colorado. The higher ranges were considered worthless for cattle grazing as indicated by the Supervisor's report for 1910: "The high ranges which have been proven useless as cattle ranges on account of the short season, early snows and flies, are of little benefit to anyone and some practical use of the forage crop which now goes to waste should be made."

When the door was opened, the excess sheep from the Medicine Bow literally poured into the Routt.

The flood was so intense that in 1915 the Supervisor reported: "By 1916 there will be no unused range on the Routt." Sheep had been put on allotment management in the Whiskey Park area in 1911. A grazing reconnaissance was requested in 1912.

The so-called "High Trail" that followed the present Fireline and Wyoming driveways down the Continental Divide from the Wyoming line to Rabbit Ears was in use in 1910 as a service to Rawlins sheepmen by which they could trail their old ewes to market at Steamboat Springs, utilizing the excess forage on the back country of the Routt enroute. The present route up Slavonia Canyon was in use by 1912. By 1914 the Supervisor was calling for more conservative use of this trail. In his 1915 report he mentioned the temporary nature of the "trail" permits and stated that use of the High Trail should not qualify the owners for additional preferences. In 1916 the Forest Service finally awoke to the fact that the High Trail was being used by the Wyoming sheep interests to summer excess sheep and it was scheduled to be abandoned and allotments made along it for the Wyoming sheep that used it. The trail was maintained thereafter as a driveway to reach the allotments.

The "Lamb Trail" extending from Hinman Park to Elk Park near Steamboat Springs was retained later than 1917. In the early days it marked the division between sheep and cattle range and was used to trail lambs to Steamboat Springs.

A humorous situation arose in 1910 with respect to range management, although it was serious enough to the Supervisor at the time. In his 1910 report the Supervisor complained about the poor management of sheep ranges in Whiskey Park and concluded that the chief reasons for the unsatisfactory condition were the practices of immoral women and the sale of whiskey to sheepherders. He recommended closer supervision of sheepherder's camps and asked for specific instructions in the 1911 allotment letters "outlining just how far the officers can go in controlling the situation." This is the first time these pursuits have been presented as elements of range management.

In 1914 things were getting crowded enough on the Routt sheep ranges that it was suggested some of the Wyoming sheep be trailed south of Rabbit Ears on the Gore and shipped at Kremmling. Demand for range by Colorado sheepmen had begun. In 1913 and 1914 permission was asked by the Supervisor to permit Colorado sheep on the Snake River and Walton Creek areas. In 1916 the Supervisor recommended that the sheep range grazed

by Mallon on Muddy and Franz Creeks, be closed. Depletion of a virgin range had occurred after ten short years of use!

In 1919 a cut of 7,000 sheep was proposed for protection and to provide range for local cattle. The Supervisor hoped that the cut could be forestalled by transferring 4 or 5 thousand sheep to the White River. Things got so tight that in 1918 Jim Jardine and Lynn Douglas had recommended common use on the Buffalo Pass. In 1919 the Supervisor reported it was working "nicely". In 1922 the Supervisor reported all of the sheep range west of the North Fork of Elk River and the Fireline Driveway, including the Bears Ears District, was overstocked. He mentioned the reverting of weed range to grass on Sand Mountain. His estimate was 100,000 acres of sheep range overgrazed.

The search for sheep range was intense. In 1923 the Supervisor announced that the demand for cattle range would not fill the authorization and that the "surplus" range should be allotted to additional sheep. However, in 1923 the first real reduction in sheep occurred, a cut of 8,665 head half of which was used for protection and half for distribution. This cut was made on Wyoming sheep and it is assumed that the Supervisor intended to permit Colorado sheep in the future when additional stock was added.

The trend from cattle to sheep continued. In 1924, 4,000 cattle, of the 17,706 permitted, were temporary. Between 1924 and 1925 4,000 cattle were dropped and 20,000 sheep added and there were still 3,789 temporary cattle in 1925. Of the 110,941 permitted sheep in 1925, 80% were from Wyoming. Apparently, the Colorado residents lost ground in range privileges during this period of the early '20's. In 1927 only 50 percent of the sheep were from Wyoming and in 1946 51 percent.

The table of permitted livestock numbers shows a sharp drop in cattle in 1910 and '11, a build-up until 1915, a drop in 1916 and 1917, a slight increase in 1918 and then a more or less steady decline to the present. The early fluctuations in cattle are explained by the eliminations of foothill lands. In 1910, 54 sections in Little Snake River, 46 sections north of Hayden, 41 sections on Elk River and 16 sections south of Toponas were eliminated. In 1916, 32 more sections on Elk River were dropped. In 1918, 129 sections on Little Snake River and 9 sections on Morrison Creek were eliminated and in 1923 the last elimination was made, 4 sections on Little Snake River. All of this land was cattle range when it was within the Forest. It was all homesteaded after elimination. The homestead units were too small, a large percent failed and during the late twenties and thirties

much of the land was bought by sheep men. The cattlemen, who originally favored the elimination of the range, lost out almost completely in the deal.

Another thing that kept the cow industry on the decline in north-west Colorado was the homesteading and fencing of the valley lands and the increased necessity of raising hay for winter feed. Many cattle were wintered out with a minimum of hay in the early days. With a continually increased winter feeding need and a gradual shortening of the summer grazing season on the Forest that forced the permittee to own spring and fall land in addition to hay meadows, the old-time cowmen gave up and either converted to sheep or sold out to sheep interests. Even the two world wars did not reverse the downward trend in cattle numbers, nor did the addition of the Hayden, Colorado and Arapaho portions in North Park in 1929 and 1930 cause more than a minor interruption to the trend.

Prior to 1923 there had been considerable talk about need for reductions but nothing was done about it. Reductions got under way about that time but their progress was painfully slow as the following table will indicate:

Year	Purpose		Total
	Distribution (Number)	Protection (Number)	
1922		775	775
1923	4,332	4,333	8,665
1924		1,020	1,020
1925		2,410	2,410
1926	6,575	4,000	10,575
1927		693	693
1928	1,200	1,290	2,490
1929	0	0	0
1930	0	0	0
1931		220	220
1932		1,744	1,744
1933		450	450
1935		7,752	7,752
1936		5,929	5,929
TOTAL	12,107	30,616	42,723

The above table is for sheep. The first forced reduction on cattle took place in 1935 when 1,347 were removed, 810 for distribution and 537 for protection. All of the reductions prior to 1935 were on Wyoming sheep except for 752 from the Utah - Colorado Company in 1926.

The 30,616 "protection reduction" in sheep for the period 1922 - 1936 would look good except that actually 18,149 more sheep were grazing the Routt in 1936 than in 1922. Somehow arithmetic got into reverse in this business of removing sheep.

Meanwhile the Forest was trying to get on the problem. In 1923 the Supervisor was despondent because of permittee attitude toward regulations. 50% of the cattle and 75% of the sheep were on the Forest that year before the grazing fees were paid. That attitude has been steadily improved until in 1947 not a single delinquent was reported. In 1931 the Forest estimated that the Encampment River Range was 30% overstocked and in 1932 took issue with a Washington Office inspector who held the "Routt was not carrying the maximum load of livestock."

A range survey was made of the Gore, and parts of the North Park and Hahn's Peak Districts in 1934. This work was hurriedly done, without proper base maps and has been largely of no use to resource management on the Routt.

An economic study of the Yampa Valley was in progress in 1935 and completed in 1936. This study proposed a maximum limit of 2,000 for sheep, and of 500 for cattle, a cessation of distribution reductions, commensurability for the entire period livestock are off the Forest; new permits should be granted only to nearby dependent livestock ranches owning 130 cattle or 400 sheep considered as a minimum economic unit. The study found that 61% of the cattle permits that have been terminated were under 40 head and 92% of the sheep permits terminated were 2,500 or lower. In 1938 the Supervisor noticed range depletion in Diamond, Crane, Whiskey, Little Red and Big Red Parks, Farwell Mountain, Scott Run, Black Mountain, West Fork Encampment, Buffalo Park, Pine Grove, Buffalo Pass, Fish Creek, Long Lake, Lake Elmo and Upper Service Creek sheep allotments. The Supervisor in 1938 estimated that the Routt has 3,860 acres that are eroding. He attributed 3,710 acres of this accelerated erosion to grazing (3,014 by cattle, 696 by sheep) and 150 acres to fire, rodents and snow drifts. He stated that only $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1% of the usable range was eroding. We now know this to have been a gross understatement. The Supervisor evidently was considering only gully erosion and overlooked sheet erosion completely, which must cover nearer 50% of the usable area than 0.5%.

A grazing survey of the Bears Ears and Hahn's Peak Districts was made in 1937 and 1938. This survey was far too optimistic in its estimate of grazing capacity and except for the Bears Ears has virtually been useless. It delayed sorely needed action to relieve badly overgrazed ranges on the Hahn's Peak

District by indicating through its capacity estimates that the range was only slightly overstocked. Thereafter, for four or five years, the problem of overstocking was discounted and major attention was paid to management as a solution to conserving the resource.

In 1941 the Routt reported 28% of its grazable area overstocked. Seven cattle and twenty-two sheep allotments were listed in this category. However, the Forest estimated only 6.5% of the cattle and 2.4% of the sheep would have to be removed to balance grazing capacity. This is difficult to coordinate with another statement that 12.4% of the range on the Routt needed closure for protection. In addition the Routt was reported to need about 17,000 acres reseeded, 26 miles of range fence, and 14 water developments.

In 1942 the Supervisor reported that stocking on the Gore and Bears Ears was right but the North Park and Hahn's Peak range should be reduced 538 cattle and 2,400 sheep to balance with grazing capacity. The same statement was made in 1943. The RM-10 report of 1943 indicated that only 6,734 acres of sheep range were in poor condition and only 4,179 sheep needed to be removed for protection. Only 1,593 acres of cow range was reported poor and only 60 cows needed to be removed to balance grazing capacity.

In 1945 an objective inspection of sheep and cattle ranges was begun on the Hahn's Peak, Gore and North Park Districts with the result that a proposal was made to reduce the permitted sheep numbers 31,564 head and the cattle numbers 435 head. This proposal was met with a storm of protest from stockmen and extensive rides with permittees were made in 1946 with members of the Regional Office participating. In 1947, after the historic meetings of December 11, 1945, with the Carbon County Woolgrowers in Rawlins, Wyoming and of December 16 and 17, 1946 and April 4, 1947 with the Forest Advisory Board for sheep in Rawlins and Steamboat Springs, respectively, preference for 19,709 sheep and 100 cattle were extinguished. This reduction amounted to 16% of the total permitted sheep. This action doubtless was a major factor in precipitating the investigation of the Forest Service range management policies by the Barrett Congressional Subcommittee on Public Lands.

Increasing cooperation between forest officers and permittees in the ensuing 25 years has resulted in improved systems of management and range improvements aimed at aiding these systems. Some problem areas remain but grazing use was much closer to grazing capacity in 1972 with 86,939 sheep and 8,494 cattle

utilizing 181,267 sheep months and 21,973 cow months of grazing. Increasing recreation use generated an additional 4,252 animal months of grazing by pack and saddle stock. Measurements of capacity continue to be refined.

In retrospect, the history of grazing on the Routt has been in three phases: (1) An invitational phase to use virgin range which lasted from 1906 until about 1915; (2) a phase of bewildered realization that all was not well, that ranges were fully and overstocked, that management might or might not answer the problem and finally that reductions were needed, but in what amount? This phase lasted a long time - until 1945. (3) A full realization that the range resource is tied in with the soil and water resources and that conservative grazing must be reached quickly to prevent utter destruction.

It is significant that economic problems, and virtually every other problem under the sun is discussed in the grazing reports, but damage to the watershed and soil resource was not even mentioned until 1938 and then only in passing. Range condition was not mentioned objectively until 1943 and then was pretty much glossed over.

The story of grazing on the Routt is typical of developments in range management on National Forests throughout the west. First the lusty stage of exploitation, that blended into a long period of what might be termed worried optimism, and finally followed by vigorous and sound corrective action based on knowledge gained from research in part and in part from the school of hard knocks that good vegetative cover is indispensable to soil conservation, water conservation and future stability of the range livestock industry. The corrective action must be far more severe than it would have been had the Forest officials acted on their hunches in 1916 when they first noticed range depletion. However, it still is not too late if the policy of "Save the surface and save all" holds from now on.

One bit of history regarding grazing in the Bears Ears areas was unearthed from an old LP-Boundaries report dated July 7, 1917. It states that in 1906 the Forest Service met with considerable opposition to the collection of grazing fees in this area, that the area was uncontrolled by fences and was grazed by large cow outfits who ran steers on a speculative basis. The local settlers were forced to form an association known as the Park Range Livestock Association to combat the large nomad cow outfits, and the Association grazed over 3,000 steers on the Forest in 1916.

The high trespass numbers known to occur in the Bears Ears caused the Forest Service to hold a general roundup in 1908, at which many more cattle were counted than were permitted. This trespass was "adjusted" by the trespassers paying the current grazing fees.

In 1909 the Snake River Stockgrowers Association cooperated with the Forest Service by building nine miles of drift fence along the western boundary of the Forest. The fence cost the Service \$717.04. It was ineffective. Cattlemen shoved excess cattle through the gates or cut the fence or drifted stock around the ends.

The troubles outlined in the foregoing were primary motives for the big eliminations of 1918 in the Bears Ears country. To quote from the report: "Since the grazing cannot be controlled at present, the only practical solution seems to be to draw a new boundary line back of which no more eliminations will occur and where drift fences can be built without fear of future eliminations." Such were the impacts of National land settlement laws upon early Forest Service grazing policy.

VII. Game

The Routt country has always been famous for its game and fish. Beaver trapping was in full swing by the 1840's and it is certain that the North Platte, Little Snake and Yampa Rivers contributed their full share of this valuable fur. Henry Fraeb and 35 trappers worked the Little Snake in 1840 according to the record. Col. Fremont in 1844 commented upon the plentiful supply of game. They killed mountain sheep in Brown's Hole, antelope in the Baggs and Dixon country, saw and killed buffalo, mountain sheep, antelope and elk in Little Snake River near Slater and in North Park they saw herds of buffalo and antelope. Their road to Muddy Pass was a buffalo trail. They also commented on the abundance of beaver, especially in North Park.

Early accounts by pioneers indicate that deer, elk and antelope used to be plentiful in the Bears Ears country. Mr. A. G. Wallihan reports that in 1894 he camped at the Pot Holes and saw as many as 50 buck deer in a herd in the late summer. He also saw herds of antelope and large flocks of sage chickens and grouse in California Park. He reports that elk were plentiful in this locality but ranged lower in the open foothills. Wallihan came to the Yampa Valley in 1882.

John Adair, who carried the mail from Steamboat Springs to Lay in the early days, claims that thousands of elk used to winter in the Valley. He reports the elk so numerous that they consumed the willow sticks that he had placed along his snow road for markers. He claims to have been lost in a storm because of the destruction of his roadmarkers by the elk. Adair and Wallihan claim to have seen 10,000 elk in a single band in the Hayden country. That is a lot of elk! Adair also maintains that about 1,000 elk summered in California Park together with many deer and antelope. Estimates by early settlers place the number of elk in Routt and Moffat Counties at 35,000 to 50,000 head in the 1880's, deer between 100,000 and 150,000, and antelope from 20,000 to 30,000.

Charles Leckenby came into North Park in 1888 and in September of 1889 crossed to Steamboat Springs coming via Chedsey Creek, Summit Lake and Fish Creek. He camped at Summit Lake and killed an elk that night. He reports hearing elk bugling in all directions. Mr. Leckenby states that many famous people came to the Routt in the '90's to hunt, so plentiful was the game. Theodore Roosevelt hunted in California Park. Frank Lowden, Governor of Illinois, and Elihu Root, Secretary of State under Roosevelt, also hunted in the Steamboat Springs vicinity. I believe Mr. Leckenby, himself, hunted for market in California Park.

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In startling contrast to these tales of early abundance is the Supervisor's report on big game in 1917. Deer were reported not abundant, mountain sheep were dying (from starvation ??), bear were few and no elk were known to occur in the North Park District. On the Gore deer were somewhat on the increase. In several instances the "animals came in view of the ranches."

On the Steamboat District deer were barely holding their own. Winter losses were high. There were 85 elk on the District. Only 5 elk were known to be ranging on the Hahn's Peak District and only nine mountain sheep; deer were scarce. Deer were scarce on the Bears Ears District and becoming scarcer. The ranger saw five during the season and few tracks. No deer or elk were found in California Park and bear were very scarce.

Deer and bear were scarce on the Slater District and no elk or elk tracks were to be found. On the Three Forks District fewer deer and bear were in evidence. "While the decrease in deer is perhaps merely a local condition, it may be the beginning of the end" states the Supervisor. Grouse were noticeably scarce all over the Forest and becoming scarcer. Martin were practically exterminated. Beaver were making a small comeback from near-extinction. Coyotes were the only fur bearer in sufficient quantity to support trapping. In the short span of twenty years, what destruction had man done to the wildlife resources! The 10,000 head bands of elk had shrunk to a miserable remnant of 130. The Supervisor felt that the available winter range would not support even this many. The Supervisor could see "no future" for mule deer on the Forest. His prediction was that they will "eventually be exterminated."

In 1919 the Supervisor recommended that the deer season be closed indefinitely. The elk season had been closed for some years but poaching was reported. In 1921 there were reported 400 elk, 155 mountain sheep, 200 deer, 2,450 beaver and 240 bear on the Routt Forest. Not a very impressive showing. Only 5 elk, 10 deer, 100 beaver and 10 bear were reported on the Bears Ears District, the nationally famous hunting ground of the 1890's.

In 1925 the Supervisor noted elk to be on the increase but deer to continue to be on the down grade. The Supervisor commented that he had "never been in a mountainous section of the state where there are so few deer."

By 1929 the elk herd on the Routt had increased to 1,200 head and a three-day open season was held which harvested 125 to 150 bulls. The 1,200 head estimate was made after the season. Deer also had increased to 810 head.

By 1934 deer had increased to 1,740 head, elk remained relatively stable at 1,085 head and had greatly extended their range north and south of Steamboat Springs. Mountain sheep decreased to less than 100 head (98 to be exact). In 1939 there were 1,850 deer and 1,200 elk reported. In 1945 the Routt reported 5,300 deer, 1,100 elk, 650 bear and only 50 mountain sheep.

In 1945 estimate for elk certainly was too conservative. During the open season of 1946 at which shooting of either sex for the first time in years was permitted, 877 elk were harvested and there still was a large remnant. Accordingly, in 1947 the estimates were raised to 3,000 elk. The 1947 estimate for deer stands at 4,000 and 600 bear are believed to run on the Forest.

The early day reports, blaming the scarcity of game on the homesteading of the winter ranges were only partially correct. This factor did have a strong effect on herd size. The chief factor, however, for the near-extinction of game in the 1910 - 30 era must have been promiscuous shooting prior to game regulation and poaching after game laws had been passed but before enforcement and education became effective. At the present writing it appears that the Routt can support a sizeable deer herd and an elk herd of 5,000 head at least. The 1947 reduction of sheep grazing on the Park Range will serve to produce a far better environment for both species during the summer months. Moreover the recent intensified state program for better winter range conditions cannot help but result in more game animals in the Routt area.

BIG GAME USE AND KILL ESTIMATES
Routt National Forest 1949 - 1971

SPECIES

Fiscal Year	Black Bear		Mule Deer		Elk		Bighorn Sheep	
	No.	Kill	No.	Kill	No.	Kill	No.	Kill
1949	580	5	5,800	2,000	1,500	300	50	0
1950	750	24	5,275	1,703	1,355	627	50	0
1951	675	16	7,400	1,651	1,420	622	35	0
1952	725	39	5,750	4,226	1,420	567	35	0
1953	775	16	6,700	1,440	1,460	60	35	0
*1954	925	19	14,100	2,152	2,835	273	40	0
1955	975	36	16,550	6,053	2,950	822	40	0
1956	900	19	16,800	3,558	3,075	532	30	0
1957	960	68	18,200	5,381	3,600	667	35	0
*1958	930	36	16,600	2,698	4,400	634	35	0
1959	660	25	16,800	3,625	3,850	530	30	0
1960	660	55	17,000	2,450	3,750	1020	35	0

*Yampa District added in Report

Fiscal Year	Black Bear		Mule Deer		Elk		Bighorn Sheep	
	No.	Kill	No.	Kill	No.	Kill	No.	Kill
1961	635	50	18,800	2,730	3,850	1,175	35	0
1962	665	53	21,000	4,150	3,830	1,110	25	2
**1963	550	60	24,500	10,300	4,700	1,000	30	5
**1964	630	95	23,700	11,100	6,300	1,430	30	5
+1965	565	118	25,100	11,224	7,530	1,923	28	1
1966	470	58	19,950	6,347	7,940	2,084	40	3
1967	430	63	19,600	6,565	7,850	2,010	40	6
1968	380	72	19,200	7,127	8,100	2,136	40	2
1969	340	47	16,550	5,533	8,075	2,102	51	1
1970	315	7	15,550	5,357	8,250	3,027	50	2
1971	290	15	14,940	3,619	9,770	3,672	50	0
***1972	307	6	16,325	2,300	10,450	1,761	47	0

**Forest reported 5 antelope and 25 turkeys with no harvest.
Same report for 1964

+North Park District reported 45 antelope. Yampa 50 turkeys.

***North Park District reported 150 antelope with 6 killed on the Forest. Yampa District reported 30 turkeys. 10 white tail deer reported on the Forest.

A review of the big game statistics compiled for the Routt National Forest over the period 1949 to 1972 shows the difficulty in accurately estimating population. However, harvest numbers, much more accurate, definitely indicate an increasing trend in population numbers for both elk and deer. The elk kill dropped temporarily during FY 1972 because of a sudden and unusual change to a split season and to bad weather.

The Forest's bighorn sheep population appears to remain fairly static and is confined to the Never Summer Range where the Routt borders on the Rocky mountain National Park. 1952 was the last year of recorded sightings of bighorn sheep in the Mount Zirkel area. Tracks, or what were thought to be bighorn tracks, have been reported in the area, but no confirmed sightings of sheep have been recorded.

With the advent of the Pitman-Robertson Act of Congress, the State Game, Fish and Parks Department launched a program of non-consumptive water storage reservoir construction projects for improved fisheries throughout the Routt Forest area. Construction to 1969 is as follows:

Vaughn Lake	36 acres	1952
Dumont Lake	35 acres	1954
Hahns Peak Lake	37 acres	1958
Pearl Lake	169 acres	1964
Freeman Lake	14 acres	1965
Bear Lake	46 acres	1966
Muddy Pass Lake (enlargement)	11 acres	1969

In addition to the above, several lakes have been constructed adjacent to the Routt Forest, namely: Lake John, Delaney Buttes, Ralph White Reservoir, and Steamboat Lake, near Hahns Peak Lake, the largest with 1100 surface acres. Plans are under way for a reservoir below Dumont Lake.

The first fish stocking of high mountain lakes by airplane was accomplished in 1955, and is now a general practice for high inaccessible lakes.

Engineering VIII

Engineering received a real boost on the Routt with the assignment of a full time engineer, Ray Adolphson, in 1958. Prior to this time engineer services were furnished by a zone engineer covering several forests or by a special crew working out of the Regional Office. Their services consisted of primarily main road and road and trail bridge surveys and design. Needless to say, this service was set up on a zone or regional priority basis and the Routt ranked low on the totum pole. The zone engineer's assistant assigned here in 1957 actually got the road program under way, with work starting that year on the Lost Park road and the Elk River road was graveled from Clark to the Seedhouse Guard Station.

1958 saw the reconstruction of the Buffalo Pass road to Summit Lake, and the Lost Park road was completed to the pass over Black Mountain. This opened up a large body of timber for a sawmill, subsequently located in Craig, which has an annual cut of six to eight MM ft. b.m. This section of road was graveled in 1959. In 1962 the Black Mountain road was completed on into Lost Park and graveled the following year. During 1963 the Hahns Peak Lake road was completed along with reconstruction of the Bundy Park road in North Park. These two roads were graveled in 1964.

The State Line road from near Pearl to Buffalo Park was started in 1964 along with reconstruction of upper Bear River road. Both roads were completed during 1965 and a portion of the Hidden Lakes road was graveled. Roads now under construction are Rock Creek, South Fork Elk River and Slavonia, Circle Creek, and Summit Lake to Fish Creek Lake.

Moffat County is constructing an access road to Freeman Lake. All new and reconstructed roads will be graveled following construction.

The city of Cheyenne built an access road from Whiskey Park to their reservoir in Hog Park in 1962 which will later join a road from Encampment. The Bureau of Public Roads completed and graveled Forest Highway 16, the Buford-Phippsburg road from the Routt Forest boundary near Phippsburg to the White River Forest boundary at Ripple Creek Pass, completed 1961. The Rabbit Ears Pass, Highway 40, reconstruction was completed and opened for full traffic in 1961 after intermittent closure for three years.

General

Many of our Forest Roads have been primarily reconstruction of low grade roads and have opened up large timber tracts for harvest. However, they are constructed for all purpose use and have made available to the general public vast areas of scenic fishing and hunting areas not previously accessible or formerly accessible only to 4-wheel drive vehicles. This will no doubt have an impact on increased tourist traffic into the Routt National Forest. An improved recreation road proposed from Fish Creek Reservoir to Highway 40 along the Continental Divide met with considerable local opposition.

Buildings

<u>Name</u>	<u>Year</u> <u>Constructed</u>	
Hahns Peak R.S.	1909	Land & Building traded, 1927-1930
Counting R.S.	1909	Land & Building traded, 1926
Grizzly Creek G.S.	1909	
Buffalo Pass R.S.	1909	Destroyed - 1941
Camp Creek R.S.	1909	Destroyed - 1930 (?)
Big Red Park G.S.	1910	Destroyed
Hog Park G.S.	1910	
Whiskey Park G.S.	1910	Destroyed - 1961
Eagle Rocks R.S.	1912	Destroyed
Summit Creek G.S.	1912	
Hahns Peak L.O.	1912	Rebuilt - 1942
Seed House	1912	Destroyed - 1945
Rabbit Ears (5 Spruce R.S.)	1913	Destroyed - 1940
Bears Ears R.S. (Elkhead)	1915	Destroyed - 1935
Michigan River G.S.	1932	
New Seed House Station	1933	
California Park G.S. Lynx	1934	
Pass Station	1934	
Ranger Dwelling, Walden	1936	
Ass't. Ranger Dwelling, Walden	1936	
Walden R.S.	1937	
Ranger Dwelling, Yampa	1937	
Yampa R.S.	1938	
Bears Ears R.S. (Hayden)	1938	Sold - Town of Hayden - 1962
Pyramid G.S.	1939	
Supervisor's Dwelling	1940	
(Steamboat Springs)		
Supervisor's Office	1908	
(Steamboat Springs)		Maxwell Building to Routt County Court House to Hubbard Building to Hunt Building
Site 2 Warehouse,	1960	
(Steamboat Springs)		
Lost Park G.S.	1967	

IX. PLACE NAMES

The origin of place names is always an adjunct to the history of a region. The place names that follow are only a fraction of the geographical names on the Routt but are entered here in the hope that they will be added to from time to time and eventually a complete list will result:

Derivation of the Name of Forest: The name of this Forest is taken from the County in which the greater part of the Forest is located; the County taking the name of Ex-Governor Routt now deceased, and who played an important part in the earlier history of Colorado. Routt was the last territorial and the first elected Governor of Colorado.

Agner Mountain: Named for an early settler on Elkhead Creek who was killed by a horse on the mountain.

Little and Big Agnes Mountains: were named by McIntosh who prospected there in 1875.

Adams Creek which heads north of Saddle Mountain and flows into Slater Creek on the west side was named after Adams, a hide hunter who was lynched near Slater Park in 1886. Adams and a German, whose name is not known, were camped near Slater Park and killed elk for hide and tusks. They were warned by settlers to stop that but Adams ran them off with a gun and told them to mind their own business. Then he continued his work in such a devastating manner that the settlers decided they could not stand it any longer so a party lynched him and the German, hanging them to a large tree on Cottonwood Creek.

Buffalo Park is a large, grassy, alpine park on top of the Gore Range and is the source of several prominent streams. The name is derived from the fact that the buffalo or bison frequently ranged there in summer during the former days when they abounded in North and Middle Parks.

Buffalo Pass: A number of buffalo stayed on this pass after they had been practically exterminated elsewhere.

Baker Mountain: On Snake River, got its name from Jim Baker, an early hunter and trader who lived near Savory, Wyoming. Baker called it Black Mountain and it is still called that by many. Baker settled on Snake River in 1872 and had a small bunch of cattle branded "JB."

Baggs: was named for George and Maggie Baggs who received the first deed issued in Routt County on a homestead a few miles from the present town. They homesteaded here in the 1870's. George Baggs moved his cattle into Snake River from central New Mexico via San Luis Valley in 1873.

Baggs still is pretty much of a frontier town being 50 miles off the railroad, in the desert and the outlet of the Little Snake River Country. Fifty years ago Baggs really was rootin'-tootin'. On July 29, 1897 Butch Cassidy (George Leroy Parker) and his Wild Bunch decided to celebrate their successful holdup of a Castle Gate, Utah coal mine pay roll which netted them \$9,000 in gold and silver. They had ridden from their hideout in Brown's Park for the purpose. They first shot up the town of Dixon and then rode into Baggs where they took over the town. No other business was transacted in Baggs for several days except to serve drinks and other necessities of life to Cassidy and his "Wild Bunch" However, the Baggs saloon keeper made enough on the affair to move to Rawlins and open the best bar in town.

Tom Horn, allegedly a paid killer for the big cattle interests of the day, arrived in Baggs on July 8, 1900 on a spent horse and went immediately to the nearest Saloon. He was on the lam after murdering Matt Rash on Cold Spring Mountain in Brown's Park and was doubtless establishing an alibi. He picked a fight with a Baggs resident, name of Newt Kelly, who proceeded to carve Horn from his chin to the point of his shoulder with a knife. One story has Horn loping off for Rawlins immediately after the battle - another has him laying over at Baggs and recuperating for 6 or 7 days before riding to Rawlins.

Horn was back in the country again in October, 1900. He shot Isom Dart at Dart's cabin on Cold Springs Mountain. Again Horn made a fast get-a-way and again he rode east to the Snake River Country. He didn't stop at Baggs, however, but went on up the river to Slater, stopped at McIntosh's corral, roped a bronc, left his winded horse, saddled up and left the flat, headed for Laramie on a bucking, plunging horse.

Black Mountain: is located in the Elkhead Range. The name is of local origin, probably on account of the dark appearance of the mountain from the heavy timber on it. Called Mt. Weltha on Hayden's map.

Bears Ear's Mountain: So called from the shape of the twin peaks which resemble two ears. This is the accepted local name. It is called Anita Peak on Hayden's map of 1876.

Butler Creek: This creek was named after E. N. Butler, who had the first ranch on the creek.

Butler Creek: as it is called on the maps is locally known only as Cobran Creek or Cobran Draw Creek. Whether Butler or Cobran is the oldest and original name, I have not learned. Mr. Trinder of Steamboat Springs might be able to give some information on the subject.

Boulder Creek: Bears Ears District, was named by Charles Tucker and John O'Conner, two old settlers near the stream. They both came from Boulder County, Colorado, and named the stream from the county.

Brush Mountain: is located North and East of Slater Creek where the creek makes a big bend. Named by A. L. Fly sometime before 1880 on account of the heavy underbrush.

Beaver Creek: Bears Ears District, was named from the fact that there are several beaver dams on the creek. It is thought inadvisable to change the name of this creek as all the water decrees mention it as Beaver Creek.

Brown Creek: This creek was so named because Charles Brown was the first settler on the creek.

Butcherknife Creek: was named by the Crawford family soon after the first settlement at Steamboat Springs, when the children found a butcherknife on the banks of the creek.

Butter Lake: is located in the Southern part of T.12N., R88W. It was named by W. W. Wilson in 1885. At that time Mr. Wilson was working for Robert McIntosh who had horses running in the country between the Columbus and Brush Mountain divide and Snake River. At one particular time Wilson went to Salter and was returning with a sack of onions and a package of baking powder tied on the back of saddle and a large bucket of butter in his hand. He was riding near the lake when the horse, which was not thoroughly broke, slipped and caused the lid to come off the baking powder. This scared the horse and he began bucking. This wound up with Wilson landing on his elbows and knees in the edge of the lake and the bucket was thrown considerable farther in the water. The next day Wilson and others tried to make a raft and get the butter. They got the bucket but the lid had come off and finally they managed to get some of the butter, but the rest remained in the lake. When they left the locality

some one remarked about butter being in the lake so it was called Butter Lake.

Cataract Creek: Given that name on account of the large number of cataracts.

Cody Creek: Named for Cody, a miner.

California Park: Local name given to this locality by one of the old trappers named Ben Lackey.

Cabin Creek: is so called because of the fact that there is an old cabin on it, a hunting lodge built by Charles Franz.

Copper Ridge: has been so called since copper was discovered on it in 1883.

Lake of the Crag: is located between two high, rocky bluffs.

Crystal Peak: White rocks on peak. Used since 1920.

Crawford Dome: Named in 1899 after James Crawford, the first settler in Steamboat Springs, who still resides here.

Cogdill Creek: Named after John Cogdill, an old time hunter and settler, who lived on the creek.

Columbus Mountain: This was named from a Missouri cowboy named Columbus who was red headed and freckled. He was herding horses for Robert McIntosh in 1884, and one evening Mc came into camp and asked, "Is supper ready?" Getting no answer he said, "Guess I was talking to that damn hill." It has been called Columbus Mountain from that time. It was called Crescent Peak on Hayden's map and is also called that now by many residents of upper Snake River. From the River the outline of the mountain against the sky is almost a perfect crescent.

Chedsey Creek: This creek was named in all the old decrees as Cowana Creek. It is a name of Indian origin. The present name is for a Judge Hubert Chedsey and Joseph Chedsey of Jackson County.

Cantling Creek: Cantling Creek, a tributary to Little Snake River, heads on north slope of Brush Mountain and empties into Little Snake opposite Battle Creek. Named after Cantling, a son-in-law of A. L. Fly and former settler of that part of the country. Mr. Cantling had to leave the country in 1886 for the part he is alleged to have taken in the lynching of hide hunters on Cottonwood.

Circle Ridge: Circle Ridge, located between Columbus Mountain and South Fork Park, was named by W. W. Wilson in early 1880's. Wilson was working for McIntosh.

Craig: Named for one of its founders. Formerly called Windsor, which was founded July 1, 1879 at *Peck's Store on the Yampa River as a U. S. Post Office.

Douglas Creek: A tributary to Slater Creek from the south was named for James Douglas who in 1886 built a cabin and corral there so he could run horses.

Deer Mountain: was named by Logan Crawford in the early days. The name was suggested by the fact that there were about 250 deer on the mountain all one summer.

Dead Mexican Park: One story on the origin of this place name is that it was so named because two Mexican sheep herders were murdered in their camp at this location about 1913 by a drunken camp mover who had gambled their wages and his own in a poker game at Columbine. On his return to camp about midnight he decided the easiest way out was to kill both herders in their beds, which he did. Then he ate supper and put all the camp on fire and the herders on top of everything. Stanley Brock, Ranger, saw the smoke the next morning and rode in to investigate. He found the herders bodies partly consumed by fire. The camp mover had pulled out but was later captured by Emery Clark, the Sheriff of Routt County. He was brought to trial the following spring at Steamboat Springs but had made so many friends during the months that he was a "trusty" that he only got 5 years at Canon City.

After he had been released from Canon City he herded on the White River and met his death in the same manner that he had used to dispose of the herders at Dead Mexican Park. Elmer Stevenson, Ranger at Yampa, saw the smoke and found the body, burned in two over the camp fire.

Ex-Supervisor, Ratliff, refutes this colorful story. He says that the Park was named because a Mexican, Apallino Barros, was killed there by lightning. James Carron of Columbine acted as a deputy coroner in pronouncing it an accidental death and the body was buried by Stanley Brock, Wm. McCormick, Jim McBride and Mr. Ratliff.

Harry Temple of Hayden, called at the office April 4, 1951 and produced court evidence from the Routt County files that verifies the Dead Mexican Park story except that the incident

*Probably a relative of Ray and Ed Peck, early Routt Personnel.

happened in 1915 a year after J. H. Ratliff and Stanley Brock had resigned. It was, therefore, not Stanley Brock who discovered the bodies.

The two herders, who are buried in the Park, were M. G. Quintana and C. Velasquez. They were employed by the Carbon County Sheep Company and were murdered by Joe Belardi, the camp tender, on August 23, 1915. The circumstances of the murder were essentially as reported except that Belardi also was gunning for Jim Espy who was managing the Carbon County outfit.

Harry Temple went with Deputy Sheriff Harry Criswell to arrest Belardi on August 25, 1915. They found Belardi asleep in a sheep wagon near the Elkhorn mine. They arrested him, brought him to Steamboat Springs where he was held until the late winter of 1916 when he was tried and sentenced to 12 to 16 years for second degree murder. The Sheriff at that time was A. H. Chivington not Emery Clark.

Mr. Temple stated that only one Mexican actually was burned in the camp fire. The other body was found at some distance from the camp. Stanley Brock did not see the fire or go to the scene. He left the Service in 1914.

Mr. Temple says that there was a Mexican who was killed by lightning in about 1910 or 1911 in about the same vicinity and that he attended the funeral. Harry Ratliff conducted the funeral service and Stanley Brock, who attended the service, commented that it was a fine service. This is the incident that Ratliff remembers and does not invalidate the Dead Mexican Park story. The Belardi case is recorded in case #437 in the Routt County District Court Records of 1916.

Belardi served part of his hitch at Canon City and was released to Tom Tynan who was Warden at Canon City and who also ran sheep on the White River Forest west of Yampa. Belardi herded for Tynan and suffered a paralytic stroke which caused him to fall into his own camp fire. He laid there about two hours before help came. He lived long enough to be taken to Oak Creek where he died in Doctor Morrow's hospital. Harry Temple and his father visited Belardi the night before he died and Belardi told Mr. Temple, Sr. the circumstances of his accident.

Dinosaur Lake: Named by an old surveyor, Van Alcar, because of the water dogs which he jokingly called Dinosaurs.

Dixon: Named for Bob Dixon, one of the first settlers in the Little Snake River Valley. Dixon settled here in 1873 and on

July 1 that year a U.S. Post Office was established at his ranch which was called Dixon. The first public school in this area was started 1 mile east of Dixon in 1875. Jim Baker's and Noah Reader's children attended it.

Diamond Park or Diamond Grove Park: Was named by Robert McIntosh of Slater, Colorado; the name suggesting itself from a diamond shaped grove of evergreens growing in the center of the park.

Diana Lake: Named by Frank Rose, Ranger. First called "Diana's Bathtub."

Dutch Creek: Was named for an old German placer miner, named Carl Eberhardt, who worked prospects on this creek in an early day.

Egeria Park: Was named by Governor William Gilpin who was reminded of the mythological nymph "Egeria", who resided in a nook of poetic beauty.

Elkhead Creek: Name appears on Hayden's map, probably named by him.

Lake Elbert: Named in 1899 by Logan Crawford after Elbert Husted.

Echo, Bertha, Dora, Teal, Tiago, Albert, Victoria, Martha, George, Lily, Felica, Pearl, Phantom, Clementine, Whale and Jonah Lakes: Were named by Ray Peck and Percy Paxton in 1911 and 1912 as they were drawing timber reconnaissance maps. Bertha was named for Angus Taylor's wife. George and Martha were named after the Old F.S. Team. Whale Lake was named because there were big trout in it at time of planting in 1911. Jonah Lake was named because of poor success of first planting.

Eagle Rock: A high, conspicuous point of rock near Yampa, was so named because of pair of eagles nested there for many years and were often seen soaring over the rock and the surrounding locality.

Finger Rock: A slender, perpendicular, sandstone spire about 100 feet high, near Yampa. From a short distance it resembles a pointing index finger.

Four Mile Creek: Was named after an old town four miles from Dixon and four miles from Baggs.

Fortification Creek: Name appears on Hayden's map and was likely given at that time on account of the rock dyke on the creek that has the appearance of a fort.

Farwell Mountain: Bears the name of John B. Farwell, who came from Chicago and built the Elk River Ditch for placer mining purposes at International Camp. He also started the first church and Sunday school in this county at International Camp in 1877. International Camp, which was locally called "Bug Town", was the first mining camp in this district, and was located about one mile east of the present town of Hahn's Peak. It was thus named on account of a number of capitalists, or Big Bugs, as they were called, settling there while they were working mines in that vicinity.

Franz Creek: is so called because George and Charles Franz had a cabin just above the junction of this stream with the Muddy. Charles Franz was a Routt County Commissioner.

Fly Creek: Fly Creek, a tributary to Little Snake River from the south, heads on Long Mountain. It was named after A. L. Fly, an old time resident of that country. Albert Fly settled on Fly Gulch before 1880.

Farnsworth Creek, near Pool, got its name from the fact that Henry T. Farnsworth, an early assessor of Routt County, made settlement on it.

Gilpin Lake and Gilpin Creek: Named for Governor William Gilpin.

Gore Range and Gore Pass: Named for Sir George Gore, a young Irish nobleman, who came from Ireland with a large company of servants and made hunting excursions in the Rocky Mountains as early as 1854. Gore first crossed it in 1855 with Jim Bridger as guide.

Green Ridge: A long ridge or divide forming the watershed between Morrison Creek and Yampa River. It is covered on the top and higher slopes with green, coniferous timber, the lower slopes with dense aspen and oak brush. Name derived from the year-long green appearance that can be seen from the Yampa Valley in contrast with the other barren hills in the vicinity. Green Ridge is the only timbered range that can be seen on the east from Yampa.

Gunn Creek: After J. W. Gunn, a preacher, who founded the first church in Steamboat Springs, the Congregational Church Society, in 1889.

Gold and Gilpin Creeks were named by Charles Franz in 1886.

Green Creek, a tributary to Slater Creek from the south side and the first tributary west of Grizzly Creek, was named by W. W. Wilson in 1887 on account of the green timber at the head of it.

Locally called South Fork of Slater Creek.

East and West Gibraltar: North of the Bears Ears District, were named by McIntosh in 1885. They are steep precipitous peaks and resemble Gibraltar.

Gold Blossom Creek: This is the name of a branch of what is known as Willow Creek. It was named by W. W. Wilson because there is an immense amount of rosin weed growing near the stream. When this plant is in bloom the valley has a golden hue.

Hayden: The town was named in honor of Col. Hayden, a noted geographer, and map maker, who worked in the West in the 1870's.

Hahn's Peak: Hahn's Peak was named after an old German prospector, Hahn, who with his partner, (a man named Way), first discovered gold in the Hahn's Peak Mining District.

Mr. Hahn lost his life while crossing the Gore Range enroute to Empire for supplies. He became unable to travel and was left behind while his partner went ahead to seek help. But being unable to exercise, Hahn perished from the cold before the return of his partner.

Hinman Park and Hinman Creek; were named after the first settler and trapper in the park, 1870.

Hidden Lake is located approximately in the center Sec. 9, T.6N., R.82 W. It was so called because it is surrounded by heavy timber and cannot be seen from any distance.

Hell Holes: Bad lands on North slope of Long Mountain and on head of Fly Creek, named by W. W. Wilson on account of the trouble he had getting through them.

Hocker Mountain: Named for Thomas Hocker who first settled near the mountain in 1879.

Hitzer's Lake: This lake was named after an old hunter and trapper by the name of Jim Hitzer.

Hell Creek: Named by cowboys on account of a bad fiord.

Hill Creek: This creek was so named because it flows through part of the old Hill ranch.

Harrison Creek: was named for Harrison who was a pioneer of this county and settled on land near that creek.

Hot Springs Creek gets its name from the fact that the hot springs are located on it.

Horse Thief Peak: Named by John Crawford in the 1880's. He was camping there and was mistaken for a horse thief by the sheriff.

Jockodowsky Creek: in California Park was named for Jockodowsky, who homesteaded in the Park in 1907.

King Mountain: A high mountain or divide forming part of the watershed between Egeria Creek and the Colorado River. It takes its name from the oldest settler in the vicinity.

King Solomon Creek was named after the King Solomon Mine, owned and operated by Robert McIntosh on this creek in the year 1876.

J.C. Creek: This stream once had a different name that was only known by a few people. Just at a time when the name had slipped from the mind of one of these people a friend asked him what it was. In an effort to express his surprise or disgust for forgetting the name the first words he spoke were Jesus Christ. The friend suggested that the initials would sound better and it has been known as J.C. since.

Long Park: A basin in T.1N., R. 83 W. with an area of about 1,900 acres, named for Long, a prospector, who went into the park during the early days of the country and did some placer mining in 1870's on the little creek that drains the basin.

Livingston Park was named for a young man who with his old mother built a cabin at the lower end of the park in the early days.

Lone Pine Creek: Lone pine near mouth.

Lake Luna is crescent shaped.

Lund Creek: A small tributary of Four Mile Creek. Named in 1893 by Charles Perkins after an Englishman named Lund. One day Lund came into Perkin's camp and told a story about a very large bear he had seen up the creek. Perkins went to the place and killed a very small cub. Lund quit the country because they laughed at him.

Lucky Butte: Located on the south side of Little Snake River and between Squaw Mountain and Beaver Mountain. Named by Louis Phelps in 1883. His family were destitute and he was out of meat. He had hunted a long time and finally got a fine elk on this mountain, so he named it lucky butte.

The Muddy Slide: Is a precipitous land slide or slip on the east slope of Green Ridge, due east of Yampa. The soil is reddish, and a small stream locally known as Muddy Creek from the content of soil it continually carries, has its source in the slide. The name Muddy Slide and Muddy Creek are certainly applicable.

Mt. Oliphant: Named by the reconnaissance party of Ray Peck and Percy Paxton in 1910 while they were working on Black Mountain and Mt. Oliphant was a triangulation point. It was named after J.A. Oliphant, a ranger employed by the Service at that time.

Morgan Creek: Named after Felix Morgan who settled on what is known as Morgan Bottom in 1879.

Mad Creek: Named in 1877 by local people on account of a traveler nearly drowning in the stream and his horse being beaten to death on the rocks.

Lake Margaret, was named for Margaret Pritchett, a granddaughter of James Crawford.

Mirror Lake is so called because the water in it is very clear.

Meaden Peak: Named in honor of Forest Ranger Marcy M. Meaden, who lost his life in World War I. Meaden worked on the Routt in 1916, 1917 and 1918. He died in Camp Dix 9/22/1918.

Morrison Creek: Named in the 1870's by James Crawford. The Ute Indians told him there was a crazy man on this creek and that he was starving. Crawford found the fellow in bad shape. He was cooking the tails from his burros when Crawford arrived. The fellow's name was Morrison.

Moon Hill was named about 1870 for a miner named Moon who carried mail from Steamboat to Hahn's Peak with a dog. He had a cabin near the foot of the Hill.

McKinnis Creek was named for Phil McKinnis, an early settler.

Nieman Peak: Nieman Peak is a rocky peak located west of Slater Park and north of Saddle Mountain. Named after Chas. Nieman, cowboy foreman for the Leavenworth Cattle Company, who in 1883 took a party of cowboys there after cattle that they were gathering for winter. He took the party to this place and got in fallen logs and rock slides and had some of the packs torn up and a horse ran away with the pack and was lost. The experience of the riders on that trip was not forgotten and the mountain was named Nieman Peak.

Norris Creek: This creek was named after E. J. Norris, the first settler on the creek.

Newcomb Creek: This creek was named after George Newcomb, who had the first ranch on the creek.

Priest Creek, was named for Chester F. Priest, who made settlement on that creek a number of years ago.

Quaker Mountain: So called on account of its being covered with aspen.

Pilot Knob: Named by the early settlers on account of its being a prominent landmark.

Platte River: This is the real headwater of the North Platte River, and according to Rule 6 should be called such.

Ptarmigan Lake was named by Ray Peck in 1911 because of the fact it was the last stronghold of these birds in any quantity.

Pass Creek: This creek was so named because it rises on the Gore Pass.

Pleasant Valley was named in 1886 by Mrs. H. C. Monson of Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

Percy Lake: Named for Percy Paxton by Ray Peck in 1912.

Roaring Fork Creek: This is the largest Fork of the North Platte and as the falls in Red Canyon make such a roar, the creek gets its name on that account.

Roaring Fork of Slater Creek called that name because of the great fall in this creek it made considerable noise.

Rand: Post Office in North Park was named for Jack Rand, a trapper, who was one of the first settlers in the Park.

Red Canyon in North Park got its name from the fact that the fountain sandstones outcrop very prominently at the mouth of the canyon.

Reed Creek was named for Samual Reed of Hayden, who lived at Kinney Ranch in the early days, "70's near the mouth of the creek."

Rabbit Ears Peaks: These peaks were named by Hayden because in shape they resemble rabbit ears.

Red Dirt Creek: This creek was so named from the fact that there are large bluffs of a dark red clay along the course of the stream.

Red Elephant Mountain: This mountain was so named because of its red appearance and the fact that it stood out with such prominence from the surrounding mountains.

Roxy Ann Lake: Named by Ray Peck for L. E. Vivian's daughter (1914).

Steamboat Springs was named by James Crawford after a mineral spring here that used to make a noise like a steamboat. The town of Steamboat Springs was established on the homestead of W. G. Mellen, father of Ordway Mellen, a present permittee on the Routt. Mellen, who had homesteaded in 1874, relinquished his filing in favor of the Steamboat Springs Townsite Company headed by J.P. Maxwell.

Soda Creek empties into Bear River near the Soda Springs in the town of Steamboat Springs.

Scott's Run: About 1875 a trapper named Scott wounded a bear and then made a record run to get away from him. When found, Scott was at Hinman Creek badly marked by the bear. The creek was, therefore, named Scott's Run.

Slide Mountain: So called locally on account of the number of earth and rock slides on the mountain.

Schaefer Creek: This creek was so called because William Schaefer was the first settler on the creek.

Snow Storm Lake: Named because a party including Ray Peck, Addison Gooding, and Doctor Kernehan were caught in a snowstorm here on a Labor Day outing (about 1914).

Storm Mountain is so called from the fact that storms always gather around its summit.

Spring Creek empties into Bear River near the hot springs at Steamboat Springs.

Summit Lake is located on top of the Continental Divide.

Silver Creek and Falls: Old name. Appearance of stream. Very swift.

Sheddeger's Park, now called Strawberry Park, was named for a Swiss settler named Sheddeger who lived in that part in the days of settlement of Routt County.

Saddle Mountain: So called from its shape. Local name.

Swamp Park is a large, swampy meadow.

Sugar Loaf Mountain: Local name applied on account of square top of the mountain.

Shield Mountain: Originally named Black Mountain by soldiers in 1875. It is near the South Fork of Snake River. It was renamed Shield Mountain in 1931 from a large slide on the south side of the mountain which resembles a shield.

Slater Creek, Slater Lake and Slater Park: Named after "Bill" Slater who came to this country in the 1860's and squatted on a meadow lying at the forks of Snake River and Slater Creek. He was a hunter and prospector.

Squaw Mountain: Squaw Mountain is located on South side of Little Snake River near Lucky Butte and opposite the mouth of Battle Creek. It is said that during the battle between Ute Indians and trappers at what is now Battle Creek, the Indians hid their squaws in a secluded place on this mountain. This occurred in 1840.

Wheeler Basin: The source of Wheeler Creek was named for Wheeler, an old settler, who lived at the mouth of the creek.

Silver Falls: A succession of high rapids or falls on Silver Creek with a silvery whiteness due to the height.

Toponas Rock and Post Office: This is an Indian name meaning sleeping lion. The shape of the Toponas Rock probably suggested the name.

Timberlake Draw was named after an old cattleman living on that creek.

Three Forks Mountain: Snake River forks near mountain. Old name.

Ute Pass: This pass was so named because it is related by old timers in the country that the Ute Indians used to cross over it.

Ute Creek: This creek got its name from the fact that it heads on Ute Pass.

Walden: County seat of Jackson County was named for M.A. Walden, early postmaster at Sage Hen Springs near present town of Walden.

Walton Creek was named for William E. Walton, one of the original locators of the Steamboat Springs townsite.

Whale and Jonah Lakes: Named by Ray Peck in 1911.

Wolverine Lake: Named by Ray Peck because Frank Dengg caught the last known wolverine on the Routt at that lake.

Whiteley Peak: This peak was named after an old hunter named Whiteley.

Whiskey Park was named by Chas. Miller, a placer mining expert, located at Hahn's Peak in the early days. The name suggested itself from a pile of whiskey bottles around an old cabin known as the half-way house that stood in the Park.

Way's Gulch, near Hahn's Peak, was named for Way, a prospector, who came to this country with Hahn for whom the peak is named.

Yampa River was named by the Ute Indians from a plant that they used in bread making and also smoked. (Carum Gairdneri). This plant grows thick along the stream. Also called Bear River.

Yellowjacket Pass is well supplied with yellowjackets.

Mount Zirkel: This peak was named after an old settler by the name of Zirkel who settled at the foot of the peak.

Mount Werner: Renamed from Storm Mountain, 1965, in honor of Buddy Werner, Olympic skier from Steamboat Springs, who lost his life in an avalanche during filming of a movie in Italy, 1964.

X. Climate.

The Routt climate can be summarized briefly by the statement long, snowy winters and short, cool summers. Most of the precipitation comes as snow, although some years have wet summers also. Summer thundershowers are common.

In a study of climate made in 1916, July of 1914 was the only month from 1910 to 1914, inclusive, in which no freezing temperature occurred. Snow falls every month from September to May inclusive. The south end of the Gore, the west end of the Bears Ears and the north, south and east fringes of North Park are the driest portions of the forest. The country between the Continental Divide and California Park is the wettest.

The general climate in the mountains is aptly described in the following poem written in 1939 by John Gill during a cold summer storm.

We were crowded in the bunk house--
Not a soul did dare to sleep.
'Twas midnight up at Three Forks.
And the snow was six feet deep.

It's a terrible thing in that land
To be caught in such a storm,
You're forty miles from nowhere
And no way to give alarm.

When the storm was over
And the sun began to shine
We scooped the snow off the cattle
And they were looking fine.

We lifted our arms to Heaven
And said, "Thank God for just one thing:
Today's the Fourth of July;
It can't be long 'till spring."

Climatic summaries of selected weather bureau stations near the Routt are presented in the following tabulation.

Precipitation for Selected Weather Stations Near the Routt

<u>Year</u>	<u>Columbine</u>	<u>Hayden</u>	<u>Spicer</u>	<u>Steamboat Springs</u>	<u>Walden</u>
1892				13.96	
1893				20.55	
1894				20.66	
1895				No Record	
1896				No Record	

<u>Year</u>	<u>Columbine</u>	<u>Hayden</u> 	<u>Spicer</u>	<u>Steamboat Springs</u>	<u>Walden</u>
1897				19.32	
1898				13.84	
1899				No Record	
1900				No Record	
1901				No Record	
1902				No Record	
1903				No Record	
1904				No Record	
1905				No Record	
1906				No Record	
1907				No Record	
1908				No Record	
1909		24.37		25.17	
1910	17.40	No Record	8.44	17.63	
1911	34.25	No Record	11.20	22.29	
1912	26.54	No Record	15.41	29.15	
1913	20.26	12.92	10.26	20.78	
1914	32.72	20.35	10.46	32.08	
1915	20.80	12.68	11.04	21.09	
1916	29.27	19.76	12.94	28.80	
1917	20.12	No Record	9.92	25.47	
1918	19.98	No Record	11.48	25.00	
1919	24.30	No Record	8.69	17.30	
1920	22.69	17.36	10.59	27.26	
1921	24.60	18.39	9.87	29.47	
1922	23.23	15.11	7.00	26.60	
1923	22.57	17.21	10.43	24.41	
1924	21.54	No Record	11.83	24.21	
1925	24.46	18.33	12.47	23.02	
1926	24.44	13.77	11.34	23.09	
1927	38.52	20.31	13.88	33.25	
1928	20.95	No Record	9.99	22.17	
1929	30.01	19.45	12.13	26.22	
1930	22.72	No Record	12.33	No Record	
1931	21.80	No Record	14.16	18.71	
1932	28.05	No Record	12.11	25.92	
1933	19.29	15.17	12.89	20.81	
1934	19.74	10.89	11.12	15.83	
1935	25.19	15.98	10.94	19.81	
1936	24.74	16.12	11.26	22.49	
1937	20.43	15.17	13.68	29.30	
1938	30.34	12.80	17.06	25.28	
1939	15.76	11.34	10.21	19.07	6.18
1940	31.82	15.79	14.90	24.62	9.14
1941	35.12	18.05	15.27	24.75	8.61
1942	27.81	12.87	12.90	25.16	8.51
1943		11.65	16.05	18.52	7.64
1944		11.19		21.75	7.65

<u>Year</u>	<u>Columbine</u>	<u>Hayden</u>	<u>Spicer</u>	<u>Steamboat Springs</u>	<u>Walden</u>
1945		16.56		27.79	11.51
1946		14.68		21.02	8.86
1947					
1948	30.90	17.54	17.90	25.10	8.97
1949		17.73	16.20	23.10	9.23
1950	37.75	14.49	14.15	22.43	8.22
1951		19.19	16.55	29.82	13.56
1952			13.15	22.59	10.46
1953		14.78	12.07	22.30	10.26
1954		15.08	16.27	21.45	11.70
1955		15.63	14.89	21.45	8.97
1956		15.41	13.97	23.67	9.36
1957		24.64	17.61	35.89	12.76
1958		11.61	9.55	19.72	7.48
1959		16.98		26.95	9.98
1960		14.92	9.91	21.35	7.15
1961		16.91	17.43	27.48	13.10
1962		12.65	16.01	17.71	8.03
1963		14.60	14.52	19.14	9.21
1964		19.58		25.76	5.92
1965				28.79	
1966				17.15	
1967				26.17	
1968				22.16	
1969				25.53	
1970				23.00	
1971				22.95	
1972				21.49	

STATEMENTS OF OLD-TIMERS

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The following was written entirely by Anne Bassett, edited by Evelyn Peavy Semotan, from diary and manuscripts given her by Mr. Willis, after Anne's death.

Anne Bassett Willis, died in 1956, of a heart attack, at Leads, Utah, where she resided with her husband.

QUEEN ANNE OF BROWN'S PARK

Hi Bernard, manager for the Haley Two Bar cattle outfit, with ranches near Craig, Colorado, bought the Ben Major's and Salisbury Ranches on lower Snake River, thirty miles from Brown's Park. Soon after the transfer of the ranches, several thousand head of Two Bar cattle were driven into Routt County and turned loose on the summer range. The intent of Haley to occupy all the summer range and winter range of the county was clearly demonstrated. There were hundreds of miles of range outside of the Park, yet we with our small herds located in the west end of a natural drift, and with less snow and plenty of feed were again in danger of becoming overrun by big herds of cattle owned by non-residents.

Bernard visited the Park, in October of 1898, to submit a proposition to the cattle owners on the Colorado side of the line. A tall, fair complexioned man, he could adopt a most convincing manner, plausibly suggested that they form a cattle association for "protection" against the large bands of sheep that could so easily invade the winter range, from Utah and Wyoming. The men of the neighborhood listened with growing favor, and accepted his plan, for it seemed reasonable; but the women (myself included) could too well remember the conflicts and trouble of other attempts to fraternize with the big cattle companies, and doubted such a plan could work to our advantage. The locating on Snake River and the herds of cattle on the way did not reassure us.

The women were supported in their belief by Harry Hoy. The men far out-numbered the women and the organization was adopted with every male cattle owner joining, with the exception of Harry Hoy. The women and Hoy fought on and would not become members of the organization until a compromise was effected when it was agreed that our neighbors, engaged in the sheep business, were to continue to graze their flocks in Colorado.

These neighbors, Willis Rouf, Charley Sparks and Frank Goodman, had small flocks, were home owners and would have been ruined financially if forced to move their sheep out of the State at that time. Their outfits were allowed to graze sheep on the ranges of Routt County, only. Sheep were forbidden elsewhere in the county by the "law unto themselves, the cattle kings".

Up to the time of Bernard's buying the Snake River ranches for the Two Bar, no cattle belonging to that outfit had crossed the divide into Brown's Park. They had not fully stocked the range and found winter feed near the ranches at Lay Creek. Hi Bernard, whose ability to judge cattle and ranges was perhaps unsurpassed, saw the benefit to be derived by complete control of the entire open range between the Utah line on the west, Wyoming on the

north, and east to Hahns Peak; comprising an area of hundreds of square miles of cow range. Brown's Park cattle owners had only a few thousand cattle but held by right of range custom of that period, one of the finest ranges of the west. These cowmen and women could contribute nothing to the large herds and they would not yield and become absorbed, because they were prosperous and deeply rooted in a business they understood. They presented a different problem from the upper Routt County settlers where conditions were not favorable, due to deep snow, long winters, and the necessity of growing and feeding hay.

The lower country with its mild winters offered an ideal set up. Cattle could winter on the open range at no expense, save labor, provided of course the local occupants could be shoved off the ranches and range that happened to lie in the path of the spreading herds. The over-stocking of the range caused a heavy drift of cattle west of the Snake River and brought up the question of range division.

Matt Rash was president of the Brown's Park Cattle Association. He was an ex-Texas ranger and a nephew of Davy Crockett. He had come to Wyoming from Acton, Hood County, Texas, as "trail boss" of a herd of cattle delivered to the Middlesex Company, in 1882. He became range manager for the "G" outfit, which belonged to the Middlesex, and later went to the Circle K, in the same capacity. Rash continued there, employed by Tim Kinney, until his business was changed to sheep. Matt was a number one cowman and was given financial backing by Kinney, to branch out in the cattle business for himself. He soon established a solid bank credit and frequently negotiated loans of large sums of money through the Rock Springs banks. He bought and sold cattle in three states, Wyoming, Colorado and Utah. Rash had a wide circle of friends, who held great respect for his word, regarding his character above reproach.

Representing our Park Cattle Association, he interviewed Hi Bernard in the matter of establishing a boundary line between Snake River and Brown's Park. This resulted in an agreement between Bernard and Rash to the effect, that the hill known as the divide, a range of limestone about half way between Snake River and the Vermillion, extending north and south from the Escalante Hills to Douglas Mountain, was to be the western boundary for the Two Bar, and the eastern extension for the Brown's Park cattle. The arrangement was acceptable to all concerned.

There were no fences, so it was necessary to ride the Boon Trail and Douglas Mesa to check the drift of cattle and spread them over the range. The Brown's Park cattlemen "pitched" a temporary camp on the divide and carried on this line-riding during the winter of 1898 and 1899.

Billy Sawtelle, a cow puncher employed by the Two Bar, was the line rider representing Haley and his manager, Hi Bernard. By this method, the situation was under control.

When spring round-up was conducted, a few strays were found on either side. Such a logical solution to the problem appeared highly satisfactory--on the surface. The drift control had proven far too efficient to please the Two Bar, or to serve their purpose. But the agreement had been made and Bernard could not back out creditably, the range division was exactly as he had approved. Yet the plan was completely cutting off any advance towards the range to the west, coveted by the Two Bar. Then Bernard comprehended that the agreement had raised a more formidable barrier than he had counted on, and advantages he had anticipated failed to materialize.

Up to that time, nothing had seriously blocked the flood of Two Bar cattle. All obstacles had been successfully removed. Facing failure of the original plan, the old Johnson County, Wyoming order for "extermination" of the obstacle was put into practice. There was hired secretly one who would strike, kill, and leave no sign. One who would not hesitate to shoot down friend or foe, man, woman, or child for pay. In Tom Horn was found this killer, a murderer lusting for blood money. And the case required prompt action. Soon a stranger rode into Brown's Park, a man seeking a new home amid pleasant surroundings. Sometime later, a mysterious branded bunch of cattle were seen in the Park, bearing an unfamiliar brand, the VD connected.

It was not unusual for strangers to come investigating the possibilities of a home. They were made welcome, given the desired information and their sincerity taken for granted, the settlers had no reason to be doubtful or suspicious of visitors and were not in the sanctified business of sorting the good from the bad. Counting on this susceptibility, James Hicks arrived in the Park representing himself to be a ranchman from New Mexico in search of a location for a small ranch. He was put up as a guest at the Matt Rash home where every courtesy was extended to assist him in the selection of a suitable investment. He was invited to attend the round-up. But it soon became evident that he was not a cowhand, so he was given the job of cooking.

The round-up was in full swing when I came home from school and joined in the work. I did not take kindly to the new cook. His bragging that he had been a great Indian fighter, his boastful, descriptive accounts of the human slaughter he had accomplished single-handed were exceedingly obnoxious to me. I emphasized this point with vehemence in several heated arguments.

Matt Rash attempted to iron out the discord and remarked, "Most of the big Indian battles were fought around the camp-fire as men smoked and talked." Hicks was not so complacent. He seemed to recognize the "Indian Sign" as unfavorable to his interests, and with a flimsy excuse to Matt Rash, he removed his carcass from the round-up. And that was the one and only time I saw Tom Horn, alias James Hicks.

But an eye witness is still living, who happened to be at the Two Bar Ranch at the time Mr. Hicks "quit the round-up". This witness declared that a man rode in at early evening and was served a late supper. He had some confidential talk with the ranch authorities. A string of horses were caught and he rode away, with no comment being offered on either his coming or going. Those witnesses saw the same man, recognized him as the late and mysterious visitor to the Two Bar and then learned that he was Tom Horn.

When he left the dutch ovens to grow cold, Mr. Hicks said that he was going on a short journey, "to look the country over". His movements were not regarded as important by people busied with their routine ranch work. He could travel the neighborhood without hindrance or question.

In June, 1899, twenty-one head of young cattle branded VD connected strayed from the north and lodged among a band of Tom Davenport's sheep in Willow Creek Canyon. Joe Davenport looked the cattle over and saw from the brand that they did not belong locally. The VD was new to this particular range. He let the cattle pass through the sheep herd and they drifted down the canyon. Before leaving camp for the Davenport ranch, Joe instructed the Mexican herder to get the names of anyone inquiring about cattle, and tell them to see Joe Davenport about such stock. When he returned to the sheep camp, he was told by the herder that Charley Ward had been there to ask about cattle, and said that a bunch of his had strayed from Clay Basin.

Ward was a person of doubtful reputation who had owned nothing but a saddle and pack horse during the few years he had been in or around Brown's Park. He was not a cow puncher and his interest in cattle, or suddenly becoming a cow man was a decidedly unusual condition. Joe would investigate. He would contact Sam Bassett and Matt Rash in the matter of Ward's owning cattle. Joe came to the Bassett ranch for that purpose. The men he wished to consult with were on the mountain. Learning this, Joe told me of Ward's visit and statement that he owned cattle which had strayed. The "lost" cattle struck a bright spark of interest. "Those strays did not get into this country by themselves," I declared positively. "Ward stole them and probably from some place in Utah, since they are headed that way,

probably trying to get back to their home range. Yippie!! I've got a wonderful idea!" I exclaimed. "The poor cattle are homesick, let's give 'em a leg over the river. The girls (I referred to my city guests) aren't being properly trained in roping. We will demonstrate on those VD cattle."

Joe Davenport was not enthusiastic about my impulsive plan. Nor did he view the situation from my angle. But my determination over-ruled his reluctance to take such action.

"Don't stand there looking at me", I told him, "drag it to the pasture and run in a fresh string, so Auntie Thompson and father won't get their heads together and decide Ann's up to something again. I'll round up the girls." I did, and away we galloped, to stretch our hard-twist ropes in what I believed to be a worthy cause. We found the cattle about four miles west of the Davenport ranch, near Green River. The river was full and over flowing. The girls tried their skill at roping big game in the open.

We spent the night at the Davenport ranch, and hurried back to the cattle for more entertainment. It was great sport to watch them swim the Green River at the old Parson's Ford, and see them land in good shape on the other side near the deserted Parson's Ranch, and over the Utah line.

After the swimming stunt, the cattle disappeared from Brown's Park, not one of them ever strayed back, nor was Ward seen afterward. He departed, where and how was never made known. Since he was evidently in league with Tom Horn and Horn's backers, it is supposed that Ward was "expunged" as a result of that association.

The girls and I went gayly off to the city to school that fall, forgetting about the stray stock incident. As cow technicians, we had blundered, for the cattle had not come from Utah. In mid-winter, Joe Davenport wrote me and said, "The VD cattle are in the picture again. Matt Rash has been notified that cattle of such description and brand were stolen on upper Snake River near Baggs, Wyoming, and they were traced to Vermillion Canyon." In the letter Joe asked if he should tell Matt Rash what we knew about the VD cattle? My answer was "NO", and do not so much as imply to Sam Bassett or Matt Rash that we had ever heard of the stuff. If you do, it will be "Chaps" for us.

It was evident we were in bad for failing to give information when Joe discovered the cattle. I had intervened and now months had passed since the VD cattle were crossed over the river and gone in the opposite direction from where they belonged. My "wonderful idea" was giving off echoes! The situation was grave indeed. Our next move was to confide in Buffalo Jack--we

could trust him to keep a secret--we made a clean confession of our guilt, and asked his advice (it was our fixed habit not to seek his counsel until mired to the neck by some of our imbecilities). Buffalo Jack admonished us for such petty mischief, but saw no foundation for great anxiety. He reasoned that it would not help matters to say anything at the time, for the cattle were branded, they would not be lost. They would show up some time, and would then be reported. But who could have visioned the cloud of dust those innocent cow brutes were destined to kick up?

The owner of the VD cattle was not a member of the "inner circle" and was not told of the circumstances surrounding the disappearance of his cattle, therefore, he was chiefly concerned about their whereabouts. He had written to well-known cattlemen in various parts of the country, explaining his loss, asking them to be on the look out for his stock. Matt Rash received one of such letters, and he was making every effort to get some trace of the cattle. He did not think of his guest, Mr. Hicks, as a suspect, nor of his being involved in the matter of the missing cattle. Matt Rash had no suspicion I had fallen into a trap by crossing the VD cattle over the river.

To promote his criminal purpose, Tom Horn assisted by his spawn, Ward, had stolen the VD cattle at Baggs, Wyoming, and smuggled them over the winter range to Clay Basin. He reported to the Snake River Association that he had detected the theft and incriminated several Brown's Park cattlemen, among them Jim McKnight and Matt Rash. It had been Horn's intention to sell the stolen cattle to a butcher in Rock Springs.

While Horn was in Rock Springs to negotiate the sale, Ward had carelessly let the cattle get away. When Horn returned from his trip, he assumed a manner of indifference and made no close inquiry. On learning that Matt Rash was investigating the whereabouts of the VD cattle, he was undisturbed. No suspicion had been cast at Horn.

Rash failed in his efforts to locate the cattle, and there the matter rested to add up later. The fact was revealed several years later, and Horn suspected Ward of having outwitted him in the disposal of the cattle. This partly upset his double barreled scheme, which was to sell the cattle at a profit to himself, and fasten the crime upon the Brown's Parkers. He would then murder for an additional sum of money, the men he had accused of the theft. The scheme worked out in part. Within a short time, Matt Rash was found dead in his summer cabin, from gun shots fired at close range. He had been shot in the back by Tom Horn, the stranger he had befriended.

A few weeks later, Isom Dart, a negro, was shot and killed. Fired on from ambush when he was walking from McKnight's mountain cabin in the early morning, Horn undoubtedly mistook him for McKnight.

Another mistake of Horn's, similar to the shooting of Isom Dart, was his killing of Willie Nickells, in place of the boy's father for whom he was lying in wait. Horn was concealed in the bush near a gate, Winchester cocked ready to shoot at Willie's father. The boy came to the gate and Horn fired, killing him instantly. He sneaked off unseen. There were no eye witnesses to this crime. (This was the crime for which Tom Horn was hanged when he was overheard by law officers who were concealed in another room of the jail, bragging to a fellow on whom he was trying to make an impression. This case caused a great stir in that day and involved many men of higher places who had hired Horn to kill for five hundred dollars a man, and he mistakenly killed an innocent boy.)

The Nickells' family lived in Wyoming and were not so far from the law officers as we in Brown's Park. The murdered boy's father immediately contacted the law, and Joe La Forces, a Deputy United States Marshal, was evidently assigned to the case. He very cleverly trapped Horn into a confession of his guilt, and arrested him for murder. Bail was refused and Horn was forced to languish in jail, waiting for his release by the men who employed him. But such help was not forthcoming, these men were satisfied to permit justice to take its course. They intended to bump Horn off when he had done his work for them. The "Power Policy" behind Horn's diabolical deeds were baseborn creatures, existing by greed and intolerance. His arrest was a hazard to their safety, and from among their kind, a committee of decoys were appointed, and a "song service" arranged for the purpose of keeping Horn's moral up and his mouth shut while he was in prison.

Horn was allowed to talk with anyone but his "friends". Several of the songsters were constantly in attendance, reassuring him by promises of a perfectly arranged last minute escape from the gallows. They escorted him to his final necking, and with great satisfaction saw him kick out his life. They were saved from a like fate. Many of Horn's gilded friends have crossed the bar, and "this a consummation devoutly to be wished" that Satan has joined the "hit and git" buddies together with a firm dallywelter.

Horn's arrest was primarily brought about by vital information voluntarily given by two girls in the red light district, one in Cheyenne and one in Rawlins. The girls reported Horn's boasting of murders he had committed. His talk of miserable intrigues contemplated and the means and methods he had planned for the extermination of his intended victims, who had been marked for death.

One of the girls known only as Mert took a letter from Horn's pocket and delivered it to the law. Soon after his arrest, this girl was found in a "hack" with her tongue split. This was one of the methods employed by Horn's confederates to give out warning against any recurrent offenses that would incriminate their jackal Horn and themselves. Great credit is due those girls, classed as social outcasts, who were inspired by a sense of honor to offer testimony that jeopardized their lives. At such risk to themselves, they were instrumental in bringing to justice a most vicious criminal.

The uncomprehensible murder of men in Brown's Park caused bewilderment and confusion, everybody was trying to solve the mystery, and getting nowhere. We did not know that James Hicks was Tom Horn, not until his arrest for the killing of Willie Nickells. I characterized Hicks as one capable of such a foul deed, from his revelation of Indian killings. My arguments were not much use, for there was no foundation to justify the crime. I kept on talking, however, and almost talked myself into becoming another one of his victims. Horn did not like my talk. It nagged him until he slipped back into the Park, to take a pot-shot at me.

Three months after the murder of Matt Rash and Isom Dart, a man came creeping up to the house on the Bassett ranch. He took advantage of a dark night when a strong wind was blowing and rain was falling, spattering against the building with noisy force. He hugged the wall and stepped over the yard fence where he could walk on the grass and avoid the sound of his bootsheels on the stone walk. A small shaft of light guided him to the front door of the living room--the door where the latch string no longer hung outside in that old traditional sign of welcome, expressing friendliness and good will since the first white man came to the west. In Brown's Park things had changed with the turn of a tragic few months. This night the latch string was pulled inside, leaving a whang hole an inch in circumference where the lamp light from within streaked through.

I sat at the table in the living room playing solitaire. Four young boys, Carl Blair, Gail Downing, and my brothers, Ed and George Bassett, were lunching in the adjoining kitchen. Suddenly the night was shattered by the blast of gunfire. Two bullets came splintering through the door, imbedding themselves in the opposite wall, less than six inches from where I had been seated. There could not be the slightest doubt for whom the bullets were intended. I dropped to the floor and rolled under the table. The boys doused the light and jumped to a side window to shoot out into the night in the direction the gunfire had come.

We remained in the darkened house and speculated on why our shepherd dog had not given the alarm of a night prowler's approach; he did not bark all during the night, which was most unusual. That faithful dog never barked again, he had been strangled to death by the spiteful marauder.

Fearful of being clipped by shots from ambush, we stayed in the house under cover until eleven o'clock the next day, when two ranchmen, Pete Lowe and Harry Haindle, drove up to the corral in a wagon. We called to the men to watch out for gun snipers. They crouched down in the wagon box and drove to the house. When we told them of the night's happenings they helped us in making a search of the surrounding hills. We found a man's boot tracks in the mud and leading to a hill overlooking the house. A horse had been tied there for several hours, the horse ridden away on the jump traveling in an easterly direction, all intervening fences having been cut to let him pass through.

Ed Bassett and Ed Blair rode to Zenobia Basin where they were joined by Will Morgan and my brother, Sam. The four of them followed the horse tracks over the sand hills to the L7 Ranch, fifty miles from Brown's Park. There they found a very tired horse near the corral and indications that a fresh horse had been ridden away towards Baggs, Wyoming. In the little village of Baggs, they lost all trace of the rider.

The boys could get no information there and they were twenty-four hours behind the fleeing horseman, so they returned to the Bassett ranch. We held a council and J.S. Hoy advised me to go to Cheyenne, Wyoming, and explain to Governor Chatterton the meager circumstantial evidence we had to connect James Hicks to Tom Horn, with the murders in our section of the country. Especially with the bullets that had been fired to land so perilously close to my head.

Interviewing governors was not in my line, but this was no time for super-sensitiveness. I was entirely unconscious of any breach of formalities, when I stalked into the Governor's private office, disregarding protesting secretaries and clerks. But I lost control of my nerves very suddenly when the Governor looked at me expressing annoyance over the violent agitation I had caused in the outer office.

I could only look at him in confusion. Dismissing the secretary, he asked me to sit down and explain why I had made this breathless intrusion. I dropped into a chair but it was hard to find my voice. However, Governor Chatterton proved to be a sympathetic individual and he listened to my story with deepening interest. Only a few hours had elapsed since he had been told similar stories by some Wyoming ranchers. He assured

me at the end of our interesting interview that he would take immediate steps to find the relentless killer roaming our country.

He faithfully kept that word. Governor Chatterton took his official duties seriously and within a few hours had Deputy United States Marshal, Joe La Fores, on the job.

Thirty-five years after the Tom Horn murder trial, Charles Kelly wrote a book, "The Outlaw Trail". Mr. Kelly did not attend that trial, but he places his personal stamp of approval upon Horn's activities and puts his judgment against that of selected and sworn jurymen. The jurymen, Kelly superficially passes off as "nesters", were twelve men of the city of Cheyenne, charged with the duty of sitting through a lengthy trial and court proceedings and hearing all of the evidence presented for both sides of the case. They heard the examination of testimony as given by witnesses and the judge's final instruction to the jury.

After all these years, Kelly questions the integrity of the men who had the stamina to weigh all the evidence in the balance and mete out just punishment to the self-acknowledged murderer, Tom Horn.

Mr. Kelly reopens the case of the people of the State of Wyoming versus Tom Horn and tries the case all over again, with himself acting as judge and jury, he acquits Horn, and thereby lends encouragement to the criminal minded.

The Horn killings were for the sole purpose of intimidating the settlers and to force them to abandon the range. Range invasion was stubbornly resisted by the Brown's Parkers and consequently, we were attacked from every angle. Rumors were circulated to the effect that not only were we cattle thieves ourselves, but we harbored outlaws and criminals from other states; that in general, the park was a refuge for no-accounts to carry on their cussedness. It was the old game of giving a dog a bad name and then go gunning for him, a method strictly in line with the mean practices followed by some of the big cattle organizations. Not all cattle owners on the large scale were of that stripe. Many of them were human, the "live-and-let-live" fellows. By their true quality and principles, they prospered and made money, while the Two Bar and its various managers went down and out. This Two-Bar outfit has been charged with and is probably guilty of every crime from murder to sheep killings. They contributed practically nothing to the support of the counties their enormous outfit took over. It was impossible for county officials to make even a guess at the number of cattle and horses assessable. Tally records of

branding were not available. Such control of a county has never done anything substantial towards the building of schools or roads, or otherwise improving a section. Money invested in a business of great magnitude, under such conditions is not calculated for the betterment of any country. It is purely an investment, the proceeds of which are not spent locally, but greedily hoarded in some distant city. Reams of paper have been written upon, telling hectic tales of rustlers gaining wealth at the expense of the numerous herds of cattle roaning over the west.

Maybe they did. My experience proves a different point. I lived there in that wide, lonely, primitive, cattle range country. I lived under frontier conditions. I rode those old round-ups for months at a time, for many, many years. And I became the wife of Hi Bernard (one of the west's most noted managers of two of the biggest outfits in Wyoming and Colorado), a man who had carried on in that capacity for thirty years, in complete control of range activities. From my own experiences and observations--then from him, I learned that the grasping cattle barons of those early days were the biggest cattle thieves of all time.

It was hoped that these methods would "clean out" and finally dispose of the "small" outfits, owned by the men and women who had dared intrude on the open public domain, where every American was given one hundred and sixty acres of their own selection to live upon.

All our western frontier people had to fight for their rights to hold on, and most of us gave a good account of ourselves, with very little comfort to the enemy. The Tom Horn methods were new to us, but stepped up the tempo, and changed minute men to "split seconds", for not a single one of us wanted to be caught off balance with the consequences of a bullet in the back.

Shadow boxing with bullets is not exactly a glittering adventure anywhere. Not even with our weapons of that day. Our old smoke wagons only let go of one piece at a time, in fact, most misunderstandings were settled in that off-hand manner. It was accepted practice, however, for each participant to be given an equal start on the trigger squeeze.

Combat duty did not predominate over the scene. There were many tranquil, prosperous years to enjoy. It was a privilege to live in a new, free land, where real democracy existed in a wholesome atmosphere, where people were accepted on their individual merits and background or great wealth had small importance. The person and the underlying of their composition

was all that counted. Equal opportunity for development on all sides of an uncluttered Americanism is an "ism issue" to be remembered with gratitude and pleasure.

All the publicized ad-libbing about how Hi Bernard drove the rustlers out of Brown's Park is pure twaddle. When Bernard had served a specific purpose, the king-pins of power deserted him, and some of the early settlers of the Park gave him a home. In retrospection, Hi was a thoughtful husband, a friend to children, and a gentleman under any circumstances.

It is beyond natural faculties to understand why human mind is so often beguiled by its own dementia. How it becomes caught in the dragnet of emotion, and views a situation through the marked spectacles of vested interests. Those interests which keep their own power for further sneak hostilities. In this case, Hi Bernard was no exception. Like many otherwise intelligent men, he swallowed the bait and the hook was inescapable. Too late, he understood the nature of his enchainment and stoically faced the results of his blind reckoning.

Lest we forget, the greatest of them all is Charity.

Elbert Bassett maintained a free home at the old Bassett ranch, a spot where the birds and the beasts, homeless, travel wearied mankind, all found a refuge, food and shelter, given in kindness and without reservation.

I am glad that my brother, Eb, took Hi Bernard there when the sands of life were running low.

The Two Bar outfit, under range management of Bill Patton, considering themselves rolling Juggernauts, refused to pay the negligible grazing fee requested by the United States Forest Department. They could not bribe the forester, nor deceive him by false counts of cattle, so they attempted to slay the regulations of control set up by the government order, thereby forcing the foresters to count all cattle grazing on the national reserve. This act of justice in counting the cattle was resisted by Ora Haley, who flatly refused assistance to the forest department. Progress of the necessary round-up was retarded by every imaginable means. The foreman on the range scattered cattle over wide areas adjacent to the forest, knowing they would drift to the reserve from many places. There were no fences to protect this national reserve, and the rounding up, holding and counting of so many thousands of cattle on an open range, is an undertaking of colossal proportions.

The three largest outfits using the range were the Sevens, owned by Pierce & Reef Co., the Two Circle Bar, owned by the

Carey Brothers, and the Two Bar, owned by Ora Haley. Each presented a different problem to the Forest Service. The Pierce & Reef Company and the Sevens cooperated in every way. The Carey Brothers and the Two Circle Bar offered passive resistance, and Ora Haley, the Two Bar presented a front of determined resistance, a front of total opposition.

The Two Bar outfit even resorted to the extreme measure of stampeding a herd rounded up and ready to count. The rounding up had been accomplished by much grueling labor, and a great expense by the Forest Department. Haley met his first defeat when he tangled with the Forest Service.

The Two Bar foreman, Bill Patton, had persistently kept up a moving row in a long range effort to over-run the beef cow country in parts of three states, to keep it free and open for the Two Bars and nobody else. When twenty-five thousand cattle were being held on the bed-ground the last night before they were counted and turned on the forest reserve, he left the round-up campfire giving a flim flam excuse. He slunk back at midnight with a few rocks in a tin can to toss at an alert old cow and snap her into action. He carefully timed his movements when the night guard was trotting around in the other direction.

What did Patton care for a few mangled and dead cowboys or for cattle killed and crippled by the run of the herd, as they rushed over rocks and heavy down timber. Some of the Two Bar's would escape and get onto the reserve uncounted. It would teach the stubborn Forest Supervisor, Harry Ratliff, a lesson providing he survived the death race of the stampeded cattle.

Ratliff and his rangers were camped with the cowboys near the bedded herd of cattle that night. A stampede might be an easy way to put the kibosh on the Forest Service and discourage the troublesome Ratliff who had refused to be dominated and who insisted upon serving the Forest Department instead of becoming a tool for the Two Bar outfit.

Fortunately, the great herd ran away from the camp and no one was killed. The cowboys gathered on high ground in the grey morning to roll Bull Durham cigarettes and decide what was to be done about attempting a new start to round up the cattle. They soon found that Ratliff and his rangers were right there with them. The "tender feet" government employees were boys that could take it rough and they had the intelligence to map out a course to handle the situation. Harry called into council the Sevens and Two Circle Bar men and had cowboys stationed along the forest boundary to keep any cattle from crossing the line. Other riders made a sweeping circle and bunched the cattle near the line to be counted across by the Forest Rangers.

The Two Bar riders continued to pass up cattle that should have been driven to the bunch ground. That was stopped when a Seven or a Two Circle Bar cowboy rode circle with each Two Bar man. Very few of those cattle entered the Forest Reserve without being tallied by the rangers. The effective manner in which the work was carried out was a big surprise to the Two Bar foreman, Patton. He could see how he was being out-maneuvered and he changed his tactics.

Patton went to Ratliff and threatened disastrous counterblasts if he insisted upon interfering in the Two Bar's range affairs. At that point of the argument, Patton found that he had made a serious mistake. Ratliff did not become frightened and run away, he called Patton's hand. He sternly dished out a program that left Patton speechless, white with fury.

Patton had taken too many things for granted. If he had informed himself about the background of Ratliff and his assistants, he would have learned that they were frontier bred and born, and they had been handling cattle on the range when he was hoeing cotton on the farm in North Carolina.

Shortly after the stampeded herd of cattle were tallied onto the Forest Reserve and drifted to various parts of the range within the Reserve, Supervisor Ratliff found fresh tracks of cattle where another herd had been more recently driven over the boundary line, without having been counted by him or his rangers. Shod horse tracks criss-crossing behind the cattle tracks, proved conclusively that the herd had been driven by men on horseback to the line. The riders had then turned back to retreat whence they had come. Ratliff and his men soon found the cattle on the range, most of them Two Bars'. They were scattered over the range and some of them taken about fifty miles to the same national grazing grounds.

Patton run around out of sight and spotted the movement of the cattle by the rangers. He hurried away to circulate reports among other cattlemen and in general all over the country far and wide, that Ratliff was stealing cattle and smuggling them off to the markets. The cattle were on the Reserve, under the supervision of the forester, Ratliff was acting within his rights, protecting the forest by spreading them over different parts of the range.

Before Ratliff entered the Forest Service, he had bought a fine breeding stallion from a ranchman in the vicinity of Craig, Colorado. When he joined the Forest Service, he wanted to sell the horse. He contacted the original owner who had an interest in the animal and got his verbal consent to the transfer of the contract. Shortly thereafter, Ratliff was arrested for selling

mortgaged property, and placed under a stiff bond by a local Justice of the Peace, to await his hearing in the District Court.

Bill Patton played his cards with the ranchman, a Two Bar employee, and influenced him to prefer charges against Ratliff to annoy and harass him.

Chief Forester, Gifford Pinchot, sent an investigator to the scene. What the investigation disclosed of the problems facing their representatives on the Routt National Forest was a revelation to Mr. Pinchot.

The horse case against Ratliff came to trial and the Forest Department sent an attorney to defend him. The plaintiff became inarticulate and could not remember anything he had formally said. The transaction regarding the sale of the horse was declared legal and the case dismissed. Harry Ratliff left the court room and went at once to Baggs, Wyoming, in answer to a telephone call from one of his rangers.

Baggs is located on the Colorado-Wyoming state line and is also near the National Forest boundary where surveying was in progress.

At that time, there were several large steer outfits owned by Denver commission firms, using the range around Baggs. The largest of them was the reversed figure four brand of several thousand head and managed by Wiff Wilson. Charley Ayers also ran a good sized herd of company steers on the same range. All of the stockmen in the district were vitally interested in the success or failure of the Routt National Forest Reserve.

If the Forest Service gained control, there would be supervised grazing on the summer range and sheep permits issued. The cattlemen had kept the sheep off the range by force. Large piles of bleaching bones of sheep in different places were mute evidence of the ruthless methods in practice to hold the range, exclusively for themselves. At different times, a daring sheepman had crossed into the forbidden land to his sorrow. Hundreds of sheep were run over cliffs, run down and shot, or clubbed to death, by men working for cattle interests they represented. Upon several occasions, the sheep herders were murdered.

Forest control meant regulation in the number of livestock permitted to graze within the boundaries. Any bona fide citizen owning livestock in the vicinity of the forest would be entitled to a grazing permit and the small owners of livestock would get an allotment equally as valid as the large owners. This equitable division of range would cut a big chunk

from the cake of overloads, and last but not least, there would be a small fee of a few cents per head charged for grazing privilege.

When Ratliff arrived in Baggs, he was met by his chief assistant, Charles Morrell, who informed him that Bob Meldrum, a notorious gunman, had come to Baggs and was appointed town marshall. Meldrum's background as a killer could be traced to different mining camps in the west. He was known as a professional strike breaker and while he was serving in that capacity, he had stacked up several killings to his credit.

Survey work was going ahead rapidly with Ratliff in charge. He was sighting through his telescope when a gunshot exploded from ambush and his transit fell to the ground. One leg of the tripod had been shot away. He armed himself and his helpers and continued his surveying. Toward evening, Ratliff and Morrell took their horses into the livery barn when Marshal Meldrum approached and demanded their guns. They refused to give them up to him. Meldrum made a move for his shoulder holster, but before he could draw, he was looking into the muzzle of a Colt-45 held by Ratliff. This unexpected move completely puzzled the marshal, his killer instinct vanished for the moment, Meldrum stared dazedly as Ratliff removed the gun from its holster, shoved it under the waist band of his own pants, and walked away. That was Meldrum's last attempt to intimidate the foresters, his next move was against the stockmen who were not in sympathy with him nor with the aggressive element that appointed him.

Bob Temple, an old time cowman who lived in the outskirts of Baggs, had been outspoken against Meldrum's appointment as marshal. One of Meldrum's friends shot Temple at a time when there was not a witness present but Meldrum, and that bare-faced murder was checked off as self defense.

Another high-handed outrage was the killing of George Woolley's sheep at night by a crowd of masked men. Woolley owned considerable ranch property south of Craig, Colorado, and his sheep were grazed entirely on private ground. Chick Bowen, a well known cowboy, was working for Woolley at the time the sheep were killed and it was rumored that he recognized some of the ruthless mob.

Chick was not the sucker type nor a blow-off kind. He could not be bought off by the Meldrum gang, consequently, he was listed as being dangerous to their interest. He moved to Baggs and went to work cow-punching for the Salisbury boys, two young men favorable to range control by the Forest Service.

Chick was a jolly, friendly boy with a sense of humor. Riding into town one day, he met a friend and they were standing on

the sidewalk, he laughed at some joke that passed between them. Meldrum rushed up to Chick and charged him with a disturbance. The words were scarcely out of his mouth when he shot three bullets squarely into Chick's body, killing him almost on the instant.

Meldrum served a short sentence in the Wyoming Penitentiary for the murder of Chick Bowen and received a pardon. He then located in Wallcot, Wyoming, and started a small saddle shop. Soon after Meldrum set up shop, a Miss Brown came to Wallcot. She was a fine looking young lady just out to see the west and enjoy horse-back riding. Western saddles intrigued her, and she made frequent visits to Meldrum's place of business.

The towns people were not surprised to see her and Meldrum ride away together, one afternoon, toward Saratoga Springs. Several hours later, Miss Brown returned alone. She paid her hotel bill and went away that evening. A note left in her hotel room stated simply that she was Miss Bowen, a sister of Chick Bowen.

Meldrum was found out in the hills with his head bashed up by the butt end of a shot-loaded quirt. The local authorities made no effort to locate his assailant nor to apprehend "Miss Brown".

Bulldozing and murder had failed to over throw the United States Forest Service, and the Two Bar outfit concentrated on areas outside the forest boundaries.

The success of those pioneering in the establishment of the National Forests and the winning and supervision regardless of the many heart breaking trials of the foresters and rangers put to the test, lent needed encouragement to small stock owners and ranchmen. The common people being over run and struggling to live under adverse conditions, welcomed forest control and its legal protection.

We owe a great debt of gratitude to Gifford Pinchot, our first Chief Forester, and the father of our National Forest system, for the preservation of our scattered western forest of life giving pines.

The mountains surrounding Brown's Park were forest areas and the residents adjacent were eager to have them incorporated into the National Reserve.

I attended the University of Arizona, at Tucson, especially to take a course in forestry and with the definite intention of becoming a ranger on that isolated section. I qualified a hundred percent. When my application was presented for approval, Secretary of Agriculture Wilson became adamant, and I was rejected.

Not for lack of qualifications or ability to do the work efficiently, but because the law read, "a male applicant".

For the "slapdash" reason that I happened to be a female, I was forced to withdraw my application. I am still protesting the law.

Finis was written the story of the flagrant old Two Bar outfit that had survived a half century. Now it is only a memory.

In a country where thousands of cattle once dotted the range over endless miles, the present inhabitants have grown wool on their teeth from being forced to eat mutton.

My reactions to the trek of dry farmers with their wire fences and plows, stampeding to Brown's Park and Douglas Mountain were bitterish. I could see no background among dirt farmers to make up an essence of romance. But they were there for good or evil, seeking and possessing every available spot. Their right couldn't be denied. But I could get away and out of vision of the bloodless destruction of my precious native haunts. I would avoid being smothered by fences, and the digging up, where every sage brush, gulch and rock had a meaning of it's own, and each blade of grass or scrubby cedar was a symphony. I could make effective my escape. If I had to be hedged in by people, I would go away to the crowded cities to mingle with the human herd and study them from the sidelines, for I had no desire to become a part of their affairs. All I asked of life was to be perpetually let alone, to go my way undisturbed. To Brown's Park and it's hills and valleys (the only thing I had ever selfishly loved) I bade goodbye.

Many years went by before I returned to my "scared cow", Brown's Park. I was lured by curiosity, as people will go back in mental morbidity to view the ravishing and despoiling by human hands. I was surprised to find so many pretty little homes tucked away in the hills, just puncturing the landscape here and there, yielding fine dividends to their owners, a friendly folk who make up our traditional rural life in America.

Brown's Park brought back a poignant yearning to dash away and drive an avalanche of Two Bar cattle back across the divide. Then I would awaken from my dream to discover that I had been peeping into the past that cannot return. Live Two Bar cattle are conspicuously absent. The winds have buried all the dead ones.

The round-up days are over, and so are most of the old knee sprung, saddle-marked cowboys "over" there.

"Out yonder in the corral is the horse you used to ride.
The heart of him's gone with you, pard, across the
Great Divide."

Right now I have an unfinished job to do, keeping Pegasus shod
for the brave and valiant boys way out there on Circle, to settle
a little argument they did not start, but they have the guts and
gumption to finish it. Many descendants of the Brown's Park
pioneers are units of those mighty military, Navy and Air Forces
and they can be depended upon to give out as the occasion demands.

Harry Ratliff

Box 621

Vernal Utah

March 8, 1948

Forest Supervisor
Steamboat Springs, Colo.

Dear Mr. Pickford:

Keeping my promise. Attached is the MS furnished Mr. Gifford Pinchot in 1941 -- for his Library of Congress Record.

I have not sent Mr. Pinchot's original letters, but a copy of his letter to J. M. Cotes, former law officer District 2, is attached.

Mr. Pinchot passed away last year and Mr. A. L. Patton died in 1944. There are some things in Mr. Pinchot's letters that do not concern the matters to be covered. If he or Mr. Patton were still with us, they probably would consent to use of their communications, but I could not release them under the circumstances.

With kindest regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

/s/Harry Ratliff

P.S. Please return the MS. to Mr. Pinchot. Keep what you can use of pictures. A list of firsts is attached also.

H.R.

J. H. RATLIFF EXPERIENCES
1905 to 1914 - U.S. Forest Service

INTRODUCTORY

As you have written me, you and I knew of the conditions under which the public resources were used or dissipated, but those who have followed us and who will probably read the record of the Forest Service as written by the men who laid its foundation will not readily picture in their minds the men and women who lived and died, worked and played and prospered or suffered as they participated in the change.

I entered the Forest Service ignorant of its purpose and opposed to its policy. I did not like it or anything I thought the Service represented. My personal interests were located in and were a part of the identical region in which I served.

The men whom I had to meet aggressively as a forest officer were my friends. The changes brought about affected my personal fortune greatly.

The Park Range Forest Reserve, as it was called, occupied the slopes of the Continental Divide and the Gore Range in north-western Colorado and extended from the Grand, now called the Colorado, River north to the Wyoming line, the low lands of the western slopes of these ranges were used for grazing purposes by local residents, including myself.

On the west side the method of range management as followed and the customs practiced involved competition with great migratory herds of cattle. The big cattle outfits were the "Sevens", owned by Mr. Jerry Pierce and Mr. Joseph Reefer; the "Two Bars", owned by Ora Haley; the "Two Circle Bar", owned by the Carey family; the Ayers outfit, chiefly financed by the American Livestock Company; the "O V O", a local organization formed by the settlers, on the Little Snake River which flows along the Colorado-Wyoming border, all organizations of men or individuals who imported yearling steers from South Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and sometimes from Nevada, Oregon and Idaho.

These outfits controlled 75% (a conservative estimate) of the livestock occupying the public range on the west slopes of the Continental Divide. For years these men or cattle companies had used the public grazing lands unhindered and without control except that forced upon them by necessity, such as storms, cattle thieves or the encroaching or invasion by nomadic roaming bands of sheep owned by equally large corporations and individuals in Wyoming.

I am selecting this part of the old Park Range Forest in the sketch of experiences I engaged in for the reason that I punched cows for some of these outfits and rode the shove down to get back what I could of my own cattle and the cattle of my neighbors that had mingled with the great steer herds, and because on this range, bounded on the north by the Wyoming line and the sheep men, on the west by the great canyon of the Green River and the alleged bandits and on the south by the Yampa or Bear River and to the eastward by the timbered slopes of the Continental Divide, was fought the battle for range supremacy and control between the cattle men and the likewise big and little sheep men on the Wyoming side and the Forest Service. A sort of dog eat dog affair between dis-similar interests. Cattle and sheep outfits fought singly and in mass with guns, knives, fists and ropes. Here also was the scene of the battle between the dry farmers, the squatters and homesteaders on one side and the sheep and cattle men on the other and to this 3-cornered squabble was added the wold bands of roving bandits, horse thieves, train and bank robbers. The rendezvous of the Cassidys and McCartys, the bandits who harrassed the Union Pacific Railroad, was in Baggs, Wyoming and Vernal, Utah. The wild gorges of the Green River formed a refuge from which they could not be taken. They were called the "Wild Bunch".

I knew "Butch" Cassidy, his name was George Parker. I knew Tom McCarty, he worked as a cow puncher for my father. The battle for range and control of thievery finally resulted in the organization of the Snake & Bear River Stock Associations. These organizations were brought about by alleged thievery of livestock extending from Fortification Creek on the west side of the Park Range to the Utah Line to what is known as Brown's Park. Here the fight was carried to the settlers who were accused of collusion and sympathy with banditry. On Cold Spring Mountain in Colorado, the fall of 1899, Matt Rash was found dead in his cabin. Later Isom Dart was shot while walking from his cabin to his corral. Below Cold Spring Mountain, in the valley which is called Brown's Park, lived the Bassett family. The mother was a pioneer woman who died leaving two girls and three boys. Anna, Josephine, George, Sam and Eb. Anna was always the leader. I feel free to give this information to you, Mr. Pinchot, because the friendships which still exist between me and some of the principals permits me to tell the truth. Those who are living it will not harm and those who are dead have probably paid for their share.

The romance of this region is centered about Anna (Queen Ann) Bassett and Matt Rash. (Queen Ann lives at the old Bassett ranch, Mrs. Frank Willis.) Josephine lives about 20 miles east of Vernal, Utah, Mrs. Morris - (See Life Magazine, December, 1947).

Hi Bernard was foreman and ranch superintendent for the "Two Bar" Haley outfit. He was a member of the executive committee of one of the organizations referred to above and probably the first executive committee formed in northwest Colorado. The committee was composed of Hi Bernard, Charlie Ayres and, I believe, W. W. Wilson, or it may have been some other member of the Snake River Organization. These men were the executive committee and acted together with some others to rid the range of cattle thieves, fight sheep and generally manage the range. Part of this was done by employing Tom Horn who is known to have killed Matt Rash and Isom Dart and to have shot through the windows of the Bassett home in the night.

At the time Theodore Roosevelt was hunting lions in Axil Basin with Johnny Goff, in the fall of 1899, I rode by their camp on the way to Brown's Park by the way of Maybelle, Colorado, and took mail from this camp to Maybelle for Mr. Roosevelt. While I waited he sent me coffee and lunch. This trip to Brown's Park was for a horse which had strayed. Hi Bernard had promised to have the horse sent over from Brown's Park to the "Two Bar" Ranch on Snake River for me. The night I got to the "Two Bar" Ranch Tom Horn led the horse in and Tom and I slept together that night in the "Two Bar" bunk house. Just two or three days later Isom Dart, the negro, was found dead. (Horn went under the name of "Jix", pronounced "Hicks".)

Keeping in mind the background above, these same organizations were among the first to be recognized by the Forest Service and later in this recital of events reference will be made to this organization, to its bylaws, constitution and meetings for the reason that Mr. A. F. Potter and Mr. E. N. Kavanaugh and I met with the Snake River Association in March or April of 1908 in a stone school house at Slater, Colorado for the purpose of helping formulate a constitution and bylaws meeting the responsibilities required by the Forest Service regulations.

Going back again to the years preceeding the advent of the Service, in 1903 word was passed along by riders that sheep had entered Colorado and were, at that time, in Red Park and in Whiskey Park and had reached a point 20 or 25 miles south of the Wyoming border. The word came to me. These sheep were owned by the Cow Creek Sheep Company of which J. K. Hart was chief owner and manager. Over three hundred men rode that night and probably one of the greatest of sheep stampedes occurred that night and the following day. Nothing was ever said about it, no one was killed, but the sheep moved out.

Understanding my connection with the cattle men, my acquaintance with the settlers and my antagonistic feeling toward sheep, perhaps my reasons for not liking the Forest Service at the outset will be understood.

*Now in 1905 I read the published proclamation withdrawing the lands involved and which created the Park Range Forest Reserve (I may use "National Forest" later on). When I read this proclamation and the list of lands withdrawn I sat down and made some marks on paper and found that my land was inside this Forest Reserve.

In March, 1906, Mr. Thomas Hogan, who was the first executive officer to appear on the scene, came into Steamboat Springs and I learned from other settlers that John M. (Jack) Ellis was appointed Forest Guard. Jack was, at one time, a partner of mine and at this time was running about five thousand steers. Jack was a pretty good cowman and looked after his own business pretty well. Anyway Jack came over to see me at my ranch on Mad Creek. He brought his wife and family along. It was in the spring and the snow was just melting. Jack's wife and my wife were good friends and so were Jack and I. The women folks went into the house and Jack and I went out to the barn. I had, during the winter, cut a hundred or more logs from dry timber with which to build a new barn. I had about five hundred new poles cut for corrals. Both logs and poles were piled near the barn and corrals. We sat down on the logs and Jack said "Where'd you get the logs and poles?". I pointed to the east and said, "Up on the hill." And he said, "Hell, you can't do that, Harry", I answered, "The Hell I can't, I've done it." He said, "It's against the law", I said, "What law?", "The new law of the Reservation. I can't allow you to do that". I said, "Why?" "Because," he said, "It is unlawful to cut timber without a permit." I asked him how to get a permit and he replied, "Come to me, all you have to do is ask and I will give it to you free." I answered, nearly as I recall, "You mean to say I have to hunt you up every time I want to cut a stick of timber?" "No, take a permit out for enough to do you for several months at one time." I said, "But what if you are not around?" He said, "Well, you can wait until you find me." I did not feel very good about this. My cattle were grazing on the bare meadow and Jack said, "How many cattle have you, Harry?" I replied that I had about seventy-five or a hundred head of cattle and some horses. "You'd better take out a permit for them." I said, "Do you mean to tell me I have to have a permit for my cattle and horses and my corral poles, house logs and fire wood and I have to hunt you up too?" Jack said, "Dammit, I didn't make this law but that is what it is and you have to do it." And I said, "Jack, you take your little old permit for sticks, stump and steers and get the hell off my ranch!" Well, Mr. Pinchot, Jack went and we were both mad.

*Ratliff's ranch was in Sec. 12, T7, R85. 160 acres in S $\frac{1}{2}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$ and E $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$. It is now included in Fred Ives upper ranch on Mad Creek.

In late March or early April that year, 1906, a meeting was held in Steamboat Springs to form an association or at least to talk over and explain the regulations which were being put into effect. I did not go to the meeting! It was then discovered that Jack Ellis was not eligible to hold the job of Forest Guard because of his livestock interests. The cattle men talked the matter over in the meeting with Mr. Hogan, Ranger, I think. They wanted a local man to take the job Ellis was doing, so at the meeting they figured on handing out something which no one wanted to touch, so they decided to hand the package to me. Pat Cullen, Jim Norvell, Logan Crawford cornered me next time I went to town and put it up to me this way: "You know these cattle men to the east and west, we have got to have someone who can get us a break." And, believe me, they poured it on. I made no decision at this time but I did a lot of thinking and I finally concluded I could do better for myself and maybe for my neighbors if I joined up with this Forest Reserve "gang". So along about the first of May or last of April Jack Ellis and Tom Hogan drove out to my place and they poured it on again. The first thing Jack said as they came on the place was "Don't shoot, Harry, we're peaceable".

Previous to this I had figured that my days as a cow man were over and I had contracted to sell and deliver my cattle. I had disposed of some of my horses but still held an imported Shire stallion. (Keep your eye on this stud horse, because he is going to have a lot to do with the Forest Service later on.) This horse was formerly owned by U. F. Harrison who lived down country and was a neighbor of the "Two Circle Bars" and had bought a ranch from Haley who owned the "Two Bar" outfit.

IN TO IT

Well, I took the job of Forest Guard. I furnished my own horses, paid my own expenses, left my wife to run the ranch and started to ride. I had about twenty-four arguments a day and lost about half of them.

I returned to the ranch after this first expedition which took in the head of Fortification Creek, Snake River and the head of Elk River. When I got back I had a letter instructing me to ride to Hot Sulphur Springs, Colorado and take a Forest Ranger examination. My saddle horses were pretty tired so I rode a mule over there which happened to be a running mule. I made enough running the mule against horses on the way over to pay my expenses on the trip and I got a commission showing that I was appointed Forest Guard at Seven Hundred Twenty dollars per annum. Well, I had a pretty good heart and I stood it all right for my mule was still in pretty good shape to run. At this examination was Harvey Hurd, Albert Whitney, John O'Conner and, I believe, William McNamara, all appointees of the Forest Service. Also, Harry Criswell.

I was about twenty-seven years old then, Mr. Pinchot. I had pretty good luck in taking the examination for I had learned to pack in Old Mexico, packing supplies to the Yaqui River in 1898 and 1899. Prior to this I had spent some time in Alaska as a boy and had learned to shoot the sun and work out our position through the kindness of old captain Anderson who was in command of the ship. Then I had rambled some through the Northwest woods and learned to cut a tree down. Anyway, I came out with a commission as Assistant Forest Ranger, and I am glad to say that Albert Whitney, Harvey Hurd, John O'Conner, Harry Criswell and McNamara got their commissions with the increase of salary of twenty-three and one-third dollars per month making a monthly salary of eighty-three dollars and thirty-three cents or one thousand dollars per annum.

After I took this examination I was sent to Snake River along the Wyoming border to take over John O'Conner's work for John had died. When I got over there John had been buried. He had died suddenly. No autopsy or doctor's examination made. John was a good man.

I camped on Slater Creek and found a letter at the Slater Post Office instructing me to talk to Mr. Robert MacIntosh. Now, Mac just about ruled that country. He had several hundred head of horses on the range, operated a trading post and freighted his supplies from Rawlins, Wyoming with horses. Robert MacIntosh was one of the early pioneers of the country, highly respected. Through his mercantile business he had financed many of the smaller stockmen through periods of adversity. Everybody called him "Mac". I had known Mac for quite some time, had bought horses from him, sold grain to him and had purchased supplies from him. We were good friends. Mac did not understand the purpose of the Service and had also been misled, as many others were, including myself, as to the method of administration, and necessity of control of the Forest lands. Mac had never been a neutral. Usually his opinions were formed after plenty of consideration and they were usually correct.

His picture of a Forest Officer was a person, supposed to be a man, with a white collar, narrow shoulders, wide seated pants, like a woman's bloomers, with spindle shins wrapped in a sort of bandage, that didn't know which end of a horse the collar went on or whether the horn of a saddle faced to the horse's head or to his tail. Being a man of considerable education and culture and possessing a wonderful vocabulary his article and criticisms were eagerly sought and published in the Denver Post, Steamboat Pilot, etc., and in most of the papers circulating throughout the regions where the forest withdrawals were effective.

Mac had a stone store or trading post backed into a side hill. Back and above the store was the boarding house where meals were provided for everyone whether he was able to pay for them or not.

Bunk houses were scattered further back on the hill side. Over the store was Mac's quarters. He slept on a couch without undressing and was up at all times of day or night as the fancy took him. He seldom wore socks and often no shoes at all and was, at this time, about seventy years old. Mac stood about six feet six inches high and weighed about three hundred pounds, had a scraggly beard and was a typical Scotsman with a whirling burr to his words that left no doubt of his Scotch ancestry. Usually when I visited Mac I would go up into his quarters and talk with him. On this trip I called for my mail and went up to the dining room, ate and laid four bits on the table and walked out. I rolled my bed off my pack mule and went to bed. The next morning I pulled out without saying a word to Mac. I came back that afternoon and Mac was asleep, I again ate my supper, laid four bits on the table and walked out. About sundown Mac sent Gillispie, his chief clerk in the store, to find me. Gillispie said, "Mac wants to see you." I went through the store and Mac was there. There were no customers in the store. When I came in Mac started to laugh. He laughed violently, his belly shook, and he reached out his big paw of a hand and took mine and put the other one on my shoulder and said, "Ho-ho me bye, and you no wanted to talk to auld Mac. We'll be going up to me room, you thessalonian," which was a term of affection used by Mac. When we reached Mac's quarters he stretched out on his couch, pulled his glasses down from his forehead, rolled his head toward me with his eyes twinkling and said, "I dinna thought to see you in this likes of wur-r-rk," and then he laughed. "And did they read what the papers said I said?" I told him that what he had written and said had been scattered plenty and he said, "Was I right, me bye?" I told him this, "Mac, you're wrong as hell!" By this time I had begun to have doubts as to my own ideas as to the Forest Service and its purposes, besides I had encountered Bill Patten, foreman for Haley who had brought in and turned loose a big herd of "Two Bar" cattle scattering them along the head of Willow Creek and had sent word that he would ride me down if I tried to interfere with him. I had a notion, at this time, that Patten was trying to shove me around and this, together with the statement of Mrs. Dora McKinley over the telephone to me that if I came up to her ranch she and her sister, Maud Keller, would take me out and bang me to a sagebrush, as that was plenty big enough, kind of settled my convictions.

All of this kind of crystalized my feelings so when I told Mac he was "wrong as hell" I meant it. He laughed again and said, "Na na na, me bye, auld Mac's beginin' to have his doots himself." He recited several verses of scripture for my enlightenment and said, "Now, damn it, bye, just how can auld Mac back oot gr-r-r-racefully?"

Mac and I talked until midnight and old Mac signed his application for a grazing permit that night for his horses. He did not want a free grazing permit for his milk stock and insisted on putting them

all in and when I went to bed it was between white clean sheets in the room Mac reserved for "We-e-emin folks" and the last thing he said was, "I'll be havin' some small talk with the Beelers and the Salisburys and R-r-r-reeders."

The records will show that the Snake River Stock Grower's Association was among the first to stand squarely behind the Forest Service (I wish here to acknowledge the assistance and friendship of that great old Scotsman who was big enough to concede that he was wrong and make public announcement of it, and to the Snake River Stock Grower's Association I owe considerable, for later, when I was being tried under criminal charges the boys from Snake River rallied and gathered the evidence which showed clearly the conspiracy entered into to convict me and put me out of the way and stop my efforts to equalize the use of the range between the larger class C users and the smaller class A and B's and with Mr. Robert MacIntosh I wish to place Mr. Joseph Reece and Mr. Jerry Pierce who likewise furnished their loyal support although they had to sacrifice their own interests in doing so.

All this occurred in May, June and July of 1906. The balance of that year I spent studying the relationship existing between smaller resident owners of livestock who grazed their herds on the nearby range wholly dependent upon the grazing land within the Forest Reserve. I discovered, through this study, that the classification of users (A, B and C) was just and fair. I had many serious talks with Tom Hogan about this.

In September of 1906 I was sent with Paul G. Reddington, who was then Forest Inspector, to make an examination and report on the illegal cutting of timber by George Suttle and his sons, Elmer and Arthur Suttle. The custom of the country was such, in those days, as to provide timber from any public lands for the use of the settlers and to sell it on the market by the sawmill man if he wanted to, at least this was the practice. The Suttles and their predecessor, Louis Flegel had cut timber in the vicinity of Sand Mountain on the west side of the Hahns Peak Basin. At this time Flegel had sold his mill to Suttle, also eighty acres of patented timber lands. Elmer Suttle had taken a homestead leaving about one-fourth mile between the patented area and his homestead. My first acquaintance with this case was through an application from the Suttles to purchase timber which Tom Hogan had received. He also had made an examination of the case on the ground. Here, I think, a mistake was made, for Suttle wanted to purchase timber on the strip between the patented eighty and his homestead. I have always believed that the trespass case could have been settled along with the timber sale had more patience been exercised. However, the trespass case was started and the application to purchase timber was denied. The result being, the case was taken to the Federal Court. The evidence secured was gathered by Mr. Paul G.

Reddington, Mr. Albert Whitney and myself. George Suttle was convicted. The conviction of Suttle created adverse sentiment throughout the region and I might say the whole Forest, for the Suttles had lived in this region a long time and were respected. My evidence was largely responsible for Suttle's conviction and he became a most bitter enemy to me, which continued until he died. I was warned time and again by Mr. Hank Campbell, Sheriff and Mr. Francis Smith, Deputy Sheriff, that Suttle was carrying a gun and would shoot me the first time I set foot on ground Suttle controlled, and later, when I was on trial, the influence of the Suttles came close to convicting me. However, the settlement of this case through the conviction of Suttle did prove that the Forest Service was a part, at least, of the United States Government and set people to thinking, for thereafter applications for permits to cut and purchase timber increased materially. But the people didn't like it.

The summer of 1907 I again took up the investigation of the grazing and livestock situation particularly in the North Park region on the east side of the Park Range Forest.

In this district the stockmen were, at least, noncombatant as a whole and the North Park Association under the presidency of Hubert Chedsey was earnestly trying to meet the changing conditions.

Here, on the east side of the Forest Reserve the population is mixed, with a number of Swedish ranchers and cattlemen among other racial combinations. Mr. Andrew Norrell, who at that time was probably the wealthiest individual stockman in the North Park country, was a persistent evader. His attitude and behaviour ran parallel to that of Mr. Fred Light, a trespasser on the Holy Cross Forest Reserve. Norrell and Light had the same attorney to defend them. Mr. Thomas Ward of Denver, Colorado. Tom Ward was a close friend of mine and frequently came to my ranch, fishing, bringing his two daughters along on different occasions and during personal conversations with Tom the opinions expressed by him were convincing and sometimes scared the dickens out of me, yet, at no time did Tom ever make a commitment which could assure me that the regulations were invalid, so with the support of the North Park Stock Growers Association we were about to get Norrell into court, but the trial of the case was postponed until the result of the trial of the Light Case was known. When the United States Supreme Court decided against Light, Norrell settled his trespass. This case made friends for the Forest Service throughout North Park for the reason that Andrew Norrell had persistently fought every effort of local and state authorities to control him. He avoided taxes and dodged his range assessments and public obligations and had fought the Big Horn Land and Livestock Company for years. Mr. William Marr was the manager of this concern and

when the Forest Service undertook to control Norrell's activities Norrell made the statement that he had licked Bill Marr, Larimer County too, had knocked hell out of the State of Colorado and "by heminy, I try Uncle Sam Vunce!" Later I had to arrest Norrell. I found him at his most distant ranch, called the Lone Pine Ranch. It was late in the evening when I reached the place and following western custom I had supper with Andy. Andy had his bed rolled out on the stock yard. There was no place to sleep as I had no bed with me and we couldn't start back that night because Andy had to take care of cattle that were still in the fields. At his request I waited over until the following morning. But when he found I had no bed he said, "Dot's it. You damn timber tings, you arrest poor old Andy and now you want to sleep mit him." Andy Norrell was no little man and the nights at the Lone Pine Ranch were particularly cold. Andy stuck up so high above me that he took all the covers when he rolled over, but I have always been thankful that he was a sound sleeper. After I had shivered about three hours I became tired of listening to him snore so I took all the covers off Andy and rolled up in them on the other side of the hay stack and, so far as I know, Andy slept the rest of the night in perfect comfort.

On the way to Walden the next morning we passed a small round-up. Andy and I stopped to look the cattle over. (Andy's brand was "T Bar J" strung out on the left side.) Joe Graham, a cow puncher for the Barney Mallon outfit, cut out a "T Bar J" stunted steer. It had T.B. and was merely a rack of bones. It was a known fact that Andy Norrell's cattle were about the finest in North Park. This steer was about the size of a yearling and must have been a three-year-old, at least. I asked Andy what was the matter with the steer. The boys had gathered around the spring wagon to see Andy under arrest, he looked around at them and laughed and said, "I think he got too much permit." Well the boys laughed and I had to laugh myself.

Since this case was the second one Norrell had been brought into court upon, this being in violation of the injunction issued in the previous case, his acquittal was due to his claim that his cattle just "naturally drifted" on the Forest and that you can make a line across the sage brush but a steer or cow knows "noting" about what a line means. That phrase "naturally drifted" became a by-word among the settlers on the east slope of the Park Range and it acquitted Norrell.

I attended the association meeting at Walden, Colorado of the North Park Cattle Grower's Association called for the sole purpose of equalizing the use of the range. When the members were assembled and the meeting called to order, Frank Murphy and Dan McIsaiac shut the door and locked it and stood guard over the only entrance. I was the only non-member in the bunch, which was composed of about 70 men. At this time the question to be

settled was the amount each should pay toward the association expenses and to determine the number of stock each should be permitted to run on the Forest Range. It was agreed in this meeting that nothing said would be divulged for the reason that everyone had been dodging taxes which was well known by all but hard to prove. Being authorized to administer oaths I was asked to swear them collectively to tell the truth and to give a correct statement and list of the number of stock each owned. When I came to Andrew Norrell he said, "Yah, I swear'd I would tell just how many I pay taxes on." Now the Swedes in this meeting were about equal in number to the other members, and they supported Norrell. Harry Green, manager of the "Figure 2 Bar" outfit, I believe a subsidiary of the Swift Packing Co., told Andy he was a "damned old crook". There was a little activity and considerable "cussing" for a few minutes. I remember distinctly what Mr. Chedsey said when we came up for air, "Gentlemen, parliamentary rules enforced by a club seems to be the best way to keep order here. Now we will proceed to business." But Andy never swore that he would tell anything but the truth about the number of stock he paid taxes on. Later on I met Andy in Denver on 17th Street, talking to Jim Norvell, the cowboy preacher. He and I came from the same Bailiwick and Jim knew well that Andy and I had locked horns. He stopped me and introduced Mr. Norrell to me. Andy said, "Yah, I know heem, I know heem too mooch--now let's talk about something nice," and he turned his back on me.

During the summer of 1907 Mr. Tom Hogan was called to Washington for office detail and a Mr. Whitney (not Albert, an Assistant Ranger, at that time on the Park Range Forest) was assigned as acting supervisor on the Park Range. Very little occurred during these months excepting that I continued to investigate the activities of the large class C outfits running cattle on the west slopes. In January, 1908, Mr. Hogan resigned and I was called to Leadville to attend the supervisors' meeting there. I had to ski from Grand River, now the Colorado, to Wolcott, a distance of twenty-six miles because the stage was blocked with snow. Since I was called without previous warning, in my hurry to get away I forgot to take snow glasses along and I was about snow blind when I arrived at the meeting. What I got out of that meeting left but little impression upon me and it was due to the help of Mr. Fred W. Morrell, who is still in the Forest Service, in Washington, that I was able to carry the additional work of office organization and prepare for a struggle which I felt, at that time, could be postponed but little longer.

My activities toward getting a true picture of range use and the distribution of the use of the range between the different classes were well known and when I was placed in charge of the forest I was told in no uncertain terms that if I took any action toward disturbing the rights (so-called) of the big outfits I

wouldn't last long. Emery Milner, president of the Milner Bank and Trust Company, warned me in February, 1908. Jack Ellis came to see me and virtually told me that I would have to "play with the big outfits."

A meeting was held in Dixon, Wyoming in early March, 1908, attended by Mr. Ed Gould of Kearney, Nebraska, one of the owners of the "Reverse 4" cattle outfit; (with Haley, one of the other owners) W. W. Wilson, who had previously been ranch manager for the "Reverse 4"; Charles Ayers, hooked up with Dericqules (The American Livestock Company); Bill Patten, Haley's range manager; I believe, Al Reeder of Snake River, living near Savory in Wyoming; one of the Beelers, also living on Snake River near the Wyoming line, and a representative of the "Two Circle Bar" outfit. These were the names, at least, that were given by W. W. Wilson, substantiated by Ed Gould as I remember them. At this meeting it was decided that my activities were not in accordance with the demands or policies of the Class C units and that steps should be taken to get rid of me. (Learned of this after my first trial at Hahns Peak, Colorado which resulted in a hung jury nine months or more later.)

Going back to the days before I became a member of the Forest Service it will be noted in the foregoing recital of events that I had a Shire stallion. During the two years since I had become a member of the Service I had leased the stallion, but I owed the former owner of the stallion, U. F. Harrison, about six hundred dollars on this horse. Harrison had purchased a ranch from Ora Haley and still owed Haley money. It became evident that the handling of this horse was a losing proposition for me. A man by the name of Gates wanted to buy this horse. Gates lived on Deep Creek about twenty-five miles northwest from Steamboat Springs. I showed him the books which represented the business done with this horse. I could not pay the chattel mortgage which Harrison still held on the horse and could not turn the horse over to Gates until I had Harrison's consent. We agreed on the terms and I wrote Harrison that night asking for his consent to the sale. This was in 1907. About the thirty-first of March, 1907, I received a letter from Harrison consenting to the sale and accepting Gates' terms. At this time I had the horse at the ranch of Pat Cullen under the management of Everett Stapleton. About the fifth of April, 1907, I notified Gates that I had received Harrison's consent to the transfer and Gates came to Steamboat Springs and I told him where to get the horse. About the sixth of April, 1907, Gates took the horse.

In March, 1908, I received a telephone call from Harrison that he had come to get the horse. I told him he knew where the horse was. He had a constable with him and took the horse. Gates called me up and asked me if I had sold him a mortgaged horse. I said, "Yes,

you knew it and I have Harrison's consent to the sale." Gates had come into town and secured a lawyer, W. B. McLelland, and they came to the Forest Office, during office hours, and told me that if I would pay Gates four hundred dollars and McLelland two hundred dollars and give Gates the earnings of the horse for the year that they would not prosecute the case. I studied this over for a while and told them that I would fight it. This occurred shortly after the organization of the Service and the headquarters of the district was in Denver. I called the Denver office and they sent Mr. Fred Morrell over to investigate. I showed Mr. Morrell all of the papers. It must be borne in mind that I knew nothing of this meeting held in Snake River. I was placed under formal arrest and Morrell advised me to get a lawyer from Glenwood Springs, Colorado. A Mr. Darrow, which I did and I also secured local lawyers, A. M. Gooding and Joseph Bozard. This cost me one thousand dollars for Darrow, five hundred dollars for Gooding and five hundred dollars for Bozard, plus expenses. At the time the preliminary hearing was held in Steamboat Springs the Justice, Mr. A. J. Leckenby, was one of the political leaders of the Democratic party. C. J. Leckenby, a son of A. J., owned the newspaper, the Democratic organ of the county. The presiding district judge, Judge Shumate, was up for re-election that fall. The district attorney, James Gentry, was also up for re-election, and all Democrats. Darrow became Shumate's opponent. At any rate, Justice Leckenby, acting upon advise from W. B. McLelland, Gates' attorney, refused to allow me to introduce my letter of consent to the sale and said that since I had offered to introduce this that he was bound by a rule that "after all the other witnesses have testified, the defendant may introduce evidence and make a statement in his own behalf as he may elect, under oath or otherwise." Since Gooding and Bozard had attempted to introduce the letter giving Harrison's consent to the sale in evidence, I had exercised my privilege in testifying in my own behalf and that I could not, thereafter, introduce testimony or evidence. The result was, I was bound over to the district court and held for trial. My bond was fixed, I believe, at one thousand dollars on each of the charges, first of selling mortgaged property and second, obtaining valuable goods under false pretenses. There were two banks in the town of Steamboat Springs at this time. I tried to get them to take up this bond and was turned down cold. I tried to mortgage my ranch and there were no takers. I drove out to see Pat Cullen, who was a stockholder of the First National Bank. Pat was an old neighbor of mine (they had given me twenty-four hours to raise the bond). It was the evening of the day after the hearing that I went to see Pat Cullen. After Pat had listened to what I told him he took his corn cob pipe out of his mouth and said "O'll be seein' youse at the bank in the morning at ten o'clock". As I turned to go Mrs. Cullen patted my arm. The next morning I went to the bank at ten o'clock. Pat was not there but he came about five minutes later. He went to the cashier and said, "Mr. Brown, have I any

money in the bank?" Brown said, "Why certainly, Pat." Pat said, "How much?" As I recall the amount was eleven thousand and some odd dollars Pat had on deposit. After Pat looked at his balance and had shown it to me he turned to the cashier and said, "Harry will be checking on my account and be damn sure you cash 'em." I felt like shouting, "Hurrah for the Irish!"

In April or early May, 1908, Mr. A. F. Potter, associate Forester and Mr. E. N. Kavanagh, the Assistant Chief of Grazing, came to the Park Range Forest to hold meetings with the cattlemen. We met with men at the Town of Yampa, Colorado. Mr. Arnold Powell, one of the largest users in this district, presided and displayed a decidedly favorable interest toward the Service. We held a meeting at Steamboat Springs and I virtually had to dog the few that attended the meeting into the room. This meeting was scarcely worthy of the name excepting the statement of Mr. George Vale concerning the personnel of the Service, which criticism concerned the men brought from the East, the so-called white-collared dudes. Even though Vale was a personal friend of mine and volunteered to and did testify in my behalf at my first trial, yet he expressed the feeling that existed toward members of the Service not natives of the West. This feeling was largely brought out by a statement in the Denver Post concerning the men to be placed in charge of District Two, which read as follows: "Mr. Smith Riley from Maryland, District Forester." This alone was used widely to create adverse sentiment and had a marked adverse effect on the public who didn't know that Riley had served for years in the West and was familiar with general conditions, that he had a good mind and was a good executive. Similarly were the names of other persons whose residence were given in some eastward state used to influence public opinion. Following the meeting at Steamboat Springs a meeting was held at Craig, Colorado. We got a few people into the hall but "Whispering Green," the man noted through the West with a voice that reached from the top of the hill seven miles out to Rifle, Colorado, paraded up and down the streets of Craig ballyhoosing to the crowd to go and see a mare and colt that he was showing. We got a few people into the hall in spite of "Whispering Green's" ballyhoos. From Craig we went to Slater, Colorado and held an evening meeting with the Snake River Association. We had a crowd in the old stone school house built and donated to the district by Robert MacIntosh. The constitution and bylaws of this association were under discussion. I think that Mr. Ed Wren was president. During the reading Ed stopped abruptly and looked wildly about. He called Al Reeder up to the platform and, I believe, Mr. Salisbury. They discussed whatever was necessary in low terms and all looked about. They saw me and called me up, we went in back of the curtain and I read the troublesome paragraph. This paragraph referred to the minutes of other meetings and contained the authority to appoint an executive committee to act in ridding the range of cow thieves. The instructions of the meeting contained

in the minutes related to. They appointed Charles Ayres, W.W. Wilson and Hi Bernard, they, in turn, to select one of the members to be unknown to all other members so selected who was to contact and employ a range rider to rid the country of thieves and the rate of assessment per head to cover this cost was fixed and set forth in detail. It must be borne in mind that this was eight years after the killings occurred in Brown's Park, that is, when Matt Rash and Isom Dart were killed and the Bassett family shot up.

I tore these pages out, took them to the stove and burned them myself. After this we went on with the meeting, revised the constitution and bylaws and the Snake River Stock Grower's Association became formally organized to do business with the Forest Service. Following this Mr. Potter, Mr. Kavanaugh and I went on to Rawlins, Wyoming, where we held a meeting with the sheepmen, which was largely and enthusiastically attended and full cooperation seemed to be the idea of each member. I wish to point out here the different reception given the Forest Officers by the sheepmen and that by the cattlemen during this early period of Forest Service history. The sheepmen informed themselves concerning the regulations of the range and this difference shows the aggressive and favorable attitude of the sheepmen in contrast to the disinterested attitude or aggressive opposition adopted by the cattlemen. During the discussion between Mr. Potter, Mr. Kavanaugh and myself about range conditions which occurred intermittently on this trip I was able to point out the necessity of having some sort of a foundation to base adjustment between units of each class and to indicate that some sort of a determination of the number of livestock actually occupying the range must be made.

To explain: On the west slopes of the Park Range Forest Reserve, that bordered the intermediate zone separating the desert range from the summer range and almost exclusively within the Forest, was the dumping ground for steers imported as yearlings to stock the open grazing land in northwestern Colorado. The customs of the range followed the habits of the wild game. The stockmen moved the herds, from the desert where they had wintered, slowly toward the distant mountains to the east for summer pasturage. The cattle of beef age, that is, three or four-year-old steers, were allowed to drop in the intermediate zone where the sage brush sheltered the blue stem grass and put fat on these cattle almost equal to corn. The younger and lighter steers were moved on to the higher ranges entirely within the Forest. This process of range management was called the "shove up." And when the fall storms came the process was reversed and it became the "shove down." To understand the difficulties in managing this range, it must be remembered the boundaries of the Forest Reserve were loosely drawn. They included parts of the intermediate zone where the beef found grazing within the reservation boundaries. It was necessary to know the number of cattle occupying these units of range which were divided between

the reserve lands of the forest and the unreserved lands remaining as a part of the public domain. It was a physical impossibility to control the moving of cattle without constructing drift fences and to have built fences would have been a public admission that the government was unable, by law, to regulate the use of government land within or without the Forests. Such an admission would have weakened, I believe, the position of the government in the cases then in court, namely, the Fred Light case and the case of Andrew Norrell. Under these circumstances it was necessary to know the number of cattle occupying these split units of range. So Mr. Kavanaugh came back to the Park Range Forest and he and I rode this range together, carefully. It was apparent that there was nothing to do but put the "shove up" under control and count the cattle, which is what the larger outfits did not want and was the very thing they were afraid I would do were I given complete supervision of the range.

In the latter part of June, 1908, or the first part of July, we arrived at the conclusion, that a tally of cattle must be made. Mr. Riley took exception to it, but Mr. A. F. Potter in Washington upheld Kavanaugh and myself and we called the round-up for count. It was astonishing, even to me, that we counted something like 46,000 head of cattle on range supposed to be pasturing around 20,000 head. At times with six round-up wagons, with over a thousand head of saddle horses and one to two hundred riders we handled and counted new cattle to the amount of a couple thousand a day or more. This round-up started about July 8 and was completed sometime the last of August. My reports on this round-up should be available, Mr. Pinchot, for your use and you are, no doubt, familiar with its contents.

When the round-up was completed and the bill for excess grazing presented it was found our count was so accurate that there was no chance of disputing it successfully. During this time nothing had been done toward the prosecution of the criminal charges against me and during this time Tom Ward, who was directing the defence of Andrew Norrell and Fred Light, was appointed United States District Attorney. So he had to withdraw from the Norrell and Light cases. It might be noted that Earnest Knabel had been appointed special prosecutor for the Forest Service and that law offices were established in Denver and that Mr. J. M. Gates, was a member of the legal staff of the Forest Service there for district two.

I went to Denver during September of 1908 and laid the evidence before the law officers that I had assembled at that time for my defense. A conference with Mr. Ward, United States District Attorney, Mr. Gates and myself had been arranged in Mr. Ward's office. Tom Ward told me that they had no case against me, and he knew Jim Gentry, District Attorney for Routt County, Colorado,

quite well, that Gentry had a case in Federal Court but the case did not amount to much and Gentry wanted to have the case thrown out so he suggested that he have Gentry come into his office for he was satisfied that Gentry would drop the case against me if he would drop the case against Gentry's client. Early in October I was in Mr. Ward's office and he told me that Gentry liked the idea and that at the next term of court at Hahns Peak, the County Seat of Routt County, Gentry would see that the case was dismissed, so I paid no further attention to it. I was instructed to appear in court, however, at that meeting. Darrow, my attorney from Glenwood Springs, was engaged in a political campaign for the position of District Judge against Shumate, who was on the bench. Gentry also had a good fight on his hands to hold his job. The upshot of the whole business was that instead of having the case dismissed against me, I was forced into trial without any witnesses or evidence on hand. Darrow was the leading council for me, assisted by Gooding and Bozard. The obstructive rulings of Shumate destroyed the value of most of the evidence and testimony in my behalf.

It is interesting to note the attitude of the jurors as they came up for examination and qualification to sit in the trial of my case. A Mr. Shaw from the south end of the Forest near Yampa and a user of the White River Forest declared emphatically that while he did not know me personally, that he could not sit as a fair and impartial juror because of his prejudice toward the Forest Service and its officers. The entire panel was exhausted because of this prejudice which most of the men freely expressed. George Suttle, whom I had been instrumental in convicting, appeared under a special venire. Suttle's statement, under oath, that he knew me, that he could disregard any feelings he had toward me as an official and could sit as a fair and impartial juror in my trial was pretty hard to swallow and the last preemptory challenge remaining for the defense was used on Suttle. With George Suttle excused, the selection of the jury was completed by accepting the next one called into the box and the trial proceeded. One of the last two selected was an ex-attorney named Clark, then engaged in mining over toward the Wyoming line in Colorado. For five days that trial continued as a battle royal with most of the jurors, the district attorney and the judge engaged in the fight to the limit. Their first objective seemed to be to convict me of being a Forest Officer and second to humiliate Darrow, who was Shumate's opponent. When the case went to the jury it was apparent that juror Clark was alone in his opinion. Clark hung the jury 1 to 11. Eleven for conviction and one for acquittal, which was Juror Clark's vote. My attorneys asked for a postponement until the next term and Gentry said he wanted to get it over with at that time.

Mr. Darrow decided to have a talk with Tom Ward so, accompanied by Judge Noonan, Gentry's opponent I think, and I believe Jack Gates

of the Forest Service, I went to Mr. Ward's office, and much to my surprise, Mr. Earnest Knabel was there. We went over the case with Mr. Ward and Mr. Knabel. Mr. Ward was quite annoyed at the failure of Gentry to keep his promise to dismiss the case and I wish to say that Mr. Knabel went strictly on the warpath. Telegrams were sent to Washington by Forest Service Officials, Mr. Knabel and Mr. Ward. The result was that Mr. Ward received instructions to take every possible step leading to my defense. I returned to Steamboat Springs accompanied by Mr. Sid Moore, Chief of Silviculture in District Two.

When we arrived in Steamboat Springs I was met by Mr. Bozard who informed me that the District Attorney, Gentry, had approached him with the suggestion that the Ratliff case be continued. This was indeed strange, and it showed that somewhere there was a leak. We found that a telephone conversation between the supervisor's (my) office in Steamboat Springs about the United States Department of Justice entering into the case had been heard by at least three forest service officers. One of whom was Sam Coleman. During this time it was found that Sam Coleman had been furnishing information to Gentry and had been in contact with representatives of Haley, and several of the larger outfits who were present during my trial at Hahns Peak.

It was a significant fact that some of the jurors were afterwards seen riding horses that were the pick of the "Two Bar", that is to say, one particular and prize cutting horse, Button, was given to Bruce Dawson who served on the jury and I overheard Si Dawson, Bruce's brother, say to Bruce, "Bruce, this is the dirtiest deal a Dawson ever got mixed into yet. I'm ashamed of you."

The effect on the Forest users of this trial was contrary to what might have been expected, for after all, most Western people have a sense of fair play. Mr. Ed Gould, of Kearney, Nebraska, who attended the meeting on the Snake River and Mr. W. W. Wilson, who attended the same meeting whereat it was decided to oppose me, took it upon themselves to write me what they knew about that meeting. Mr. Ed Wren, who was executive committeeman, made a trip to Steamboat Springs to see me about it and told me that Snake River, to the man, was going to stand back of me. Cattlemen from North Park sent me offers to help. Bill Marr, of the Big Horn Cattle Company, wanted to start a petition to the President. And every locality, except that which was near the "Two Circle Bar" and the "Two Bar" ranches seemed more friendly and I am happy to say that in the second trial in the following June these outfits and their representatives were conspicuous by their absence. I often wonder if Jack Gate's arm still aches with the desire he had to take a swing at Gentry. My acquittal was a matter of record, and from then on there was little to do in the way of adjusting the use of the range. But I wish to describe one incident at

Hayden. At one meeting of the users of the White River Forest and the users of the Park Range Forest I was invited as a guest speaker to explain how and why the large stockmen were able to adjust their differences satisfactorily on the Park Range and what methods were used by the Forest Service in handling complaints. At the same time a user of the White River was asked to explain why and to what methods were due the inability of the users to get along. I figured that maybe it was better for me to talk last, so I asked the gentleman to talk first, which he did. His complaint was this: That they had range but insufficient cattle to stock it. That he had applied for a permit to cover the deficiency and wanted to pay for the permit, that the application had been denied and cut back to the actual number owned, which, he said, was unfair because it left the range open for distant or non-resident users. In my reply I simply said, "This man has convicted himself by the words issued from his own mouth, to have approved his application would lay the whole range open to the monopoly of those able to purchase the use of the range without regard to the need of the industry," and that, in my opinion, the approval of an application for a permit to graze livestock in excess of the number owned would certainly be a violation of the regulations and contrary to the spirit and purpose of the law and regulations. I believe that this meeting had a favorable effect on most of the Forest users.

I had, by this time, made such an investigation of the range as to give me a pretty good idea of what the range classification should be. I found an area from above eight thousand feet, unoccupied by any class of livestock. At a meeting of the local association at Steamboat Springs I told members of this range and suggested that they either use it or the Forest Service would arrange for its use by the sheepmen from over-stocked ranges in Wyoming. They adopted the suggestion that they put steers on the range the following spring of 1910. Jack Ellis, our old ex-Forest Guard, tried to hold several hundred head of steers on that range as an experiment. The steers were placed on the range in early July and it would have taken an army to hold them. They shrunk in flesh and developed race horse habits in their efforts to outrun the green head flies. The whole thing was a failure. That fall of 1910 at another meeting of the stockmen's association I told them that we had just as well set a line between the cattle and sheep on that range. Among twenty-one men at the office in Steamboat Springs were Jack Ellis; Ad Keller, a brother of Dora Keller McKinlay, who was going to hang me to the sagebrush; Perry Clark, and many others living along Elk River and the Bear River. Pat Cullen said, "Be Jasus, Horry, we'll fight youse and we'll fight the sheep. Youse can never do it." Ellis admitted he couldn't hold his cattle up there and it was finally agreed that the range could not be used by cattle and the agreement was solid that it should not be used by sheep. I asked them what they would do if the Service put sheep

on. Pat Cullen and Ad Keller both told me, "You know what we have done before, and we can do it again." I kinda lost my patience and I told them, "I know you men and I know where you have been on different occasions before and I'll know where you are when the sheep go on -- for they are going on." I suggested that they select a committee to meet with me and talk things over. They agreed to do that and appointed Pat Cullen, Logan Crawford and Ad Keller as members. Now with twenty-one men cut down to three I figured I might have a chance, so we went into a session. I finally got Keller and Crawford to agree to look the range over and see what could be done about it by an actual examination, and they convinced Pat that this was the thing to do. We set a date in September to do it. The following day I received a telephone call from Keller and he said, "You go ahead with Pat and Crawford and whatever you fellows do is OK with me." I told him to see them and tell them himself. The next day I got a phone call from Crawford. He said he couldn't go, that he had talked it over with the other fellows and thought it a good scheme for Pat and me to go and fix the boundary and settle the matter. That afternoon I met Cullen on the street in Steamboat Springs and he told me in these words, "Harry, go set your stakes where you please. The committee and I have been talking it over, and you might be right." So that is how the sheep got on the Routt National Forest.

NOTE: The name of the Forest was changed about this time.

The following year, I believe 1911, we put eighty-five thousand (my recollection) head of sheep across this range and the schools were dismissed for a day in Steamboat Springs so the children could have their first sight of live sheep on trail.

The Park Range Forest, when placed under administration was largely an unexplored region insofar as topographic details were concerned. It is true a few elevations had been marked and the summit of Mount Ethel was recorded as about twelve thousand feet.

The range above timber line was relatively a rolling, grass-covered plateau with broken rocks showing through the soil. Lower, on the slopes below timber line were forests of Douglas fir, Engelmann spruce and Lodgepole pine. Outside of a few mining prospects little was known. The topography was sketchy and inaccurately mapped. What few land corners were established only added to the general confusion. So we had, at the outset, a territory supposed to have definite boundaries but which were so inaccurately fixed that the acceptance of one corner only proved the inaccuracy of another corner. We had to guess a lot and trust to luck.

Natural grazing units were split between public domain and reserved Forest lands. We had few roads, no trails, telephone lines or automobiles. In those days a Ranger had to live off the land. He had to pack a horse or two, a bed and panniers, sometimes filled with grub and slept in the open or in a teepee tent. It was loyalty and the determination not to back down that carried these men through. In other words, they would not lay down on the job once they had undertaken it.

Casting up my own balance -- I had a ranch which I had to sell for four thousand dollars, my cattle and horses sold for twenty-five hundred dollars and machinery and equipment for about five hundred dollars. In all, about seven thousand dollars when I entered the Service in May, 1906. When I resigned from the Service in 1914 I had nothing but one salary check for one hundred fifty dollars and a small expense account due me and a family to support. But I had acquired experience in dealing with the public, knowledge of natural resources and the friendship of MEN.

The same spirit that kept the cowboys loyal to their outfits, kept the Rangers loyal to their outfit and proud of their brand, the tree set in a banner.

The amount of timber available for use, the annual production in board feet that could be safely cut under a sustained yield plan was unknown up to 1912. A general reconnaissance of the timber areas was made.

The entire Forest was covered by this survey, the result of which gave a fairly accurate estimate of the actual amount of the timber suitable for cutting. Construction of roads was undertaken and cooperation with users was first secured in 1912. In 1913 a proposal to cooperate with the settlers in the building of a highway suitable for automobiles was made. The Rabbit Ears Pass road project was presented to the people of Steamboat Springs. I believe the funds to be raised locally was two or three thousand dollars. Mr. Fred Morrell brought the offer in person and we met with several of the prominent men including the bankers and leading stockmen. The best they could raise was about six hundred dollars. After Mr. Morrell returned to Denver we went into a huddle and decided to work on the sheepmen who were getting the benefits of the high range. A committee was appointed consisting of Jim Norvell, the cowboy preacher; Logan Crawford, who was the superintendent of the local fish hatchery and was running cattle, and myself. We used persuasion of various kinds and got about a thousand dollars more. Some of the people contributed willingly. We sent an old settler named Jim Garten over the sheep range to solicit the funds yet to be raised. Jim raised the balance needed. In recognition of Jim's services, I hired a team from him at the going rate of pay.

Jim was like the game. He migrated. That fall he went to Vernal, Utah and wintered there. His last check for team hire was sent to Vernal, Utah. Jim could neither read nor write, and endorsed his checks with his mark. He sent word to me to sell his team for him. That winter I sold his team as instructed but had to sell them on time payments. I gave a bill of sale and took a mortgage back exactly as Jim told me to do and as the money was paid I turned it over to Frank Miller, Jim's son-in-law.

At the time this road project was underway, 1913, the United Mine workers went on a strike and the local miners struck in sympathy with the mine workers in Eastern Colorado. Local sentiment was against the strike and strong-arm men were brought to intimidate those miners who wished to work. Father Myers, a venerable and highly respected Catholic priest protested when Rusty Ferguson and Kid Creek shoved a miner's wife and daughter off the sidewalk in Oak Creek Camp. They knocked Father Myers down and kicked him.

The people in northwest Colorado were somewhat impulsive. The conditions in the coal camps were becoming intolerable and the courts were filled with cases of assault and peace breaking. What happened to Father Myers crystalized this feeling and a meeting was called in Steamboat Springs which resulted in a decision to deport every tough character from the county. Mr. James Gentry, who had been re-elected District Attorney, (Gentry had prosecuted me in the case in 1908 and 1909) was in Steamboat Springs prosecuting these strong-arm cases.

I was working at night in the Supervisor's office and a committee called upon me and asked me to accompany them and read a protest as I was a neutral and the suggestions would be better taken if they came from me.

The Governor of Colorado at that time was E. M. Ammons, who I knew very well. Word had come to the Governor that the settlers were rising in wrath and were about to wipe out the strikers. Just before the committee called I received a 'phone call from the Governor asking what the situation was and asking me to try to hold things down until he could get the militia there. In view of the Governor's request I thought it might help if I went with the committee to see what it was all about. I went to the court room with the committee, which was composed of Logan Crawford, George Alter, Hugh (Doc) Munson and Daniel Stuckey. Crawford, I have identified herein, Stuckey was at the head of the Stuckey Mercantile Company, Munson was manager of the Hugus stores (largest mercantile institution in the country), Salter owned the leading blacksmith and machine shop of the town. When we got into the court room Salter, who was a "hot head", rushed ahead and told the justice they had a communication to the court. Monson handed a paper to me and asked me if I would read it, which I did,

and to my surprise it was a notice to certain named persons to get out of the country or they would put them out. I handed the paper to Gentry, he asked me to read it aloud. I did so, and as I finished reading I heard the pounding of footsteps on the court house steps and a mob that had gathered entered the room and took possession. Gentry hid behind a cupboard and I don't know where the justice went. At any rate, they took several of the men out of the courtroom and deported them. A man by the name of Garnier was handling the defense of these men for the United Mine workers. He may have been cuffed up some but I was too busy to notice what happened to him.

At any rate, I returned to the office. Crawford came in a few minutes and told me we had better get Garnier out of town or they would string him up. I asked where he was and Crawford said he was at the Barts Hotel. So we went to the Barts Hotel and found Garnier packing his grip. He was a badly scared man and he agreed to get out if we would help him. Before we could get him away the mob came again led by Salter, the blacksmith. Crawford and I had quite an argument with him. They finally agreed that they would let Garnier go if he would take the first train in the morning. Crawford and I had to promise to see him to the train, which we did the following morning. We got Garnier safely to the train and put him on it.

In the summer of 1913, the year of the strike, there occurred a change in the office personnel and a man by the name of Bitner was installed as Forest clerk. Bitner and Ray Peck, at that time, had differences, both personal and official. Peck came to see me, while I was in bed with a broken leg, and brought with him Everett Stapleton, who was a Forest Ranger at that time, and said he had stood about all he could of Bitner. In fact, I had stood about all I could myself. Peck was at that time my Assistant Supervisor. He is now Supervisor of the Grand Mesa Forest with headquarters at Grand Junction, Colorado. Peck and Stapleton left me and went back to have a talk with Bitner. Bitner had somehow been informed that Peck had come to see him and had left the office. It developed that Peck and Stapleton found him in the office of an attorney by the name of Mann, who defended the men arrested at Oak Creek, Colorado for breach of peace and other criminal charges. I don't know what started it, but as far as I could learn, Peck gave Bitner a pretty sound thrashing. Bitner came to me afterward, but I told him I had no sympathy with him, that I was going to stand back of Peck. Bitner sent a telegram to the United States District Attorney that I had misused government funds and was subject to criminal action. This, of course, was turned over to the District Forest Office and in due course came the investigation. The charge was that the team I had sold for Garten and had taken the mortgage in my own name was my property bought from Garten with Government funds. The charge was

without foundation, and upon investigation was found to be not true. Later I learned that Bitner was a communistic radical and associated with agitators for the United Mine workers.

Following this, with the publicity I had received in connection with the strike situation which involved the bringing of United States Army Regulars (cavalry) to take the place of the militia I found that I had disipated, in defending myself in 1908, by bearing my own expenses trying to get along on the salary received, a ranch, which I sold for four thousand dollars and a herd of cattle which I had sold for around twenty-five hundred dollars, plus about five hundred dollars worth of equipment, and I was just about broke. My salary at that time was eighteen hundred dollars per annum. After eight years of work I decided that I had been in the Service long enough. Therefore, I resigned and entered the employment of the Denver and Salt Lake Railroad as exploration engineer and I am glad to say that I have improved my financial condition.

I think my later success was largely the result of my training in the Forest Service, and I cherish in my memory a kindly feeling for those good old boys who went through the fires with me.

I have given above in narrative form the outstanding cases handled by me as a Forest Officer between 1906 and 1914. However, there were other incidents worthy of note. These events serve to show the results accomplished by fair and reasonable interpretation of the regulations controlling the use and protection of Forest resources.

Homesteads and Desert Claims filed before the creation of the original Forest were examined and reported upon with due regard for the conditions of climate, roads, markets and handicaps of remote frontier regions.

An outstanding case was the Desert Claim of Clinton E. Bivens, located on Big Creek in Township 8 North, Range 84 West, 6th Principal Meridian. The land was covered by sagebrush, with scattering groves of aspen and lodge pole pine. Bivens had built ditches, cleared the brush and some timber as described above. There were aspens growing on the land eight to ten inches in diameter. The land was producing about two hundred tons of timothy hay and considerable grain, oats and rye.

Bivens had complied with the law in every respect, yet there was timber of commercial species actually growing on the land.

My view of the case brought a conclusion that Bivens should have the land. The report of the examining officers was adverse. The application for patent was protested and a hearing ordered. At the hearing all the testimony showed compliance with the law. I was asked this question, "Is this land involved in this hearing desert land or not?" I answered, "It would be presumptuous for me to answer this question." The Secretary of the Interior has that responsibility, not me. The evidence introduced and not my opinion should govern." The Secretary of the Interior decided that, "Land that will produce a better crop under irrigation than otherwise, even though scattering timber of commercial species is growing on portions of the claim may be patented as desert land provided other conditions imposed by the law have been met."

In another case, John Weston desert claim, in the same region, but four miles distant, the claimant had a ditch built from a dry gulch and less than eight acres plowed. This was also a desert claim of 160 acres. The proof showed twenty-one acres under cultivation. Before approving the report I went upon the claim and measured the plowed area. The ranger's report gave about ten acres, actually there were just under eight acres. Joseph Bozard was attorney for claimant and he came to my office with a copy of the notice of hearing with charges of non-compliance. I made the following proposal: Bozard and claimant go on the ground with myself and another Forest Officer and measure the land. If the land cultivated was twenty acres or over, I was to recommend clearing the case for patent. However, if the plowed areas was less than twenty acres, the claimant was to abandon the case and relinquish. Bozard and the claimant accepted. The land measured out by the claimant and Rangers Peck and Darley, I think, under eight acres. The claimant relinquished and the land was restored to the Forest.

Nothing but good resulted from these two cases. In the winter of 1909-1910, Frank Lester, a homesteader on Slater Creek was confined in the State penitentiary at Canyon City. His family, wife and three or four small children had to leave the claim and were being supported and housed by Mr. Robert MacIntosh at Slater, Colorado. Two men jumped the Lester claim. MacIntosh called me by telephone stating the facts as outlined above. I telegraphed these facts and the Forester instructed me to dispose of the claim jumpers and hold the claim for the Lesters. Rangers Stapleton and Brock took over the claim and Lester, when freed from the penitentiary, resumed possession of and patented the land.

Up to 1908, the protection of game was not actively undertaken for several reasons. The most important to me was the antagonistic feelings already in evidence over timber, land and grazing control. To have added game protection would have placed a burden on the already over-worked and under-paid Rangers that would have driven some of the best men to private work in order to live.

These men had to furnish and feed their own horses and furnish their subsistence, but in 1909 we were getting a few log cabins built and some pastures fenced, which helped a lot.

However, in 1909-10, with the grazing situation in hand by the winning of the Light and Norrell cases, and timber stealing practically stopped by the conviction of George Suttle, we felt that game could properly be given attention. All Forest officers became game wardens to serve without pay. Notice was given by news items and through the stockgrowers' associations.

In general, the taking over of game protection by the Forest Service was favorably received. Yet we had to be tolerant. I myself had to pass grouse feathers for rabbit hair a time or two, but the lecture I gave left a lasting impression, I know. The Forest Service and Colorado State Fish Commission were the first, I believe, to learn that the rocking of a pack horse gave ideal aeration to fish fry. Logan Crawford assisted the Service by furnishing one hundred seventy thousand fry to stock barren lakes along the Continental Divide. Sheepmen and cattlemen furnished twenty head of pack horses and this one job completely stocked about ten lakes which later became popular as a trout fishing region.

In 1902, Logan Crawford and I stocked two lakes with fry taken from Derby Lake at the head of (Bear) Yampa River. These fish in 1911 were large, some weighing over twenty pounds.

In September, 1911, large trout were seen on display in Steamboat Springs and some were sold. Crawford and I recognized the trout as Derby Lake stock by peculiar red blotches on the jaws. We sent to Lakes Luna and Elbert and found piles of fish entrails two feet across and six to eight inches deep. We trailed burro tracks going and coming to the lake, found missing from a private stock of dynamite about forty sticks, also caps and fuse were missing. We found dynamite wrappings along the shore and after two weeks work arrested and later convicted Jack Ellison, a sheepherder, and one other man in the district court. Judge Shumate presided and James Gentry prosecuted.

The public became interested in game protection after this case and a park for elk was built near Steamboat Springs. A young bull elk was found wounded in the hips. The business men at Steamboat Springs joined the stockmen and Forest officers in running the violators down. William Reynolds, a settler, and former neighbor of mine, was arrested and convicted of this violation and this case also left a good taste in the public mouth.

Jesse Nelson, Ranger Brock and I were making an inspection of the western end of the Forest in 1912 -- we met a man coming down from Black Mountain on a long trot and scared plenty. We got him stopped and finally learned that Charles Perkins was killed. We took the man back to the Perkins sawmill and found Perkins had been killed by a log rolling off the load which had pinned his head on the bunker. A prong of an iron cog had been forced through his eye and into his brain. We took the body, after noting the facts, to a bunk house, notified the coroner and set down to hold the only witness and the corpse. It was ninety miles to the county seat. The coroner arrived next afternoon with one man. He impaneled Jesse Nelson, Ranger Brock and myself with the other man as a coroner's jury, examined us as witnesses, he listened to our testimony and pronounced Charley Perkins dead, killed by an accident.

On this trip Jesse put one over on the Snake River cowboys by roping his horse in professional style and it was a pretty job. The cowboys followed Jesse about like pups after that.

Another trip Jesse and I took with Ranger Taylor in North Park was to look over the second Norrell Trespass. Accompanied by three or four cowboys we headed for the range. These cowboys figured on losing Jesse and me in a big area covered by down timber. Jesse rode a grey horse of mine named Jerry. I rode a bay named Turk. These horses had grown up in down timber and were short coupled, well muscled horses, active as cats and trained to the job. All we had to do was hang on. Jesse and I kept our stirrups and the cow punchers rolled logs, sweat and punched cows afoot.

This horse Turk was the horse that carried food and water through living flame to Bert Rakestraw, Jim Blackburn, P.J. (Doc) Paxton and three others surrounded by fire on the south fork of Elk River in 1910. He was a great horse. Today when folks and Rangers speak of horses they say, "He's almost as good as old Turk."

In August, 1910, C. J. Stahl, accompanied me on a general inspection trip. We were at Hahns Peak Ranger Station when we noticed a smoke rising in timber between the south fork of Elk River and Big Creek. We had a pack horse and bed but no grub. That ride raised Stahl to a pretty high point in my opinion for we rode hard and fast. There was a road for possibly half the distance and the balance of the way was over hills, gulches, down timber and rocks. About four miles from the smoke was a turnip patch planted by a June 11 settler, Fred Reddert. No one was at the homestead and we needed grub so we pulled and ate turnips, fought fire and ate turnips, rested and ate turnips. All night long we cut fire line, raked brush and leaves and ate turnips.

I wonder if Stahl likes turnips, I never eat them! (Note: Stahl and I met in Denver. He threatened to shoot me if I ever mentioned turnips to him again.)

In August, 1911, when Appallonio Barros, a sheepherder, and his dogs were killed by lightening, he was buried in an open park. Forest officers read the burial service, sang at the graveside and all. Sheepherders, prospectors and rangers joined in the Lord's prayer. Such things brought men closer to each other and bound them by ties of understanding and square shooting, fair dealing and justice.

In 1911, Oscar Walker, an ex-saloon keeper, outfitted wagons with liquor and prostitutes which he hauled into the Red Park district at the north end of the Forest. During the resulting orgy eleven bands of sheep were abandoned by herders and it took over ten days in cutting pens to separate them. I sent Rangers Stapleton and Brock to the scene. They put the traveling honky-tonk out of the Forest, took over the sheep business and straightened things out in a hurry. These two men captured an escaped convict from Rawlins penitentiary, turned him over to Sheriff Chivington of Routt County at Columbine, Colorado. While the Sheriff was scattering his glory to the newspapers for political purposes, his prisoner (Dempster) walked off and left him at the telephone. (Note: The Rangers had arrested him once. The Sheriff (Chivington) tried to get them to go after Dempster again. They told him to "go to hell" with my full approval.)

These cases were a part of the foundation of the structure left by the old-timers for those that followed us.

It should be noted that the commissioners of Routt County later reimbursed each contributor to the Rabbit Ears road fund in full and that the Forest Service never had any responsibility for this fund. Also it should be noted that the transient sheep were assessed at full value on a full year basis. Mr. J. St. A. Boyer asked me to join in a protest before the Board of County Commissioners. I refused and suggested he and other sheep owners pay the taxes under protest and fight the case. This was done and the case went to the Supreme Court, which confirmed the contention of these sheep owners as they had also been assessed in Wyoming for three-fourths of the year. So they, accordingly received a refund of three-fourths of the money paid under the court decision with costs, I believe.

I cannot pass over the abandonment of the school for rangers project in 1909. I think this was your own splendid idea, Mr. Pinchot, and has later been put into effect. The short-sighted penurious rulings of the (Comptroller?) certainly gave us many jolts and when you were taken from us it just seemed more than we could bear.

This set the Service back, I firmly believe, many years, and it seems to me there followed a period of stagnation, a time when we staggered like men beaten down by some power not understandable. The viciousness and vindictiveness accompanying your passing turned many of us into cynics at least for a time, and I am amazed at the continuation of this viciousness as evidenced by recent articles over the signature of our present Secretary of the Interior (Ickes) who should pause, at least long enough to study the facts and learn that principles and not persons were the issue then as they are today, if a common man may presume to suggest to such majesty.

Rangers William Darley, Ray and Ed Peck, Stanley Brock, Everett Stapleton, James Blackburn, Harvey Hurd, Angus H. Taylor and P.J. (Doc) Paxton took leading parts in the above events. I do not know what I would have done without them.

To John M. Cates, law officer, Fred W. Morrell, Jesse Nelson, Carl J. Stahl and Edward N. Kavanagh are due my everlasting gratitude for their loyal support. And to Mr. A. F. Potter, associate forester, I owe much for his sympathy, understanding and confidence. To yourself, my old Chief, do I dedicate my experiences to use as you choose, for it was you who carried me, carried all of us, overlooked our mistakes, gave kindly council and stood steadfast and solid always just a little ahead of us leading us in the fight.

May I add that over all was a man who understood, who had lived the life we lived, who gave all when he gave, who was generous with the weak and strict with the strong, who knew right from wrong - Theodore Roosevelt.

I note with particular interest and satisfaction that the papers re. my second trial returned from Washington bore the initials of yourself and also the initials of T.R.

FIRSTS ON THE ROUTT

1905-1907 - Thomas Hogan, Ranger in Charge.

1906 - First Forest Guard, J.M. (Jack) Ellis. Served March to May, 1906. Harvey Hurd, Albert Whitney, Harry Ratliff - May, 1906 - Paul Reddington, Forest Inspector, John O'Conner, June, 1906 - died mysteriously about July, 1906. Harry Criswell, 1906. Harvey Hurd was stationed in North Park, John O'Conner on Snake River, Harry Criswell on Hahns Peak. Harry Ratliff, Roving Ranger, grazing and trespass. Paul Reddington was on Suttle timber trespass. Thomas Hogan was at Kremmling and Muddy Creek.

First Timber Sale - Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company.

First Sawtimber Sale - E. V. Wall, Rabbit Ears.

First Sawmill - E. V. Wall, Rabbit Ears.

First Trail - Up Mad Creek to Swamp Park and lakes to Continental Divide. Built by Ratliff with cooperation Husted, et al to lakes.

First Trout planted by Logan Crawford and Harry Ratliff - 1902.

First fire at foot of Buffalo Pass - North Park side. Fought and extinguished in June, 1902. Eight Days. Hurd and Ratliff.

First trip above timber line - Buffalo Pass to Hog Park, Encampment Creek, August, 1906 by Ratliff.

First grazing trespass to court - Andrew Norrell, North Park.

First Telephone line - Mountain States T & T Co. - Rabbit Ears Pass.

First Government Telephone - Steamboat Springs to North Park.

First Ranger Station built - Hahns Peak by Ratliff, Stapleton and John Walters.

First Arrest - George Suttle, by Ratliff for timber trespass.

First arrest for game violation - Arrest made by C. J. Stahl and Ratliff in 1910.

First Office - Kremmling, Colorado, 1906. Moved to Steamboat Springs in August, 1907, I think.

First Forest Clerk - Charley Sommers.

First Forest reconnaissance started 1910. H. Hurd, Doc Paxton, Ray Peck, Jim Blackburn, Wm. M. Darley, Ed Parks and others, 21 men in all.

First Drift Fence - Buffalo Park, south of Rabbit Ears, north to Buffalo Park. Harry Mason in charge. Built by Francis Smith under contract in 1911, I believe.

First portable treating plant - about 1911 in charge of Harry Mason, Madison, Wisconsin Laboratory Technician.

First Road - Elk River up North Fork to Diamond Park. Built 1909 by Ray Peck in charge and Stanley Brock and L. Ayers.

First Seed Plant and Building - Forks of Elk River, Called "Seedhouse."

First Forest Assistant - Percy J. "Doc" Paxton. We had to change his name to keep him alive.

First Deputy Supervisor - Ray Peck.

First Roundup and Counting of Range Cattle - 1908. Ed. N. Kavanagh and Harry Ratliff in charge. Control committee: Joseph Reef, Seven outfit, Pierce Reefe Co., Ed Wren, Snake River. Harry Ratliff, Ray Peck, Jim Blackburn, Jim Oliphant, Ed Peck, Wm. Darley assisted.

First Examiner - June 11, 1908 - Heilman. Died on job.

First Lookout Station (Also first in District 2, I believe) - Hahns Peak, around 1908 or 1909.

First sheep war off Forest - Shell Creek. Ratliff and Stapleton sent (loaned) to General Land Office. 1909.

First Sheep on Forest - About 1910 or 1911. Ratliff, Stapleton, Stanley Brock and Lawrence guards on job. J.S. and A. Boyer, Jack Ellis, Willis Rouff in charge. George Class, Camp Mover.

Largest Fire - Elk River - Big Creek near Fish Wells to Whiskey Park. 1910. Stapleton with improvement crew fought 16 days from Whiskey Park to Elk River (South Fork). Ray Peck and Ratliff fought fire 21 days, Fish Wells to South Fork Elk River. Rain put it out.

Largest Timber Trespass - Carbon Timber Co. - Encampment Creek. 1902 to 1908. Settled by payment and cutting and clearing 200-foot fire guard along Continental Divide between Hog Park and Snake River, Elk River drainage.

Last Buffalo - Shot on Big Bull Mountain, 1900, by Chas. Franz.
Not killed. Carcass found 1902 by Logan Crawford and Harry
Ratliff in willows along North Fork Elk River, Diamond Park.

First General Hunter - Frank Dengg - Dead now.

First Burial - Apalonio Barros. Killed by lightning in Whiskey
Park. Buried by Harry Ratliff and William (don't remember his
last name).

/s/ Harry Ratliff

CARBON TIMBER CO. TRESPASS

Since Fred Johnson asked me to make some comment on this case, the following may suffice:

In 1901-02 Andy Olsen, Dan Wilt and P.O. Short hauled wagon loads of men to Steamboat Springs and Walden, Colorado to file on timber claims just south of Wyoming line in Routt and Larimer Counties. In 1903, 04, 05 Jack Ellis and I, Chas. Larsen and Geo. Kinney, all of Elk River, furnished beef, oats, hay and grain to tie camps along Encampment Creek, Damfino Creek, Brush Creek and Hog Park. In 1906 the Carbon Timber Co. negotiating purchase of timber. In July 1907 Sam Coleman, Assistant Forest Ranger, Earl Salisbury, Forest Guard, started cruising trespass. In September, 1907, Ratliff (Ranger) and Stapleton (Guard) instructed to go to trespass area, make inspection, find out why no progress being made. Coleman being furnished men by trespasser. Salisbury working with Company tie hacks. Coleman locating trespass cuttings, using data furnished by trespasser. No maps being prepared, timber tally wholly inaccurate, no field notes or status of ownership. Coleman and Salisbury not getting along at all. Took over and ran tie lines to Colorado-Wyoming line. Found hiatus, leaving a strip undescribed and all cut, found overlaps and corners destroyed or moved as proved by witness trees and bearing objects. Coleman sent to Steamboat Springs. He took all marking hatchets. Overtook him. Took hatchets. I returned to Steamboat in late November. Worked up tally sheets during Dec. 1907. Many millions of feet of timber and millions of ties involved.

Hogan took maps, tally sheets and reports to Denver District headquarters.

Jan. 2, 1908 - Andy Olson, General Manager of Carbon Timber Co., and P.O. Short came to Steamboat and offered \$1.00 per M board measure for timber according to tally as of then. Offer rejected by me and referred to District office on account of insufficient time to cover entire area cut over. They go to Denver to see Hogan, I was informed. January 10 Hogan returns, has resigned. I put in charge. January 14, Supervisors' meeting at Leadville, Colo. Sid Moore, Silviculture, Jesse Nelson, Supervisor of Medicine Bow (including Hayden Forest) asks about Carbon Co. Timber Trespass. I stated no maps or area descriptions and total tally not given. I recommended re-examination by special crew. I was informed later that this was done as area was transferred to a newly-created Forest (Hayden Forest) under Supervisor James Blackhall and that re-examination showed many more areas cut over than found in first examination. Maps and figures first examination never delivered to District Office or were lost there.

A settlement was made at \$.50 per M ft. I was later informed. Fred Johnson told me in Jan., 1948. No maps and records in this case are to be found. Peculiar at least. Two sets of papers in this case gone. Carbon Timber Company was controlled by the Union Pacific Railroad.

/s/ Harry Ratliff

STATEMENT OF PERCY RAY

I arrived on the Routt Forest August 24, 1920. It was my first assignment. I had ridden across with 2 saddle horses and a pack horse from Tabeguache Basin on the Uncompahgre Forest, via Delta, Grand Mesa, Rifle, Meeker, Hayden, Steamboat Springs to the Grizzley Creek Ranger Station in North Park. It took me 8 days to make the trip.

I arrived in Steamboat Springs one morning about 9 o'clock and located the Forest Supervisor's office above the F.M. Light & Sons clothing store. I went in the store and asked what sort of a fellow the Supervisor (Ray Peck) was, as I had been on the trail several days and was dressed in Levis and high heeled boots and wondered if I had not better get me some store clothes and dress up before going up to his office and introducing myself. One of the Light boys who I talked to told me Ray was a regular fellow and would probably think more of me if I showed up in my regular garb in as much as I had ridden cross country to there than if I bought me some store clothes just to go up to meet him, altho they could have sold me a whole new outfit.

I went up and introduced myself to Supervisor Peck, who was cordial but I thought quite brief. He said I was to take over the North Park District which was over the other side of the mountain and supposed I was tired and wanted to get over there to the Grizzly Creek Ranger Station as soon as possible. I said yes, and he came down on the street and pointed out the road going up over Buffalo Pass and told me where to head out of town to get on the road. He said Ranger McClannahan was at the station waiting for me as he was anxious to get away and he would turn the property and the district over to me. I saddled up and rode over to the Grizzly Creek R.S. and met Ranger McClannahan who gave me a few pointers about the work, checked the property out to me and he left in a day or two for California.

I was not entirely green as to what was to be done as Bert J. Ray, my brother, had been a ranger on the Uncompahgre Forest for a number of years and I had stayed with him off and on for a year after arriving in Colorado from Wisconsin 5 years prior to this. However, I was the New Ranger to the stockmen and ranchers about there and they had to put me straight on how to do or not to do. Adam Gottler, who owned a ranch several miles south of the Ranger Station along the forest boundary, wanted to keep me out of trouble and told me the first time he met me that if I ever came onto him riding up in the forest and he motioned me to go back, I had better go back. I told him that if I ever saw him on the forest and he motioned me to go back he could be sure that altho I might get out of his sight, he would not get out of mine if I could help it until I found out what he was up to as I would be sure he had either broken the law or was planning on breaking it and I would plan to catch him if I could.

Later that year Durward O. Johnson, (Now Ranger on the Arapaho) who lived with his folks near the Gottler place, came to the Ranger Station and said that all the fish in Willow Lake, a small lake about one-half mile west of Gottler's place on the forest, were dead. He had been up there and there were tons of dead fish floating belly up in the lake. He thought Gottler had dynamited the lake and gave his reasons for thinking that. I reported all the information about it to Supervisor Peck who decided to have Gottler arrested and charged with dynamiting the lake and try and get him to plead guilty with the pretense we had plenty of evidence to make it pretty tough on him. This was done and Gottler was arrested and taken before Judge Chedsey at his ranch below the Ranger Station. Gottler was told that we had the evidence and he would get off easier if he pled guilty, which he did. I believe he was fined \$150.00 and costs which he paid. He said he did not know just why he had dynamited the lake because he could always go back there and catch a mess of fish any day thru the summer without any trouble, but that he had company from Fort Collins, Colorado at the time and he had set a stick of dynamite off in the lake thinking it would kill only a few of the fish and they wanted to salt down a couple of kegs of fish for the winter. However, the dynamite had killed all the fish in the lake which was not a large lake. Before Gottler was allowed to leave the Chedsey house he was arrested and charged with killing a deer the fall before illegally. He pled guilty and was fined \$100.00 and costs which he paid.

In the fall of 1920 soon after I took over the North Park District I noticed a car passed the Ranger Station every morning before daylight and went up Little Grizzly Creek onto the forest, returning each night after dark. Those were the days of stills and bootleggers and I decided likely someone had a still up on the forest somewhere, so I kept a horse in one night and had him saddled and ready to go the next morning when the car went by the station. I followed the car up some two or three miles to where they stopped and discovered the passengers were two old Scotchmen from down near Coalmont who were fishing enthusiasts and built their own flies. They were making a trip back to Scotland that winter to see their relatives and were having some fun before they left by going up to one of the lakes on Buffalo Pass where there were some real large fish to see who could make the best flies or who was the best fisherman. When I told them who I was and how I had thought they were probably bootleggers with a still up there somewhere they had a good laugh.

There was a bootlegger who had a still on his place south of the Ranger Station who paid me a visit soon after I took over the District. He told me about his excellent liquor that was pure and would not hurt anyone. He wanted me to sample some of it. When I told him I never drank and I was opposed to the stuff in general, he became a little worried and said you will not report me to the

federal officers will you. I told him so long as it was on his place and not on the forest I did not suppose I would do much about it. He then said "you will not think any the less of me for making it and offering you a drink will you?" I told him I was sure I would not think any more of him for it because I did not think much of that kind of business.

During the winter of 1920-21 I skied over to Steamboat Springs to a ranger conference alone. I had never been on skis in my life before that winter and had done very little skiing before I made the trip to Steamboat Springs. I made the trip over all right, but on the return trip altho it was clear and nice when I left Steamboat Springs in the morning I ran into a real blizzard that afternoon on Buffalo Pass. I holed up in the old Buffalo Pass Ranger Station that night while the blizzard raged outside. The next morning the storm was still going full force and there was about three feet of light feathery new snow on top of the eight or ten feet of old snow. (You could ski right out onto the top of the station from the east side while the snow was swept out nearly to the ground on the west side of the station). I called Supervisor Peck by phone and told him what the weather was like. He asked if I had any food with me. I told him I had raisins, chocolate bars, etc. and could stay for several days if I had to without suffering for lack of food. He told me I had better not try to go on to North Park until the storm let up. He was an old timer in that country and knew what a storm like that was on the top of Buffalo Pass, however, I was young, strong and foolish enough to think I could make it. I started out and went probably a half a mile by following the telephone line thru the trees. When I came out to an open park and the telephone line was down across the park and I could not see over a hundred feet I realized I could easily lose my way in a storm like that. I decided Supervisor Peck was right and the best place for me was back in the old Ranger Station. I turned back and altho I was sinking in the feathery snow 14 to 18 inches all the way out I could not back track myself 100 yards as the wind was blowing my tracks full right behind me. I had followed the telephone line out and I followed it back to the Station. I stayed at the station all day and the storm continued all day without a let up. In the evening I had to go out and rustle some dry wood to keep the fire going and the new snow was about 4 feet deep and a person could hardly travel thru it at all I became somewhat alarmed and called Supervisor Peck and told him what the conditions were. He told me that he, Dean Cochran, Deputy Supervisor (now of the W.O.) and Ranger Lew Segur would come up the next day on snowshoes and break a trail out for me, and for me to start in the morning for Steamboat Springs. The storm stopped during the night and the next morning I was out and ready to go at 6 A.M. When I got my skis on and started out I realized the snow had settled during the night and that the going was not bad at all. It was a nice morning and I went back in the station and called for Peck but he, Cochran, and Segur had already started. If they had

not started when I called I would have gone on to North Park but as it was I headed for Steamboat to meet the rescue crew. As the going was mostly down hill I made good time and met Peck, Cochran, and Segur just at the upper end of Strawberry Park. I went on to Steamboat Springs with them and stayed there for six weeks before trying to return to Grizzly Creek. Stories had gotten spread around Steamboat Springs that I had broken a leg somewhere on top of Buffalo Pass and another that I was lost up there somewhere and that a rescue crew had gone out to search for me. The paper there had one of these stories in it at the time I do not remember which it was. When I made the return trip across to North Park I started early one morning and made the trip across to Grizzly Creek R.S. by early afternoon.

McClanahan, the Ranger who left the North Park District in the fall of 1920, returned in the spring of 1921 to take the district back. It was in May I believe. I was to transfer to the Bears Ears District and I had four horses. McClanahan said if I would get started about midnight I could cross Buffalo Pass on the crust at that time of year. I tried it three different nights; the last time I got nearly out on top of the pass but the horses were sinking in to their bellies and there was eight feet of snow there. I turned back and rode down south thru the Park to near Kremmling and crossed over Gore Pass coming out at Toponas on the Yampa River. I rode on down the Yampa to Craig and out to the old Counting Ranger Station. I took the Bears Ears District over from Gilbert Lancaster who was serving under temporary appointment having taken the ranger examination in the fall of 1919 before he was given the temporary appointment and again in 1920. He failed to pass either examination.

The old Counting Ranger Station on Four Mile Creek was named that because the ranger stationed there counted the cattle brought up to the forest in the spring from down on the winter range on Snake and Bear Rivers. Most of these cattle were driven up on one big round-up and came thru by way of the Timberlake country. They would hold and cut out their individual cattle out west of the Craig-Baggs road on Willow Creek. The Snake River cattle were taken thru by way of Willow Creek thru the old boundary or counting fence, south of Bakers Peak across to Slater Creek, some going on across to the old Hayden Forest, now part of the Medicine Bow, others going on the Routt Forest all the way from Willow Creek to Slater Park. The Bear River cattle were taken across by way of Fortification Creek, Little Bear and on to the forest on the North Fork of Elkhead and in California Park. The Counting Ranger Station was traded off while I was on the Bears Ears District along about 1926 or 1927, I think.

While I was on the Routt the last round-up and big drive from lower Snake and Bear Rivers was held. I do not remember the exact year but it was along about 1923 or 1924. As I remember they had a drive of about 3500 cattle bunched on Willow Creek before the cut

began. I have some pictures taken of that roundup. Some of the outfits at that time were "Two-Bar" outfit and the "Seven" outfit from down on Snake River. The O.V.O., Penland, Leggett, Baxter Bros., Salisbury's, Tooles, and Temple outfits from along Snake River and Slater Creek.

At that time there was a fence running north and south over on Willow Creek. It was west of Bakers Peak and had been built by the Forest Service. I believe it was built on the forest boundary when built, but it was three or four miles from the nearest forest land at that time. A large portion of that country had been in the forest when first created and had been eliminated some years before I came to that District. This land had all been homesteaded and patented, however, most of the homesteaders had left their claims after getting a patent to the land and had gone elsewhere to make a living. When I first went to the Bears Ears District the cattlemen grazed all of this patented land throughout the years without charge because it was unfenced. Later the sheepmen leased practically all of it for spring and fall grazing and paid the owners at the rate of \$25.00 for 160 acres or about \$1.00 more per year than the taxes were. The cattle going onto the forest on the Snake River side were all counted thru this fence on Willow Creek. The fence was built of cedar post and 4 strands of galvanized wire. The fence had been there about 20 years and all the cedar posts of any size were apparently as good as when set there. I sold the fence along about 1925 or 1926 thru bids and received a fair price as I remember. I believe there was about 6 miles of the fence sold at that time.

Most of the fence around the Counting Ranger Station had been built of peeled green aspen posts creosote treated. These posts had been there about 27 years at the time the station was traded off and practically all of them 6 inches or over at the ground line appeared to be as sound and solid as when placed there. Many were cracked and rotting near the tops.

While I was on the Bears Ears District the depression hit most of the big cow outfits and many went out of the cow business, altho many of them still held their ranches. When I took over the Bears Ears District in the spring of 1921 it consisted of the Bear River side that is it consisted of the forest lands on the Elkhead, Little Bear, Cottonwood, Fortification and Four Mile drainages, and I took care of the timber sale work on Willow Creek. The Slater side was added to the District about October 1, 1924. As I remember in 1921 there were either 6 or 7 bands of sheep on the Bear River side which ran from the fence between Little Bear C&H allotment and the No. Fork of Elkhead over to California Park and on Sand Mountain. H. H. Chapman had two bands, Will McPhearson 1 band, Jack McPhearson 1 band, Jim Bruner about 250 head and Winders had either 2 or 3 bands. Cattle used California Park and some ran over to the

Little Bear fence. In fact the cattle used any of the sheep range they wanted to graze on. I do not think there were any sheep on the Slater side in 1921 and by 1924 there were 2 or 3 bands. By 1928 all of the cattle were off of the Slater side and it was allotted to sheep and there were only a few cattle grazing in California Park with cattle on the Little Bear and Fortification Units. I do not remember how many cattle ran on those two units but it was too many. I think there were 16 bands of sheep on the Bears Ears District in 1928 or about 20,000 head of sheep. The sheep range at that time looked excellent. This caused us considerable trouble because sheepmen getting up on the forest would see worlds of feed higher than a horse's back along in August and the early part of September, they would just rave and telegraph Washington wanting a permit in there. Along about 1926 we had applications to graze 136,000 head of sheep on the district. Nearly all of the applicants were fully qualified and many of them applying for one band of sheep lived within a few miles of the forest and put up as much as one thousand ton of hay per year yet we could not give them a permit. There was excessive pressure on the Forest Service for several years at that time to increase the number of sheep on the range on the Bears Ears District. Sheepmen wrote, wired, and even spent months in Washington trying to get on with more sheep. For several years there was talk of a Senatorial investigation of the grazing on the Bears Ears District.

The policy I followed with the sheep was to allot enough range so they could feed over the allotment once lightly and then go off the forest. Most of the permittees that had range there were satisfied to handle the sheep and the range the way I wanted it handled. However, a new permittee usually had trouble the first year on the range, as they thought they had so much feed they could not get over the range during the grazing season. They would skip rough range and leave small pockets of feed and generally run over the allotment and would run out of feed before the season was over. Two such instances: Maroni Smith from Utah had applied for a permit for several years on the Bears Ears District and was always telling Supervisor Woodhead and I that if we ever learned how to handle our ranges we could carry twice as many sheep as we had on them. He finally bought out Jack McPhearson and got a preference for one band of sheep. This he turned over to his son, Ray Smith. Before the season opened I rode over the allotment with Ray Smith and showed him the boundaries and explained to him how I wanted the sheep and the range handled. About the first of September they were out of feed and came to me asking for more range saying I had not given them sufficient range. I explained that it was the same allotment McPhearson had used for several years and had gotten by nicely and told them "When you learn to handle sheep properly on the range you will be able to get by nicely on this allotment." I told them exactly what had happened on the allotment, how they had skipped spots and had trailed around over the allotment instead of grazing over it as they should have. Ray Smith admitted that I was

right but said that when we had ridden over the allotment in June he thought the allotment was so large that he would not be able to feed over it if he stayed on there until Christmas. They got by nicely the next year.

When Harry Russell from Baggs was given a permit for a band of sheep I rode with him and showed him his allotment which was all the forest range from Four-Mile Willow Creek Divide around to the South Fork of Slater Creek. He told some other sheepmen "That dumb Ranger gave me enough range for 7 bands of sheep". These other sheepmen promptly wired and wrote to Washington wanting a permit on part of the range given to Russell. Before the season was over Russell ran out of feed and when he came to me wanting more range I told him I understood he had made the statement that I had given him range enough for 7 bands. He said he had made the statement all right but had been wrong. I asked him if he still thought I was "dumb" and did he want me to put 6 more bands of sheep on the allotment with him next year. He admitted then that he was the one who had been dumb and that he would try to handle the sheep and the range as I wanted it handled. He was able to get thru the grazing season the next year nicely with sufficient feed to stay on new feed to the end of the season.

One of the largest trees cut on the forest to the best of my knowledge was an Engelmann spruce tree cut on Little Bear Creek by Seldomridges when they were running the mill there. It stood alone in a small depression about a mile east of the mill. It was about 60" D.B.H. and had a dead rotten top. It had 5 sound logs in it two twelve foot and three sixteen foot logs as I remember. The five logs scaled 3640 ft. B.M. If the top had been sound there would have been two more logs that would have scaled approximately 160 ft. B.M. or a total for the tree of 3800 ft. The two bottom logs each 12' in length I believe, and scaling over 2000 ft. were never hauled to the mill as they were hauling on a deep snow road and the sleigh would cut off and up set the logs so they are probably still there, what is left of them after 20 years. I counted the rings on the stump as nearly as I could and found the tree to be 156 years old.

One other tree cut on the same sale at the same time had 3640 ft. B.M. in it but there were seven sixteen foot logs in it as I remember, and it was only about 36" D.B.H. It was over 300 years old according to the rings. There were several other trees on the Bears Ears District as large or larger than these which were never cut as they were not on any sale area. Mr. Hughes, an old time sawmillman, claimed he cut a tree near the old Bears Ears sawmill that either scaled or sawed out over 4000 ft. B.M. However, that was before my time on the Routt. The Bears Ears sawmill was on the ridge between Little Bear Creek and No. Fork of Elkhead Creek on the Elkhead Creek drainage about 5 miles above the old Bears Ears Ranger Station.

In the spring of 1922 Ray Peck and I had ridden up on the head of Fortification Creek and at the foot of a steep hill had left our horses and started walking up on the mountain to look for a small lake reported to be near there to see if it was suitable to stock with fish. There were lots of bear tracks on the steep bare slide we were climbing over and as we neared the top a mother bear and two cubs about the size of a cat went across just above us. We started running after them and one of the cubs went up an alpine fir tree. We did not know just how to catch or handle the cub without getting all scratched up, so Supervisor Peck stayed at the tree while I went back to the horses and rode down mountain about three miles to Fred Alispaws' place and got him to come back with me to catch and take care of the cub. Mr. Alispaw had worked with the Sells-Floto circus for years training the lions, tigers, and elephants. Mrs. Alispaw, his wife, had performed with the animals and was known or advertised by the circus as the "bravest woman in the world." When we arrived back at the tree Supervisor Peck was sitting at the bottom of the tree asleep in the warm spring sunshine.

Mr. Alispaw climbed the tree and lifted the cub off of the limb and put a small cord or rope around just behind the cub's front legs and let him down to me. I held it by the cord but did not pick it up. It cried or yelped like a little puppy until Mr. Alispaw got down and picked it up and started petting it and talking to it in bear talk, I guess it was. It stopped crying and snuggled down in Mr. Alispaw's arms. We went back to our horses and Mr. Alispaw put the cub in a sack and rode back to his ranch. Supervisor Peck and I returned to the Counting Ranger Station. Mr. Alispaw fed and played with the cub in the house during the day and put an animal collar and chain on it and put it out in a cage on the back porch of the house at night. They did not hear a sound during the night altho they had an airedale dog that slept outside and a scottie that slept in the house; however, during the night the mother bear, who must have followed down after Mr. Alispaw thru the scent of the cub and waited out some distance until nightfall came in and circled the building three times coming in closer each time and the last time when straight out from the cub on the back porch came straight in and tore the cage open and broke the chain on the cub and took it back to the mountain again.

During the period that I spent on the Bears Ears District there was a large grizzly bear on the district. It was located on the South Fork of Slater Creek, but each spring and fall regularly it would make a trip around the entire district and I would see its tracks in the trail which circled the district. The tracks in the dry trail measured 11" in length and 8" in width. I saw it once over in Grizzly Park. There were 5 of us there at the time; my wife, a niece, David Johnson and his brother, whose first name I do not recall at this time. The Johnson boys were building the

trail thru there at the time. The bear came out of the timber on the west side of the park and came over toward us until he was within 100 to 150 feet of us before I took after him with my horse and lariat trying to rope him if I could get near enough to him, which I didn't. None of us realized it was a grizzly altho I was sure it was the big bear that lived over in that locality. It was a true grizzly color and appeared as large as a 1000 pound steer. It never dawned on me that it was a grizzly bear until I came over here to Colorado Springs some seven years ago and saw the grizzly bear out at the Cheyenne Mountain Zoo. It was the same color and shape with the broad head and I believe it was larger than any of the grizzlies out here at the zoo. I never have heard of anyone killing it but it probably has died of old age before this, as it was a grown bear when I went there in 1921, so it would probably be around 35 years old by now if alive.

I had the trail built from the head of Slater and California Parks west to Smith's sawmill on the South Fork of Slater while on the District. I was unable to get but one man, a drifter from Kansas by the name of Charles Bowen, to work on the trail the first summer I had the allotment. I hired him in September and camped him at the edge of the timber near the head of California Park where the trail started. I laid out the trail up along the ridge and told him to build it fairly straight and eight feet wide, but to build it thru the small aspen where it was easiest to clear out. When I came back in a week or so he had built a stretch of it as straight as he could line it up with his eye and trimmed it out at least 20 feet wide grubbing out every stump in the tread and had just finished grubbing out the largest tree along the ridge, an Engelmann spruce tree at least 24" D.B.H. He had cut it up in short lengths but could not get the stump out of the hole or roll two or three of the 6' logs cut out of the bottom of the tree out of the cleared area. I was able to work them out with the saddle horse by hooking on and rolling them over. He had also cut a trail post to set at the start of the trail, a green aspen about 14" in diameter and 10' long. It was some two or three hundred yards from the hole he had dug for it and the two of us could not lift it. It was peeled and pretty slick and I was able to drag it to the hole with my saddle horse and we upended it with the aid of the saddle horse. It was still there when I left the district. He had been working about three or four weeks when I came up to his camp one day about 11 A.M. and found he had built a log frame around and up over the top of his tent with a pole door in the end where the flap was. He was inside the tent with the door wired shut when I arrived. I asked him what the trouble was and he told me the wildest tale about the bear, and deer, mountain lion and bobcats coming in there of an evening and night and how the deer and mountain lion would jump over his tent and the bobcats would get up on the top of the tent and fight and yowl all night, so he had built the frame around the tent to keep the bear and mountain lion out. I do not know what he had seen but he was scared out up there in the

mountains alone, so I packed him out and let the trail go until the next spring when the Johnson brothers finished it. Charley Bowen has kept track of me ever since that and either writes or calls me up every few years from somewhere around the country wanting work on the trails.

SEEN IN THE FILES AT COUNTING STATION.

Lew Segar had been stationed at the Counting Ranger Station some years before I took over the district. There was a small log chicken house there and Segar must have had some chickens. He had written in to the Supervisor's office asking for some No. 3 traps stating "We have a bobcat that prays on the chicken house every night". Supervisor Peck had answered in very few words. "It must be a Methodist". I do not know if he got the traps or not.

Gilbert Lancaster had been temporary ranger stationed there before I took over he had sent in an expense account and it had been paid in full, then the auditor had discovered an error of one dollar in the account and they had written to Ranger Lancaster to refund one dollar. When Lancaster sent in the payment he made this statement, "I am always glad to make any mistakes to get ahead".

When I took over the Bears Ears District in 1921 the Denver Post sponsored homestead boom around Great Divide northwest of Craig was at its peak. Many of the homesteaders came up on the Bears Ears District for free use dead timber or S-22 green timber to build their houses or other improvements. The first few years I was on the District I issued from 200 to 300 free use permits and as many as 50 S-22 sales a year. The year before I went there Ranger Lancaster said they kept him busy all the time. He did not get time for anything except to take care of the timber sales and this free use business. He said he did not see a single grazing allotment except in the course of his trips to the sawmills.

I decided that was not going to happen to me so I made out a schedule when I first took over the District stating the days and dates and no others when I would be at each mill on the district. I think I scheduled one or two trips a month to each mill. I posted a copy of the schedule at each mill and had a copy posted at each post office adjacent to the district. Believe it or not I followed that schedule to the letter that year and the sawmill men and all timber users followed it and were well pleased as it gave them a definite time when they could be sure of seeing me at any of these mills. There were only 4 mills on the District then. One on Willow Creek, One on Four-Mile, One on Fortification and One on Little Bear Creek.

Many of the homesteaders would come up to the forest and get a permit for free use timber and would go out and cut the largest dead tree they could find and saw it up in logs. 95% of them would have a little team of bronchos we called them "Jackrabbits" and an old harness patched up with baling wire. When they hooked onto the log they would usually tear the harness to pieces or if the harness held the team could not move the log and they would have to go get the sawmill man to log the timber into the mill.

/s/ Percy Ray

THE BEARS EARS DISTRICT OF THE ROUTT NATIONAL FOREST
AND THE LITTLE SNAKE RIVER

When I attempt to make any record of the Routt Forest as I have known it, I begin with many reservations. First, I have no detailed knowledge of any section save the Bears Ears District and then only of certain facts that I have known and discussed with my contemporaries. Second, I have no dates, statistics nor records of policies - just the reactions of permittees as regulations were enforced.

I start with the premise, that aside from the conservation of timber which was primary with the instigators, grazing was and is of first importance in my vicinity.

Indeed, it is the grazing privilege that has made the forest's history. It was planned from the first, that the fees from grazing, together with income from sale of timber were to carry the expense of its administration. Grazing immediately involved relationship with users who became the permittees. Permittees owned lands and made use of other lands which had to be considered. Policies had to be established within the Department to deal with these uses. Every policy directly effected the permittees whose reactions have made the history.

I don't apologize for the slants and attitudes of the first settlers but I think it within the province of one who attempts a record of their actions to try and analyze the causes for them. There is no question but that the pioneers blundered but so did the Division of Forestry and some of these blunders are so obvious and so well recognized that they are not a matter of personal opinion. On the other hand, so far as I know, the forest was the first federal effort at conservation and neither the Division nor the users knew too much about it.

The Bears Ears District is a segment of the Routt National Forest which in my vicinity, faces Slater Creek to the north and east and the little Snake River still farther north.

I believe the first white men who saw it were Lewis and Clark.* In the Congressional Record of their second expedition, they note turning north from Bear River, probably up Fortification Creek. From the description, I assume they crossed what is now our personal allotment or a bit east, then Slater Creek and Snake River, up the Battle Creek into the Medicine Bow Forest and over the Divide into the north country. I should like to think that when they stood in the vastness of the virgin wood, they could have paused and said -

*An error. Miss McIntosh confuses Capt. John C. Fremont's second expedition with Lewis and Clark's exploration - GDP.

"This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks
Bearded with moss and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old with voices sad and prophetic
Stand like harpers hoar with beards that rest on their bosoms."

But those lines were for later explorers. Longfellow did not write them until long after the expedition and besides Lewis and Clark were busy with recording elevations, determining flora and fauna, geology and the flow of streams in addition to providing for camps, packing supplies, trading with the Indians and fighting the elements.

For years to follow, the Indians and the trappers held full sway. The Indians procured their food, fish and game, in the summer and fall. The trappers found abundance of fur in the late fall and early spring. During the winter when the deep snows came, Indians, trappers and game departed. The forest stood primeval wrapped in its mantle of snow, conserving its moisture for the streams and rivulets toward the renewal of life and forage in the spring.

In the seventies came the settlers, those who homesteaded in the Snake River valley. They arrived from all directions bringing with them small herds of cattle, a team or two of horses or perhaps a yoke of oxen. There was more land than people and, so far as I know, the only use they made of the forest was to furnish themselves house and barn logs. Sometimes in the summer, families organized camping trips to the high ranges where they fished and gathered wild berries for a week or so.

In 1879 the forest suffered a disastrous fire from which it hasn't recovered. It was the time of the Meeker Massacre. The Indians were restless and resentful of white occupation and discipline. They were roaming in small bands over the country probably hunting. No one will ever know who started the blaze or how it was done. Some old timers think it was a white man's work and accidental. Others are certain that it was of Indian origin. Jim Baker, who knew Indians, their attitudes, reactions and characteristics more intimately than anyone in the country, thought they did it.

Elmer Beeler gave me his grandfather's, Daniel Beeler, account. The blaze started somewhere in the region of Mt. Welba, a high camel-hump mountain separating the Bear River and Snake River water-sheds. All vegetation was cured and dry. The whole country was like tinder. Daniel Beeler, who lived on Snake River about one mile below Slater, saw the blaze and smoke and noticed the direction the fire was traveling which was that of our prevailing wind from the southwest blowing northeast. Alarmed over the safety of the A.L. Fly family, Mr. Beeler started immediately to render them any possible aid. Fly lived on Snake River about four miles above Slater on a ranch now owned by Leeland Grieve.

The fire had raged at such terrific speed that it had jumped Slater Creek, swept by Long Mountain, jumped Snake River and was sweeping up the side of Battle Mountain. It burned out over the Divide between the Snake River-Platt River watershed.

Mr. Beeler got as far as the Ehret place about two miles above Slater where he was forced to stop because of blaze and heat. Battle Mountain was in flames. There was no possible way to continue so he was forced to turn back. Luckily, the Flys were not wiped out but the soil on Welba which was thin anyway, was burned to such a degree that new timber growth has not prospered there since. That was sixty-nine years ago. At the rate that volcanic rock disintegrates in addition to steep hillside erosion from water run-off, hundreds of years will be required to repair the damage.

Warren Cogdill, whose father John Cogdill homesteaded in 1904 about two and one-half miles north of Mount Welba, tells me that he thinks the fire was started by lightning. It burned the whole head of Willow Creek, Mount Oliphant and Mount Welba, leaving acres of charred down timber so thick that cattle never attempted it. He says the fire burned the forest south and east as far as the South Fork of Slater Creek but miraculously missed a big area of timber nearby. It is that timber that is now being sawed and cut for lumber.

On the burned over area of Mount Welba, there again came quantities of wheat grass, wild parsnips, wild pea, sweet anise and no end of varieties of forage whose botanical names I don't know but vegetation was so profuse and rank that one could scarcely see a deer above it. That vegetation is demolished now. I don't question Warren Cogdill's statements as to the forage because for forty-five years, he has hunted, fished, trapped and tramped that neighborhood. He knew every trail and was frequently with the early rangers as they worked. He was with the survey that sectionized that whole territory. (The late Judge Herrick of Craig was a lineman on that survey.) Finally, he was one of those who rode with the rangers at the time that lines were drawn for individual allotments when the use was transferred from cattle to sheep. He and I were granted the Mount Welba allotment.

"Time marches on." Along came Gifford Pinchot with the great idea of forest conservation and enough knowledge, drive and ability to carry it through. He found a responsive listener in President Theodore Roosevelt. The national forests were set up by Congressional Act and established as the Department of Forestry in the Department of Agriculture.

It is interesting to know that the origin of the National Forests was by Act of Congress and that the Act, itself, was one paragraph

long; the shortest Act in the Congressional Records. The impression is general that the Department of Forestry is a Bureau and it is constantly referred to as such. Nevertheless, the forest was legitimately born and her birth carries more dignity than is generally known.

Gifford Pinchot, himself, drew the south line of the Medicine Bow Forest whose southern boundry is north of Snake River. Mr. George Honnold was with him. Charles Honnold, then a boy, had taken a homestead inside the proposed line. Mr. Pinchot accepted this without hesitation and excluded it from the boundary.

Charles Ayer, a cattleman of considerable proportion both as to numbers of cattle and the weight of his wisdom in public affairs, was called to Washington for consultation with the President. No one seems to know the nature of the advise Mr. Ayer was called upon to give. If I were guessing, I'd say it was "how to win friends and influence people" for the forest, of course.

The establishment of the Routt Forest was on township lines on this side. Its north boundary embraced all the territory from the top of the Bear-Snake Rivers watershed to the Snake River foothills south. Brush and Columbus Mountains were included in it as was Baker's Peak. All the tributaries of Slater Creek were also included, and, of course, the upper reaches of the Bear River watershed.

Much of the lower territory had little merchantable timber but grazing in this grassy brushy country was excellent. Cattle naturally drifted to it as it was impossible to hold them in the higher country until later in the summer. Green-head flies were the big draw-back in the higher, heavily timbered areas.

Accordingly, after much discussion, the forest department drew new lines excluding much of lower Slater Creek and adjacent lands on either side. The move was gratifying to all the livestock owners and I think it gave them some false assurance that they might further win against the Department.

The forest, its fees and limitations, was most unpopular. I can't remember one pioneer who liked it. Even my father, who, as a boy, had known and loved the Canadian forests, was disturbed. He believed in protecting the timber but he knew that something would have to be done about his fifteen hundred head of horses that grazed at large.

In the thirty years from the date of the first settlers to 1906, cattle had increased by leaps and bounds. There were no sheep in this part of Colorado. The Wyoming-Colorado line was the deadline. Jack Edwards, a Rock Springs sheepman, who ventured into the

Slater Creek country with one bunch of sheep caused such violent feeling that he narrowly escaped with his life. He did not return and other sheepmen decided that "discretion was the better part of valor" and made no attempt to establish themselves. The forest respected the customs of the country and the previous use of the land. They made no sheep permits.

In addition to local herds of cattle, some of which were sizeable, companies had been formed with outside capital. These companies invested in southern cattle, steers mostly, which they shipped in, summered, wintered in the lower country on the desert west, drove back again to the summer ranges and shipped in the fall. Local managers were usually employed and they did not like the forest regulations, but they did accept forest permits and put riders with their cattle to try and hold them in the high timber.

There were few local takers on the Routt. Mr. A. R. Reader, whose family were the first white settlers in the valley, ran several hundred head of cattle on the south side. He withdrew entirely to the north side of Snake River on open land and the Medicine Bow Forest. Joe Healey, Tom Kilgore, Joe Morgan, Ed Wren and others refused to consider permits. I have been told repeatedly that at one of the early meetings between forest officials and the local cowmen, the forest was told where to go in no uncertain language.

The stockmen questioned the right of the Government to charge fees for grazing on public lands. The added expense of fees was an item, in addition to interest, taxes and other overhead. Looking back over fifty years into the history of the cattle business, I wonder why even with long periods of low prices and all drawbacks included, financial advances were not more rapid. I believe that money more than principle was a major consideration.

They argued that the forest never had been much good for grazing and that there was plenty of public domain outside for both summer and winter grazing. Why pay fees on poor grazing when there was much better free?

I can understand this attitude. A lot of these men settled here when the Government was encouraging development of the west, the land of opportunity. The early settlers had little worldly goods. They were victims of the aftermath of the Civil War and the hard times that followed. Here there was cheap land. All it took was perserverance and industry. There were no restrictions. One could live off the game if he could manage to plant a few potatoes and then work a month or so in the Hahn's Peak gold mines or catch enough fur for cash with which to buy coffee, flour and sugar. So the pioneer was the rugged individualist. He had to be to live. He cut his logs, built his cabin, cleared a patch of land, dug a ditch, raised a garden and a little hay for a milk cow, saddle horse

and team. Grazing was lush and he turned his livestock on the open range from the first. Far away from County seats, he even took law in his own hands and with a group of his neighbors meted out punishment when he thought it necessary. His hands were his machinery. He built his little kingdom with his own effort and ingenuity. He felt himself free; he came because everything was free. He was lord of what he surveyed and his survey was unlimited. The public domain, the wildlife belonged to the people. He was one of the people. Because much of the land could not be cultivated, he argued it was good only for grazing and his was the first right to graze it. He had stood the hardships and done the pioneering. No doubt he confused liberty and license. He certainly didn't analyze himself for he was a doer, not a thinker. With such a background he was inherently though unconsciously unyielding to any sort of restriction.

To add insult to injury, the forest rangers were all game wardens. Game and fish were part of the country's food supply and some of the pioneers could not have survived without them. There were State laws before forest days, but they were not well enforced. I remember one game warden by the name of Taylor who came in here in the summer of 1895. He was from Glenwood Springs, and while in this vicinity apprehended an offender. His action created a terrific furor, and visitations from game wardens from then on were infrequent.

The forest was Federal and different. These rangers were in our midst. They were scarcely tolerated as officials, not welcome in many of the ranch homes and grudgingly admitted in a few. Mr. Louis Segar, one of the early Rangers, was welcome at the Cogdills and often stopped there. Old John Cogdill was a great hunter and he and Mr. Segar argued continually on the rights of the people and the functions of the Government. However, I don't believe that Mr. Cogdill was ever converted.

In North Park, Sam Coleman was Ranger. The Swedes employed in a local sawmill resented his attempt to enforce game regulations to such a degree that they took a shot at him. The bullet went through his hat.

At Slater there was the store and the post office where rangers were obliged to come for their mail. My father thought they were deserving the courtesy of Federal employees. Accordingly, he set up a special desk for them where they could answer their mail and take care of their business. They were welcome at the table, to overnight lodging and such hospitality as was available. From the first they have put up here, sometimes for days, while they were engaged in taking applications. I have known many of them and enjoyed most of them.

Some of the earlier rangers were untrained and lacked knowledge in forestry and particularly in practical problems in grazing. Their lack of tact and manner of approach was objectionable, but aside from their official position they were agreeable if inconsequent.

I am happy to say I have found my forest officials a capable and helpful group. They have all been trained men in their profession, able in administrative problems and cooperative. They have refrained from high-handed and dictatorial methods which demonstrates that they have realized that their authority has involved responsibility. They have shown judgment and common sense and have appreciated the importance of human values in relationships, which I consider a gift. The ability of these men is self-evident. This district has operated with less friction and a better understanding of forest objectives and permittee problems than many.

On the Bears Ears District, Ray Peck was the first Ranger. He was assisted by his brother, Ed Peck, Jim Oliphant, a local cowboy, for whom Mt. Oliphant was named, and Lawrence Ayer, son of Charles Ayer. Lawrence resigned after a short time, giving as an excuse that he was ashamed to lie on his daily record sheet further because he had done nothing to earn his salary.

There were few trained foresters. These men with the exception of Ray Peck knew far less about forage and timber than the permittees whom they were trying to direct.

Harvey Hurd came next and then Louis Segar. They were much better men, both conscientious and well-liked as men. Percy Ray was here in 1921 and for some time to follow. I think he carried out his directives satisfactorily. I never knew him too well. I particularly remember Marvin Klemie and Mr. Greffenius. They were both able men. Mr. Smith followed them. He was here but a short time and called into service, I think. All the users have pronounced his tenure efficient.

Wallace Pearce was one of the Supervisors whom I remember well because of his delight in books. He was an insatiable reader and his tastes ranged far. One stormy Sunday that he spent here he went through "Time" and then read from cover to cover Lyton Strachey's "Life of Queen Victoria."

Those pioneers who rejected permits on the start were not restricted for grazing for some little time, though homesteaders were gradually taking up land. Then came the 640-acre homestead act. It was at the time of the end of World War I and before long all the land outside the forest was filed upon. Grazing land was in demand.

What had become of the forest rights that had been rejected? A few of the small settlers had them. Mrs. Tillie Duncan was one. When she and Tom Duncan, her husband, first homesteaded they had one heifer and a calf. Ray Peck came along and persuaded them to take a permit for thirty head of cattle. John Cogdill had a permit for forty horses. The Pot Hook Ranch had a permit for several hundred head of cattle. Charley Ayer was permitted for twenty-five hundred head. A few had applied later and acquired privileges. The companies of the Park Range, the Fours and the Sevens had the lion's share. W. T. Penland, old Mr. Darr, Dolan and Clark, Ed Legget and few others were original permittees. Seventy thousand head of permitted cattle were counted thru the drift fence which was built to keep those men who did not have permits and wintered below, from pushing their livestock through. However, hundreds of head of unpermitted cattle were driven in yearly. On one occasion 500 unpermitted cattle were pushed in. Mr. Segar discovered it and hired riders for a round-up. He received a directive of some sort from Denver or Steamboat to abandon the undertaking. One is bound to conclude that the livestock men were not without influence with the higher officials. Such action makes a scapegoat of the ranger, yet I should hate to see a time when any Government agency had absolute dictatorial power and could not be approached by a user who thought he had a grievance.

There were no takers for the higher allotments around Hahn's Peak, Columbine, Farwell Mountain, Sand Mountain and the main range country. Sheep had never been grazed farther east or south than the higher reaches of Battle Creek, on the Medicine Bow Forest. The Cosgriffs had run in this territory before the forest days. They had managed to stay but not without much bitterness and narrowly-averted killings.

As I have said before, the necessity of the forest was to secure fees upon which it was dependent for administrative expenses. Accordingly, the officials made what Mr. Pearce later called a "gentlemen's agreement" with sheep operators in Rawlins. It was considered doubtful that sheep could be profitably summered in such high country, but it was worth a trial. At first a few bands were trailed through. To the surprise of many, sheep did amazingly well. Then they came in ever greater numbers until permits were filled and more than filled. Term permits were later granted and the sheep interests have fought by every means since to maintain their numbers.

The above agreement was explained to me in a meeting of forest users and officials by Mr. Pearce when I asked him why stockmen and ranchers close to these permits and needing them were discriminated against when interests farther away were provided for.

This meeting, it so happened, was called to adjust another upheaval in forest relations. The Bears Ears District was again in the lime-light. The depression of 1921 had caused disaster. Cattle prices went down and stayed down. The big outfits had failed and many of the small ones. After liquidation, permits could not be filled nor could fees be paid. Several ranchers who had changed from cattle to sheep and could qualify for forest use were eager to be permitted. The Forest, therefore, set up seven or eight individual allotments each for twelve hundred fifty head of sheep. I am told that at a meeting of the Snake River Cattlemen's Association and the forest officials, an agreement was entered into whereby the newly-permitted users were to be temporary and for a space of three years only, at which time the use would return to the original permittees. I was not at that meeting, but I cannot understand such a commitment.

Now we are embarked on the sea of conservation and erosion, two words that were unheard of in forest language until late years. I, for one, have seen the forage disappear from both forest and private land. The matter is highly controversial and will be future history.

/s/ Miss Mildred L. McIntosh
Canyon Ranch
Slater, Colorado

March, 1948

GRAZING MIX-UPS

A few notes on happenings on the Routt National Forest in the early days.

I received my appointment as Assistant Forest Ranger in April, 1909 and reported for duty to the Supervisor's Office in Steamboat Springs on May 1, 1909. Harry Ratliff was the Supervisor and after a week in the office reading over instructions and looking over folders, etc., I left on the stage for Hayden with Ratliff. I changed to my saddle horse at Hayden at noon and rode to Craig that day. The next morning Ratliff got a horse at Craig and we rode to Dixon and met Jim Oliphant, a Guard, who was in charge of the Snake River District.

A meeting of the stockmen had been called for the next day at Dixon, and A. F. Potter of the Washington Office was there. The West End drift fence had been completed in the fall of 1908, and after much discussion it was agreed that all the cattle that were wintered west of the fence would be counted at the gate on Willow Creek. Almost all the cattle that were owned on Snake River were wintered on the open range in the lower country and drifted back to the summer range on the Forest. The round-up wagon followed the cattle and the riders pushed the stock ahead of them. Lawrence Ayers was appointed as Guard and went with Oliphant and myself to Willow Creek where we set up a headquarters of three tents, two tents for sleeping and one as a cook tent and office. The office consisted of a metal file case, the Use Book and a large stock of writing paper with a carbon sheet so you could tear out the letter and leave the carbon on file in the book. All you had to do if you wanted to refer to a previous letter was to look thru the book until you found it.

When the first shove-up drive arrived at the fence it contained about 1,000 head, and as there were no corrals, we had to count them in the open and had the cowboys cut the herd one at a time to Oliphant or Ayers and call the brand and I stayed between the herd and the "cut" and counted the total number. This took a long time, almost all day, and was too slow, so we thought up the scheme of making a list of the right and left side brands (there were 47 brands on the list) and fasten it to a board that could be held in one hand. Then we selected the two best brand readers and had the cattle strung out so they would pass as near in single file as possible between two riders and the brand reader would call the brand on his side to the man making the tally. We then counted the total in the herd as it went thru the gate to find out the total number, as there were always a number of dim brands that could not be read as the animals passed. We were always short on the tally. To take this up, we determined the percent of errors in the count as against the tally and increased the tally for each owner by the percentage.

At one of the counts the foreman for the OVO outfit thought he would be smart and gave the cattle a push so they came so fast the brand readers could not call them quick enough. I stopped the count and told him if he did that again we would charge all the errors in the tally against the OVO permit and leave the "over" outside the fence, and that stopped that.

At one of the counts I was counting at the gate as they went past. There were a little over 3,500 head in the drive, and it was close work to not miss any, and when the last "critter" went thru I looked up and almost fell off my horse I was so dizzy. It had been like looking at a fast-flowing stream of water.

In 1916 the price of cattle was up and all the stockmen knew they had more cattle than the permits called for so they tried to "put over a fast one." Oliphant had been out of the Service for several years after a disagreement with Ratliff, but was taken in again as an experienced man. Ranger Segar was the new Ranger on Snake River and I was assigned to help him out on the cattle count. Segar and Oliphant had gone over the drift fence early and it was "bull tight". We were watching the gates one morning and on going over the fence we noted a lot of cattle inside the fence and more coming from the north. As the fence tied onto the ranch fence on the river, we knew something was rotten. Oliphant knew that a Mrs. Ryan, a widow, lived near the Ayers lane at the north end of the fence and always knew what was going on in the neighborhood, so he told Segar to ride down there and sit in the willows until about noon and then go up to the house and Mrs. Ryan would ask him in to dinner as she liked to talk. It worked, and while eating, Mrs. Ryan said the round-up was here the first of the week and the lane was full of cattle all morning. Segar asked what round-up wagon and she said "The Figure Four Wagon," which was all he wanted to know.

Several days later the Foreman of the shove-up called on the phone and said the first drive would be at the fence the next morning. We met them there at daylight the next day and they said, "We are ready to count on." We told them we would count on when they rounded up the cattle they had put through the Ayers lane the week before. There was a great to-do for a while, but they had no choice, so the next morning we started out, and, to see that they got all the cattle, Oliphant led one circle and I led the other and Segar watched the gate. We gathered over 2,600 head that they had sneaked in. Then we started counting the cattle they had outside the fence. When we counted up to the permitted number we shut the gate and then they asked, "What's the matter now?" We told them that they were up to the amount of the permit and that was all that were going through the fence. There were several thousand cattle left outside and the Foreman sent men after the owner and had them come out to Willow Creek and in the meantime Oliphant, Segar and I set on the gate and watched the fence. At first the owners talked pretty loud and insisted that

the cattle go on the Forest and settle it afterwards. Of course, we could not agree to that as it would be allowing a trespass, and the chance of settling would be slim. During the argument we heard one of the cowpokes say, "Let's pull the so-and-so's off the gate and go through." The owners knew, of course, they could not get away with that and that they had been caught in a raw deal and stood to have their permits reduced. They wanted to know what they were going to do with the excess stock. We told them that we did not know, except that they had to keep them away from the fence and off the Forest or stand a trespass suit. They had to have riders all summer to hold those cattle off the Forest. The owners were some hot and bothered at first, but before the end of the season they came to me one at a time and said, "That was a sharp trick we tried to pull and we won't do it again, and they never tried it any more."

In 1917 the Little Bear and Fortification Creek Associations had their drift fences up, and with the new ranch fences, the Bears Ears District was fenced off from the stock that drifted up from the winter range except for 3/4 of a mile at the foot of Slide Mountain.

The Seven outfit was the largest permittee, and their foreman, William Wear, ran the wagon for all the large permittees. We had notified them that the cattle would be counted on at Slide Mountain. About three weeks before they were due to count on, I noted cattle beginning to show up on the North Fork of Elkhead above the Ranger Station. I took a ride out west of the North Fork and found a cow poke moving cattle. When I asked him what he was doing, he said he was riding the "bogs". As there were no bog holes near there is sounded "off key" but there was no use talking to him, so I just kept a watch and noted that he was easing cattle up to the gap where they could go on up on the Forest. Oliphant had been hired to help with the counting, and when we got to the foot of Slide Mountain we met him, and I told him he would have to round-up all the cattle his "bog riders" had eased through the gap. Wear said, "Suppose I won't do that". Then I told him he could stop right there and was not going to the Forest with any more cattle until he did. Wear took a long time to think this over, and I thought we were going to have a first-class row, but he gave in and said that he would, and started to line out the men, and I then told him Oliphant would head one circle and I would lead the other. Wear glared at me and then turned away and went to his tepee and threw himself down on the bed.

We gathered over 1700 head that had been pushed onto the Forest, and when we counted the herd that was being held they had a lot more cattle than the permits called for and had to hold them off the Forest all summer.

The large stockmen using the range prior to the establishment of the Forest and up to 1911 never put any salt on the range and in consequence the cattle had to lick alkali, and bunched up where they could find a "lick". Then the salting clause was put into the permits and the stockmen proceeded to raise a howl that it was all unnecessary and an added expense to them. Wilson Carey, one of the large permittees, came to me and was very wrought up about it -- said there were plenty of "licks" and he was not going to do that; also, that he would go to the Secretary of the Interior and take it up with him as he was a personal friend of his. I told him that was O.K. with me, but my instructions were "no salt, no permit". When they saw that they had to put out salt they loaded a wagon with salt and took it to California Park and dumped it out about the middle of the Park and in the road. This caused some heated words, but they finally did scatter the salt some that year, and the next year we had posted grounds and made them take the salt to them.

ON SAWMILLS AND TIMBER SALES

Chas. Perkins was an old-time sawmiller, and his mill at the head of Four Mile Creek was built long before the Forest was established. He had patented 80 acres of timber and the claim was tied in to what was supposed to be a 1/4 corner at the SW Corner of the claim. This corner was near the middle of a rather large open park, and when Perkins had cut about all the timber he could from the claim he was suspected of moving the corner some distance west and a like distance north so he could cut more timber on two sides of the claim. As there were no known or established section corners near there, it was difficult to prove that the corner had been moved, and we could never "hang it on him."

Perkins was a character, and often did his own logging, working alone, and when so doing left the harness on his team for a week at a time -- said it saved time and did not hurt the horses, and he did not have to curry them. He was working alone when he met his death, and was found some days after he had started to unload some logs and one had evidently slipped and fallen on him, crushing him to death.

OLD TIMERS

I expect that you remember all of the old-time Rangers and Guards, but just in case, will list those I knew.

John O'Conner was the first Ranger on Snake River and was supposed to have died from drinking water that sheep dip had run into, but lots of folks said it was bad whiskey -- don't know about it except that John did drink lots of whiskey.

Lawrence Ayers was a guard for some time.

Marcy Meadon, who was appointed just before World War I, and was drafted and died in the Army.

In 1910 Ratliff had me go with him over Buffalo Pass in May on horseback on the crust. We left Steamboat about 3:00 A.M. and made it, but it was bad going. He wanted to investigate a timber trespass by a man named Kinney, I think -- and no one there at the mill knew us and we were two days ahead of the scheduled meeting so we did not say who we were and just sat around the bunk house and listened to the men talk and found out all about the trespass, and were they peeved when Kinney arrived and said, "Where are those Forest men?" Ratliff showed his badge and said, "That's me."

Ranger Blackburn had lost a saddle horse the fall before and had advertised for him and one of the cowmen in North Park told Ratliff the horse was at Riggley's ranch and to pick him up and take him back with us, so Ratliff picked up the horse at the ranch and we started back over the Rabbit Ears and down Service Creek. The horse was an outlaw that they wanted to get rid of, but while I think Ratliff knew it was not Blackburn's horse he did not know he was a bad one, so when we stopped for lunch on Service Creek he insisted on trying to ride him. The horse was one of those kind that will stand still to be saddled and not move until the rider was on, and when Ratliff mounted he only rode him three jumps, and when he came down he broke his right wrist. I was lucky enough to catch the horse and get the saddle off him so I could put it on Ratliff's horse and get him in the saddle and take him into Steamboat Springs. The horse turned out to be a regular rodeo horse and was entered in some of the contests.

/s/ Ed Peck
April, 1948

OLD HISTORY OF THE ROUTT NATIONAL FOREST
AS TOLD BY RAY PECK

I started work on the Forest as Forest Guard June 1, 1908, in charge of District 6, which included the territory from California Park West and on the south side of the Yampa-Snake Divide. Harvey Hurd was the first Ranger on this District and when he resigned to enter private business I was appointed in his place having taken the Ranger examination that was given at Steamboat Springs in April of that year. The examination at that time consisted of a written test of about 12 practical questions about forestry and a field test which consisted of packing a mule, pacing and figuring out the area of a tract of land, saddling and riding a horse and identification of some trees. This examination was given by Acting Supervisor J. H. Ratliff and Fred Morrel of the District Office.

At the time I entered the Service James Oliphant was in charge of District 7, which included the territory of the Snake River side from Three Forks down and the forest boundary at that time came down near the Valley and included a large area around Baker's Peak which was later eliminated.

James Blackburn, a brother-in-law of Acting Supervisor Ratliff, was in charge of District 4 which included the area from Service Creek north to Hahn's Peak Basin.

Arthur Stanley had District 3, which was the south end of the Forest from Service Creek down, including the territory on the Muddy Creek side as far north as Muddy Pass.

At the time I entered the Service two sawmills were in operation on the District, one owned by Ed Smith of Hayden near Pilot Knob and one on Black Mountain owned by Archie McLaughlan. I spent most of my time the first summer riding between these two mills, marking and scaling timber and checking on grazing use. At that time the large "dogie outfits" ran the country. The Two-Circle Bar owned by Cary Bros. of Hayden, the Two-Bar owned by Ora Haley, the 7 Outfit owned by Pierce & Reef and the OVO owned by a group of settlers on Snake River overran the country with thousands of cattle and succeeded in putting most of the small settlers out of business by grubbing out the range around their places and running their cattle out of the country.

These outfits had permits on the Forest but were running many more cattle than were permitted and there was no way of establishing control since the cattle were drifted from their winter range in what is now western Moffat County to the high summer range in herds of thousands which spread all over the country and went where they pleased. The usual practices of these outfits were to ship in yearling steers from Texas each spring and trail out four year old steers for shipment to market in the fall. With the exception of the Cary Outfit, which owned a lot of ranch property

near Hayden, the others just followed the cattle summer and winter with their wagons and owned only a few horse camps and water holes. They were hostile to the Forest Service with the exception of the OVO which went into the steer business to fight fire with fire as it was impossible to run cow herds in areas overrun with steers. It was up to the Forest Service to establish control or the large outfits would run things as they pleased. It was therefore planned to fence the west boundary of the Forest and obtain a count of cattle coming from the winter ranges. In 1909 this fence was built from Four-Mile Creek north to Baker's Peak and the Counting Ranger Station was completed.

In order to get a check on cattle using Districts 6 and 7 it was decided to make a range count which was no small undertaking at that time. E. N. Kavanaugh came out from Washington D.C. to help Acting Supervisor Ratliff and the Rangers make this count. It took about three weeks to make this count and at that time twelve wagons and over a hundred riders were on the job. The cattle were rounded up on each watershed and the bunch would be strung out between riders. Two expert brand readers were hired to call brands and the rangers did the recording. Over five thousand head of cattle were sometimes gathered in one day's circle. Over 16 thousand head were counted on District 6 and the allotment at that time was 7,000 head.

The open portions of the range were grubbed out to such an extent that the dust from the cattle drives could be seen for miles and looked like forest fires. California Park and the North Fork Country were very heavily grazed and hundreds of steers were killed by larkspur in the high country.

The count resulted in numerous trespass cases and letters of transmittal were sent out from the Supervisor's office demanding grazing fees on the excess stock. With but few exceptions these were all paid as the stockmen had a wholesome respect for the Government and did not care to enter into any lawsuits.

The winter of 1908-09 was a bad one for the winter range outfits as it was long and cold and the high country did not open up until late in June. The spring loss was very heavy that year and homesteaders were fencing up the area between the summer and winter ranges. The small settlers were getting together to cut off and fence sections of range against the dogie outfits. The handwriting was on the wall as far as the large outfits were concerned. They maintained at that time line riders along the Colorado-Wyoming line to keep sheep out of Colorado and had a strong protective Association. It is understood that the directors of the Association were the ones that put a bounty of \$500 on each rustler's head and hired Tom Horn to do the collecting. The sentiment of the smaller cattlemen against sheep began to wane on account of the

large outfits hogging the country. The high country along the Park Range was not grazed by any class of stock and the sheepmen using the overcrowded Hayden Forest applied for this country and the Forest Service was anxious to relieve conditions on the Hayden by transferring to the Routt (then the Park Range). The Hayden Forest was carrying over 300,000 head of sheep and did not have room for a third of that number. Some outfits could only stay on their allotments ten days during the season. There were no elk on the Forest and but very few deer. The high forage was not grazed at all. The cattle range on the North Park side was heavily used and the high range along the Continental Divide was first offered to them but the offer was turned down as they said they could not keep cattle up there on account of the bear and the flies. They planned to put sheep into this country the following year when several bands were transferred from the Hayden. The Hog Park area was transferred to the Medicine Bow Forest about this time and the Routt got rid of the old Carbon County Timber Trespass which had taken a lot of Forest Officers time. Ranger Sam Coleman and Harry Ratliff, who was then a Ranger, had a fight while they were measuring stumps on this area and Coleman threw his marking hatchet at Ratliff and if it had connected the history of the Forest might have been changed. Coleman resigned when Ratliff was appointed Acting Supervisor. The Five Spruce Ranger Station on Rabbit Ears Pass, the Hahn's Peak Station and the Grizzly Creek station were the first ones completed. They were finished about 1909.

During the summer of 1909 I was transferred to Steamboat Springs and made a boundary survey of the Forest and had charge of a crew which built the first wagon road into Diamond Park. The North Fork of Elk River was probably the finest trout stream in Colorado at that time. The old cook we had on the road crew refused to cook more than one trout per day per man which was a very wise rule as we were able to eat trout all summer without getting tired of them. I remember that the Acting Supervisor and a District Office man caught over 50 pounds of fish on flies one afternoon.

The main activities of the Forest during 1910 was timber reconnaissance and the laying out of sheep allotments on the high range. Ranger Edward H. Peck was in charge of the Bears Ears District, James Oliphant and Laurence Ayers were on the Snake River District, Ranger William M. Darley was doing June 11 work and Percy J. Paxton and myself had crews on timber reconnaissance all summer.

A large portion of the Forest was eliminated that year, the largest area being on the Snake River District. The Hahn's Peak Lookout Station was constructed in 1912. A large fire occurred in 1910 between Big Creek and the South Fork of Elk River but was stopped by a heavy rain. Large crews were on the fire when the rain occurred. The Seedhouse was built that summer and a large number of spruce and

pine cones were gathered. Ranger Blackburn contracted pneumonia while extracting seed and nearly died. The cost proved excessive and no more seed was extracted at the Seed House. It was used as a temporary station after that year.

I think it was about 1910 that Supervisor Ratliff was tried at Hahn's Peak, which was then the County seat, for selling mortgaged property. He had a number of bitter enemies and they tried to get him when he sold a stallion that was claimed to be still mortgaged. The first trial resulted in a hung jury but a later trial cleared him of the charge.

The timber reconnaissance work was finished in 1911.

I was promoted to Deputy Supervisor the first of June, 1911 and was married on the 11th.

Percy J. Paxton was Technical Assistant, Ratliff was Supervisor, Chas. Sommers had resigned as clerk and Bittner had been appointed. Everett Stapleton was working on improvement work and Ranger work out of Steamboat Springs. About this time the Rabbit Ears road was started. Angus Taylor worked on the road and was assigned the North Park District.

During the winter of 1910 and 1911 a large part of the time was consumed by making up reconnaissance timber maps. A large number of the mountain lakes along the Continental Divide were named at that time. Some were named after incidents that happened in and around the lakes, such as for instance, Wolverine, which is the country where Frank Dengg, the old-one-armed trapper, who spent most of his life in the hills in and around Steamboat Springs, was supposed to have caught the last wolverine in the country. Dengg also reported large numbers of ptarmigan around Ptarmigan Lake and this lake was named by him. Later when the first base maps of the forest were prepared, these names were placed on the map with the addition of a considerable number that were not named when the timber reconnaissance maps were prepared. Roxy Ann Lake was named after L.E. Vivian's daughter. Dinosauer Lake was so named because the surveyor who made a survey for the town on a group of lakes at the head of Fish Creek, called Lake Dinosaur on account of the large number of water dogs in it.

During the summer of 1909 while the first sheep were coming down the Continental Divide there was considerable uneasiness and a number of guards were hired to watch the sheep since it was believed that some killings might result. However, nothing serious occurred except a bad mess up in Whiskey Park caused by three ladies (?) of the underworld from Brooklyn (suburb of Steamboat Springs) who invaded the sheep camps about pay day with the result that the herders left their flocks and 11 bands of ewes and lambs

were mixed. This necessitated the building of corrals to separate these sheep, which caused an unnecessary amount of delay on the trail schedule, besides being rough on the range. The Supervisor took summary action in the case by tying the leader of the Brooklyn girls to a tree with the assurance that she would stay tied to the tree until she agreed to take herself and the other girls out of the country. It did not take very long for her to make up her mind to go back to town. The Supervisor cut off her hair as a memento of the occasion, tied it with a piece of ribbon and hung it in the Whiskey Park Ranger Station for many years.

Supervisor Ratliff resigned from the Forest in the spring of 1914. His resignation was brought about by some instances that happened during the construction of the Rabbit Ears Road the previous year. E. N. Kavanaugh took over for a short time and was succeeded by A.M. Cook. At this time a big drive on land classification was made and intensive and extensive classification took up most of the time of the forest employees for the next two seasons. Hahn's Peak Basin and several of the other areas were eliminated as a result of this classification. It was believed by the Regional Office that California Park should be eliminated, but after an examination by C. J. Stahl of the Regional Office and B. O. Wheeler of the Washington Office, myself and the Rangers, it was decided that it should remain within the boundaries of the Forest. Wheeler and Stahl had several violent arguments over the proposition while the examination was being made and Wheeler tried to get Stahl fired on account of the animosities and disagreements that grew up between them. I remember one rather amusing incident that happened on the trip that did not help to promote good feelings between the two men.

While riding a ditch bank I was followed by Stahl and Wheeler, the latter staying about 100 feet behind Stahl. There happened to be a large hornet nest on a branch that hung out over the ditch bank which I called to the attention of Stahl as we rode by. Mr. Stahl waited until Mr. Wheeler was close to the bush then gave the branch a whack and sped up to join me. Mr. Wheeler was about half asleep when the hornets hit his horse. The horse went down over the ditch bank and threw Wheeler. He received many scratches and both eyes were practically closed from the stings. Many instances of this nature helped to make this trip quite interesting.

In looking back over the years a few instances stand out, although it is hard to ascertain the exact dates of these occurrences. I think it was about 1913 that I received a telephone call from cattlemen in North Park stating that sheepmen had killed 16 head of cattle on Buffalo Pass and that a group of stockmen had gathered together and were going up to Buffalo Pass to kill the sheepmen that had done the deed. At that time the Buffalo Pass range was being used under a dual use agreement. A. L. Richey and I made a

trip up to the Pass, meeting about 10 stockmen from North Park who were looking for the herder that had killed the cattle. A range rider employed by the North Park Cattle Association who stayed at the Buffalo Pass Ranger Station had had several quarrels with sheepherders in regard to the way they had handled sheep on the area. The range rider had reported that the sheepherder had shot the cattle and the stockmen were trying to find the herder who had abandoned his camp and taken to the tall timber. An examination of the dead stock showed that they had all been shot in the head but it was noticed at once that they had not bled at the nose and that they were lying in the characteristic position of larkspur poisoned animals. Rickey and I persuaded the cattlemen to calm down and make an investigation before taking action that they might always regret. An axe was secured at the station and the heads of several cows were cut open. The examination showed that the bullets had entered the heads after the animals were dead. The stockmen were convinced that the animals were poisoned and later shot. Suspicion, of course, pointed to the range rider and he left the country a few days later. Had the stockmen ran onto any sheepherders in that vicinity prior to the examination of the dead animals they undoubtedly would have been killed.

Another instance that stands out is the capture of 14 head of elk on the Antone-Jacobs ranch on Elk River during the winter of 1916. Elk had been scarce on the forest prior to about 1912 and from the best information I can obtain the only elk in the country consisted of a small bunch held on the Chas. Franz ranch near Clark. These elk escaped from the pasture and increased until 1916 they were doing considerable damage to haystacks on Elk River. Porvin, who was then the State Fish and Game Commissioner, asked me if I would catch the elk and ship them to Leadville. I said, "Yes, if the Fish and Game Department would pay expenses". I secured a voluntary crew at Steamboat Springs where they were corralled and loaded into cattle cars and shipped to Leadville to form the nucleus of the present herd around Twin Lakes. The following winter another bunch was captured near the Cullen place on Elk River and placed in the Park across the river from town. These were in the Park several years until they just about destroyed all the tree growth. They were then released and I understand the present herd on Emerald Mountain started from this bunch.

During the later years that I was on the Forest, grazing was the main activity. Many sheep ranges were overgrazed and a considerable number of adjustments were made. Stock associations were organized in all the areas where no organizations had previously existed and many problems were settled through these associations. The cattlemen on Fortification and Little Bear organized to protect their small ranges and did considerable fencing with this in view. However, the time that I left the Forest a large number of permittees had switched from cattle to sheep and but little was left of the original cattle range on the Forest.

/s/ Ray Peck

Monte Vista, Colo.
January 23, 1948

Forest Supervisor
Steamboat Springs, Colorado

Dear Sir:

Reference is made to your letter of January 6.

Following is some rambling that you may be able to tie in with other information. I though I had dates well remembered until I actually tried to write about them. If there is any definite thing that I could help you check on I will be glad to answer any inquiry.

I arrived on the Routt Forest about July 1, 1909, as a Land Examiner under the Act of June 11, 1906. At that time Harry Ratliff was Supervisor, Charles Sumner, Clerk or Deputy Supervisor, Arthur Stanley on the Yampa or south end district, Jimmy Blackburn on Hahn's Peak District, Ed Peck on Bear's Ears and Jim Oliphant on the Baker's Peak or north end district.

There was a Ranger on the North Park side but the first one I remember was Gus Taylor who took charge of the District about the spring of 1910.

During the summer of 1909 several girls tried working in the office as stenographers but none lasted more than two or three weeks. Sumner sort of faded out, but I believe Ratliff tried to use him in the field with the result that the office ran wild. For several short periods I was left in charge of the office as Supervisor (Acting), Clerk and Stenographer. The files were not as large for the entire Forest as they are now on the average Ranger District.

It was during one of these periods when I was in charge that the Regional Office wrote for a certain bill of lading. I started in and went through about all the files and finally found it in some papers of a closed case. Ratliff had sweat over this for it looked as though he would have to write quite a letter and in addition pay the bill to close the matter.

If I am not mistaken it was in June of 1908, the end of the fiscal year, when money was available for construction of Ranger Stations. Supervisor Ratliff obtained contracts signed up prior to July 1 and the men started building, Soda Creek, Burgess Creek, Buffalo Pass and Grizzly Creek Ranger Stations and perhaps Rabbit Ears

Station. In 1909 the Soda Creek and Burgess Creek houses (there were no barns) had just about fallen down. They had been set on rock piers and some of the piers had simply fallen out of place and the buildings were so twisted that it was all one could do to get in either through a window or door. As far as I know these buildings were allowed to fall down and were forgotten.

During 1909 and 1910 the Denver Post through its weekly, The Great Divide, were making such a drive for homesteads that it was almost impossible to reject a June 11 application in its entirety and some that I would not recommend for listing were examined and listed by others. The outstanding case was the ones near the top of the Continental Divide where the Laramie and Hahn's Peak Railroad survey crossed the divide.

The locating of June 11 claims by sections was a real job as there were no reliable maps and section corners were few and far between. The Calf Creek corner in below California Park, the Clark Corner on Elk Creek at the Franz Ranch, some in the Hahn's Peak country and scattering ones along the forest boundary had to be used as starting points.

During the summer of 1909 Ray Peck and I ran a line from the Elk Creek corner about three miles east to southeast corner of the township, thence north into Hinman Park so as to locate several June 11 applications which took in most of Hinman Park. No section corners were found, so corners were set for 1/4 section corners and section corners and these rocks marked with the standard Land Office marks with the addition of FSM on top of the rocks. I believe that I am right when I say that this job of marking corners was the cause of the present regulation that no Forest Officer should in any way use standard Land Office markings on survey monuments.

I believe that it was about the first of December 1909 that the Ranger School at Colorado College was tried. Supervisor Ratliff, Ray Peck and Arthur Stanley went from the Routt and I went from the Regional Office.

In 1910 the Continental Divide drift fence, running from about three miles north of Buffalo Pass to two or three miles south of Rabbit Ears Pass tying in with natural barriers, was built. The fence was built by Francis Smith under contract and in some kind of cooperative agreement with the North Park Stockmen. I rode from Steamboat Springs, about June 27, to Buffalo Pass Ranger Station in the Afternoon, waited and rested my horse at station until midnight, when the snow crust was sure hard enough to hold my horse, then rode on over the top (snow all the way) and down to Peterson's ranch ten or twelve miles east of Grizzly Ranger Station.

After dinner the stockmen discussed the agreement and signed it. I rode back to Grizzly Ranger Station, rested myself and horse until about midnight, then rode back to Steamboat Springs and the agreement was sent into the Regional Office in time to be approved for the fiscal year that was about at an end.

The posts were to be of native green and dead material as found along the fence line. The Forest Service was to do all the treating and furnish all treating equipment. Mr. Mason from the old Norrie treating plant on the Frying Pan River was in charge of the treating. In order to do the work two vats of about 200 gallon capacity and a small steam boiler were hauled to the job and of course the barrels of creosote. There were several different methods of treatment to be tried, such as brush treatment, hot and cold, creosote at different temperatures and posts in at various length periods, etc. There were about 2000 posts numbered and the system under which treated, species and condition of posts, remarks as to soil conditions in which posts were set, etc. was all tabulated for each numbered posts.

On the inspection the following spring at about 50% of the posts, the wires had been broken by the weight of the snow and many of the main timber braces had been broken. That summer the cattlemen made some repairs on the Rabbit Ear Section but as far as I know nothing was ever done with the Buffalo Pass section.

I believe that it was the spring of 1910 that the Fortification Creek drift fence and the Baker's Peak counting pasture were built. These were built so as to control the drift of cattle from the lower Snake River and to protect the range for the permittees from Baggs on up the Snake River. Of course, all cattlemen at that time. These improvements were on the Forest boundary.

May 1, 1910 the timber survey was started and the first camp was made near the Baker's Peak Ranger Station, with a Mr. Bently of the Regional Office as instructor. Then about July 1, two other parties were started with forestry students and local Rangers as Chiefs of Party.

March 1, 1911 the timber survey work was started off by timberman Elliot of the Regional Office and myself. We worked on snowshoes in the long narrow strip, one and one-half miles north and south and six miles east and west, that used to be within the Forest south of Toponas, Colorado. Then about April 1 a party was made up of Ed Parks, Charles Eyler (Pop), Jimmy Blackburn, Ray Peck, Timberman Elliot and myself. We boarded and roomed at Columbine and worked on skis and webb snowshoes. The estimating crew worked on snowshoes and the crew that ran the boundaries of the logging units used skis. We had no maps to start with so had to build our own topography maps. The traverse crew would stay on

the ridges and map in streams and timber and park boundaries by intersecting lines. The estimating crew would decide on some course to take, starting from a known point on the logging traverse, listing the estimates, change in topography, streams, trails, etc. on notebook forms using a single sheet for each 10 chains of strip. The actual mapping and estimates were done next winter from the various notes gathered in the field.

The traverse lines and the estimating lines were blazed at points where the control was in the timber. Later in the summer I was checking on some of these control points and had to watch up in the trees from ten to fifteen feet above ground for the blazing and marks.

From Columbine we moved our camp by trail sled to Red Park and worked this section on snowshoes until about the 1st. of June when we moved by team to the John Benash ranch north and west of Columbine. I left the timber survey work when this camp was established.

While working out of Red Park, bears were often seen in the small open parks where they would stay during the day eating grass and roots. They had to stay in these parks during the day but would travel about at night when the crust of snow would hold them. We would often find that bear had followed our tracks up close to our camps.

In the first move of camp with wagons we would cut through deep snowdrifts, by two men cutting with cross cut saws along the edges of the cut, then one man would break off chunks with an axe or shovel, that 2 men could handle and throw out of the cut. It was real work and we had plenty of it but it beat the trail sleds on dry ground pulls.

I believe the season of 1912 finished the Timber Survey Project.

During the summer of 1910 we were asked to accept State Game Warden Commissions. Jimmy Blackburn wrote, "In the performance of my official duties it is often necessary for me to stay with ranchers and they usually have wild meat which would make it very embarrassing for me and I do not feel that it would be best for me to have a game warden commission."

At this time there was no limit as to the number of sage chickens, grouse and fish that a person could obtain as far as the natural supply was concerned, but as far as I knew no one killed or caught more than they could use. The elk on Copper Ridge and at the head of Soda Creek numbered about a dozen and were not bothered. But when the elk got back into the high country at the head of Big Creek and Elk River the ranchers felt that it was okay to get a little winter meat.

When we were transferred to the statutory roll effective July 1, 1911, one of the men wanted to know what that meant and it was explained that that was where our salaries stood for the rest of our lives and we dubbed it the "stationary roll".

Along in 1909 when the question of Rangers wearing uniforms came up, Supervisor Ratliff took the que, sent out a circular letter giving his idea what a Ranger's standard outfit should be and asked all the Rangers to get the same as soon as practical. I do not remember all the items and would give anything if I had the letter today, but some of the standards listed were: two saddle horses well broken and not under 9,500 pounds, one pair winged chaps (wooley and laced not practical for winter), one revolver of not less than 32 caliber, good riding saddle, Frazer pack saddle, bed, etc. Stetson hat was listed but nothing about a uniform as we know it today.

In the fall of 1908 or 1907, Supervisor Ratliff let the cattlemen know that if they could not make use of the high country from the north end of the Forest (Hog Park Divide) to Rabbit Ears that sheep would be permitted to use the range. The cattlemen tried to use this range but on account of the flies, long way from the home range of the cattle and the general lay of the country, the cattle simply would not stay and could not be held on this range.

The season of 1910 sheep were allowed to enter south of Hog Park and on south to Buffalo Pass and Fish Creek watershed. There was lots of talk and many threats about killing the sheep and the herders. For a while close watch was kept by the Forest Service to see that no trouble started. The worst problem to solve was the trailing of the sheep from the forest boundary to the Steamboat Springs railway siding.

It was first planned to come down the Buffalo Pass road past the State Fish Hatchery and down Soda Creek and through the north side of town. The Wyoming sheepmen agreed to furnish 30" hog wire to fence both sides of the road through the ranch country with the owners of the land putting the wire in place. One load of wire was delivered on the road when it was learned that some of the ranchers would not put up the wire and more than likely would steal it if it was left overnight. So most of the wire was hauled back to town. The sheep were finally brought in just north of Fish Creek. The big end of these sheep were lambs. The kids around town were given a few lambs and then they got to stealing them out of the railway pens and ended up stealing lambs from each other. The lambs made the kids good money (from \$1.00 to \$2.00 for a fine big lamb) and as far as the law was concerned there was no objection.

The merchants, restaurants and livery barns did not care for the sheepmens' trade, but Hugus Company had other stores in Wyoming so were glad for this extra trade and the other people around town soon fell into line for the sheepmens' trade.

The season of 1911 I laid out the Copper Ridge driveway and Leck Leckenby (Brother of Editor Leckenby) took a crew and chopped it through. This driveway went through the very heaviest laurel brush. Also this summer the sheep bridge across Mad Creek was constructed so that the sheep could be brought through Elk Park at the head of Soda Creek and on to the Copper Ridge driveway. The Buffalo Pass sheep came in along Fish Creek.

Someone got into a band of sheep at the foot of Copper Ridge one night and scattered them and stole about 300 head and passed them out among the ranchers between Steamboat and Elk Creek. I was given the job of finding out what became of the sheep and who broke up the band. I went to the various ranches and found most of the sheep with only three or four in most places and up to thirty in one place. The women on the ranches were willing to tell how the sheep got there and who brought them. I made my report and a representative of the Wyoming Sheep Growers Association came to Steamboat Springs, and an attorney was hired. I was for arresting just one man but it was finally decided to have nine men arrested.

About this time I was transferred to the Rio Grande Forest and was called back to Steamboat Springs in June of 1912 for the trial of the nine men. After a long drawn out trial the men were declared not guilty. All during this trouble Ratliff had nothing to do with the case and had me move my office out of the Supervisor's office.

Then there was the famous Suttle Timber Trespass case west of Hahn's Peak, about 1907 to 1910. After the two tracts of timber were surveyed (1909?) by order of one of the Federal Courts and the corners established by running lines in from the Hahn's Peak corner and a mile post on the state line between Wyoming and Colorado, three of us, Ed Parks (I believe he had a Ranger appointment at the time), P.J. Paxton (Doc), Forest Assistant and myself went to scale the stumps between the two tracts. Suttle always claimed that his land was in one tract and covered about 100 acres more than his patent papers called for. Suttle had let it be known that he would kill the first Forest Officer he found on his land. We had worked about two hours when the Suttle boy showed up over a small ridge and called, "here they are Paw", just like we were rabbits. Suttle came to us with rifle in hand and especially me as I had talked to him about this trespass. He was as mad as a man could be but finally settled down after saying, "Billy if you had a gun I would kill you right now". We talked things over and agreed to get off the area; Suttle went back to his sawmill and we went to camp feeling very lucky. It was after this that he was convicted of being guilty

of trespass and served a short time, but never paid one cent for trespass.

In 1910 there was a small trespass in the Toponas country and I went in to help John B. Lansing, Ranger in Charge of this District. Ranger Ray Peck worked with us. The trespasser, a Mr. Cotton, was very anxious to settle the case and move the ties. When I returned to Steamboat Springs, there was a note from Ratliff for me to take charge of the office. I went ahead and made out the timber trespass report, approved the report, took Mr. Cotton's Post Office orders for about \$115.00, turned the ties loose, sent payment into Washington and closed the case. Of course, I soon had a letter from Smith Riley condemning me for my action on the case. There was a little note in pencil saying "you got away this time, fine and dandy, but don't try it again."

1910 was the first real fire season on the Routt Forest. This season the first fire occurred in the Toponas District on June 24 and the last fire October 30 near the Hot Springs at the head of Soda Creek. The Toponas fire started in a cut-over area from a cutter's fire and was a real job to put out. The Hot Springs fire was started by homesteader burning brush and after about six hours hard work by a crew, a good snowstorm finished the job.

The big fire on the South Fork of Elk River was a lightning fire. This fire was seen a week or ten days before it was reported, but everyone thought it would go out, even including two Forest Officers that saw the smoke. While the Elk River fire was going good I could count five other fires all of which were good ones. Four in the Red Park country, evidently set by ranchers to burn out the sheep and one at the old Peavy, set near Fred Reddert's ranch six or seven miles east of Clark.

After the first big run and burn of the South Fork Elk River fire and a big crew had worked on it about a week, it was supposed to be out. About every week or ten days a snag or some other burning thing would take a roll downhill and start more fire. In would go a crew, work two or three days and decide it was all out again.

The night I went into the South Fork of Elk River fire with the first crew of four men, we went past the old Peavy sawmill set. The sawdust had been afire for some time, but no one seemed to know anything about it. We stopped and put a small fire line around the worst side. At Reddert's ranch there was a man by the name of Mittendorf who promised me to go to the Peavy millset and put the fire out. In two or three days the Peavy fire had covered about 100 acres and was put out by a timber survey crew pulled in from the Rabbit Ears country. On this fire area some brush had been piled for burning. Ranger Blackburn's comment was "well, the brush is burned". Supervisor Blackhall of the old Hayden Forest

came over from Hog Park with a crew of the hacks, about 50, and handled two of the Red Park fires.

Fish planting was a strenuous job. The fish car from Leadville would arrive with the regular train about 5:00 P.M., we would receive the fish. (one year 72 cans) load them on wagons, haul them to Buffalo Pass Ranger Station, that night and then pack them out early next morning to the various lakes on top of the divide. Some of the fish would not be taken from the pack horses until three or four in the afternoon. One of the best men on the job was Frank Ding, an old Swiss trapper with only one hand.

One year (1911?) I took a load of fish to the Grizzly Creek Ranger Station where fresh horses were obtained and then went on north six or eight miles to the old State Experimental Farm or Plot and back west into the Forest to some good sized lakes.

The sheepmen were always good and willing help furnishing plenty of horses and good pack outfits. During the 1910 - 1911 period several lakes were stocked that had never been stocked. There was one small lake two or three miles northeast of Buffalo Pass Ranger Station that the Crawford Brothers had stocked, but never let anyone know. I put four cans in this small lake in 1910 and in the fall of 1911 I tried the lake for fishing. I caught ten or twelve right now and they were about eight inches long and as thin as cod could be and live. At one time I thought I had caught an eight pound fish but found that I had a 16 inch fish by the tail.

I worked on the Routt from June 1909 to October 16, 1912, but my headquarters were Denver until July 1, 1911. Some of the other members of the force were: Clerks, Miss Dillion and Mr. Grabill; Yampa District, Arthur Stanley, left in spring of 1910 and was followed by John B. Lansing; Steamboat Springs District, no regular Ranger until I took charge in 1911; Hahn's Peak District, Jimmey Blackburn; Columbine District, Ed Parks; Bears Ears District, Ed Peck; Baker's Peak District, Jim Oliphant, Lawrence Ayers and Harvey Hurd; North Park District, Gus Taylor. It seems to me that Oliver Taylor had a District at one time.

Very truly yours,

/s/ Wm. M. Darley

SOME HISTORICAL DATES
OF ROUTT COUNTY, COLORADO

Route County was created by an act of the First General Assembly of Colorado and signed by Governor John L. Routt, after whom the county was named, on January 29, 1877. Routt was the last Territorial and first State Governor. The county had an area of 4,458,880 acres and included what is now Moffat County. It was formed out of territory that was previously a part of Grand County.

Governor Routt appointed the following officers: County Commissioners, A. J. Bell of Hahn's Peak, Gordon C. Smart of Hayden and Thomas H. Iles from near the mouth of Fortification; Clerk and Recorder, James B. Thompson; County Treasurer, S.D.N. Bennett; County Judge, James H. Crawford; Sheriff, Joseph Morgan; Assessor, Horace P. Hulett.

The act creating the county provided that "until the county seat shall be located as provided by law, the court of the county and the county offices shall be held at such place as may be designated by the county commissioners, and at the first general election the qualified electors of such county shall elect a county seat by ballot."

The county commissioners at their first meeting entered in the record: "The county seat was temporarily located at Hayden." Gordon Smart was authorized to erect a county building at a cost of \$40. It was built of hewed cottonwood logs with a dirt floor. The county was divided into five precincts. Practically all of the travel and business was by way of Rawlins, Wyoming, and at the first meeting the commissioners established the following tolls over what was known as the Peasley bridge across Snake River; For single team, 75 cents; for double team, \$1; each additional span 25 cents; horsemen and pack animals each 25 cents; foot passengers, 25 cents; loose stock 5 cents per head."

In the spring of 1879 the county seat was moved to Hahn's Peak by a vote of the people. This was on May 1. On May 5 the first meeting of the county commissioners was held in the new location. Among other bills allowed was that of A. J. Reynolds, \$37 for moving the county records from Hayden to Hahn's Peak. William Leahy and Jimmy Dunn were helpers. The records were placed in flour sacks and tied to saddle horns.

Hahn's Peak declined in population with the working out of the placer mines, was very inaccessible, especially in winter, and four unsuccessful attempts were made to remove the county seat to the valley, but the vote was so badly divided that no town could secure the necessary votes. Finally to break the deadlock the legislature created Moffat County with Craig as the County Seat.

This measure was signed by Governor Shafroth on February 27, 1911. Under these conditions Steamboat Springs was an easy winner of the county seat at the election in the fall of 1912.

Hahn's Peak was the first settlement in Routt County. In 1862 Joseph Hahn and two companions made a prospecting trip from Georgetown into what is now Routt County. They found some gold at the base of Hahns Peak and decided the prospects justified further search. But it was not until 1865 that Hahn, with two companions, William A. Doyle and Capt. George Way, came again to Hahn's Peak. They found gold on every side of the peak but not in sufficient quantity to work with a pan. They returned to the eastern slope and came again next year with some 30 companions. Some good discoveries were made but in the fall all left for the eastern slope except Hahn, Way and Doyle. The game, always a source of food, left for the lower country. Their provisions ran low and Way was sent for supplies. He did not return. It finally became necessary for the two men to obtain food and as the plan that promised the best, they packed a few belongings and on April 22, 1867, they started the long journey to Empire on snowshoes. The snow was soft and traveling difficult. On April 29, on the banks of the Muddy in Middle Park, they stopped to rest and when it became time to resume the journey Hahn was unable to continue. His strength was exhausted. He died there the next day while Doyle was away looking for help. His bones were not discovered until the next fall and were buried on the spot, which is near the present town of Kremmling.

There were desultory mining operations at Hahn's Peak for a few years and in 1875 James V. Farwell, the merchant prince of Chicago became interested and he expended \$160,000 in constructing a 27-mile ditch from Elk River at a time when all the work had to be done with pick and shovel. Mr. Farwell came personally to supervise operations and spent several summers at the camp. Results were terribly disappointing and Mr. Farwell took a heavy loss when he disposed of his property. He built a road from Laramie, Wyoming, and brought in a sawmill.

Aside from a limited area in Way's Gulch the placers at Hahn's Peak were not fabulously rich. Hydraulic work was done for many years on Poverty Bar and one season it is reported that \$100,000 was taken out. It is probable that the camp has added nearly half a million dollars to the indestructible wealth of the world.

Steamboat Springs was founded by James H. Crawford, who came west with his family in a covered wagon in 1873, his starting place being Sedalia, Missouri. In 1874 Mr. Crawford, accompanied by a group of other men, set out from Hot Sulphur Springs to explore the country west of the range. The group crossed the Gore Range into Egeria Park, then because it was impossible to take a wagon thru the canyon, they cut across Twentymile park to the Yampa River

near the present site of Hayden, passed the mouth of Fortification Creek, the present site of Craig and thence to the mouth of Williams Fork. They were seeking a location. They liked the country, but on the return trip Mr. Crawford and one companion determined to follow the Yampa River on foot, agreeing to again meet their companions in Egeria Park. They had heard of the springs at the big bend of the river and knew that prospectors and trappers called it Steamboat Springs. Mr. Crawford immediately decided to make this his home. He and his companion posted notices claiming the property and piled up rock in the form of a foundation for a house. The next year he brought his family here and settled, living here the remainder of his life.

The name came from a spring on the southwest bank of the river which thru the action of gas impounded in a pocket, made regular exhausts each few seconds, sounding like the exhaust of a steam engine. Water was thrown several feet and the sound could be heard for some distance. Hence the name of Steamboat Springs.

The land was entered by five claims under the preemption law, the filers being James H. Crawford, Perry A. Burgess, William E. Walton, William G. Mellen and Joseph G. Coberly. A town company was organized, bringing the prominent Boulder residents, A. J. Macky, J.P. Maxwell, E.A. Lea and O.C. Cheney. The town was incorporated in 1900 with James H. Crawford as the first mayor.

Hayden was named for Prof. F.V. Hayden, who made a geological and topographical survey of this country. The first post office was established there in 1882. The town was incorporated in 1906 and Robert E. Norvell was the first mayor.

Yampa was incorporated in 1906 with J. G. Terhune as the first mayor. The word Yampa comes from a tuber somewhat resembling a wild onion which grows abundantly along the river and was used for food by the Indians.

Oak Creek was incorporated on December 26, 1907 and George W. Grow was the first mayor.

The first school in Routt County was a private one conducted by Mrs. Jennie Bennett in the winter of 1876-87. It was located on the Crawford homestead and the Crawford children were the only pupils. From that time until 1881 education in Routt County was rather intermittent, being dependent upon those persons who were willing and qualified to conduct private schools. In 1881 the first public school district was organized on Snake River, still known as District No. 1.

The first church in Routt County was built in Steamboat Springs in 1888 and was a Union Church open to all denominations, built

largely thru the efforts of Mrs. James H. Crawford and Mrs. Henry C. Monson. The first denominational church was built by the Congregationalists in Steamboat Springs in 1889 with Rev. J. W. Gunn as the first pastor.

/s/ Charles H. Leckenby

Early Events in Northwestern Colorado as told by Ben Savage
of
Steamboat Springs, Colorado

I came to this section of Colorado back in 1899 before the Forest Service was set up. To get into this section of the country most people rode the Union Pacific to Rawlins, Wyoming, then came around by way of Craig and Hayden to Steamboat Springs. After leaving the railroad, traveling was done by horseback or buckboard. If it were during the wintertime, part of the trip would probably be made by sled in order to get over the deep snows.

Most of the lumbering and tie cutting done during those days was for the Union Pacific Railroad. Large crews would cut ties during the winter months, pile them on the snow along the river and then in the spring when the thaws started, slide them into the river and float them down to market, which on the Encampment River was near Ft. Steele where there was a tie catching apparatus stretched across the river. The best known tie cutter in the woods in those days was a man who could cut 60 ties a day.

Most of the timbermen were heavy drinkers as can be evidenced by the huge piles of whiskey bottles still to be seen around Whiskey Park on the Routt National Forest. It is said that Whiskey Park got its name as such due to the boozey times had by the early tie cutters in that area.

For years there was a freight road running from Rawlins, Wyoming to Hahn's Peak, which was the county seat of Routt County at that time. I also made numerous trips over the state with my brother to bring general merchandise into Routt County. Very little cash was given the teamsters for such hauling as the storekeepers would usually pay you in merchandise of some sort or put it on the books to be balanced at the end of the year. Most people's credit was unlimited for the asking. I have seen the time when getting my hand on a dollar was near the impossible but otherwise I was well off as I was well supplied with most all kinds of merchandise paid me for my labors. Sometimes a load of coal hauled into town would wipe the slate clean for any number of people as it was passed from person to person in payment of some debt that he owed. It was said that one fellow who was working for a sawmill outfit up in the woods paid the preacher in slabs for performing the marriage ceremony, money was so scarce with him.

Freight hauling was slow travel in those days. On round trips to Wolcott for freight, it took about nine days. A round trip to Denver meant from 15 to 20 days on the road, depending on the weather. Coming back from Fort Collins with a load of flour one trip, some freighters ran into a snow storm coming over the mountains near Buffalo Pass. In order to meet expenses for the long

delay they had to sell the flour, and finally after this money was gone, they had to work their way back by way of Rawlins and Craig, doing bits of hauling back and forth along the way to pay their way. Thirty days later they arrived in Steamboat Springs.

A brother of mine and some friends were encamped up at Battle Lake one winter. When they broke camp and started back to Steamboat Springs, most of the outfit went by way of Craig to avoid the deep snows. But one of the Wren boys in the group more adventurous than the rest, decided to try to cross country over the crusted snow with 4 horses and a sled. The snow was from six to eight feet deep at the time, and if the crust had broken through he would have been buried alive and never lived to tell the tale. As it was he arrived safely.

Balloting in those days had its inconveniences and expenses too. The country was so thinly settled that contracts would be let to deliver and collect the ballot boxes from remote sections of the country. Sometimes it was necessary to travel 150 miles for only a few votes.

This country was rich in game in those times. Hunting seasons didn't mean much to the natives. Deer, grouse and sage hens were hunted the year around. Elk, however, were not so numerous. Even in those days tourists were attracted to this section of the state to fish and hunt. Wagons from as far as Leadville and Pueblo would come over in the summer and stay around for some time in order for the party to fish and hunt. Native trout were the most common game fish caught.

There was no grazing season set up for turning your cattle out on the range in the spring. Just as soon as the snow began to melt and show the bare ground the cattle were turned out and would follow the melting snow upward on the range until sufficient forage was found. The range was in such excellent condition the cattle never had to go very far. By the same token the cattle returned to the lower range in the fall. The snow would gradually drive them down.

For many years the early settlers in this region homesteaded only along streams where there was plenty of water and the grasses looked the best. They thought that the growing season was too short and the altitude too high to grow grain and hay crops such as alfalfa and red clover. One of the first ranchers to experiment with the growing of such crops was a rancher who lived on the Elk River meadow land. At first his neighbors only laughed at him when told he was sowing red clover on his land one fall. It proved such a success that the growing of small grains soon became a common practice.

January 14, 1948

/s/ Bennett Savage

EARLY EVENTS PERTAINING TO THE TERRITORY IN AND AROUND
ROUTT NATIONAL FOREST
AS RELATED BY "MISSOURI BILL" MC CAUSLAND - OLD TIME RESIDENT

Around the turn of the 20th century before the Forest Service was established in this northwestern part of Colorado and southern Wyoming, feuding was common practice between the sheepmen and cattlemen. A sheepherder was about as welcome in a cow camp as a skunk, and vice versa. After the establishment of the Forest Service the first Forest Rangers were unwelcome as two skunks in either camps. During this early period for many years sheep grazing was not allowed south of the Wyoming line, which resulted in numerous gunfights inasmuch as the line could not be readily determined by the early stockgrowers. He who arrived first, got first crack at the range.

Range conditions in those days were excellent with no one worrying about overgrazing. Wool was selling for from 5 to 8 cents per lb. Top lambs sold for \$2.75 each. Old ewes sold for from 50 to 85 cents. Sheepherders were paid \$15. per month for their labors. The sheep owners, it seemed, expected the herders to live much like a coyote would, mostly mutton and a little hustling on the side. However, many owners did furnish the customary beans, Arbuckle coffee, dried fruit and a little bacon. Sheepherders as a rule kept at least one goat to furnish milk.

Some of the early sheep outfits were the Cow Creek Sheep Company and the Jack Edwards sheep outfit. Edwards was one of the first sheepmen to get the idea to lease grazing land from the Union Pacific Railroad. The Railroad owned every other section each side of the tracks, while the remaining sections belonged to the Government. Trespassing was simply not tolerated across leased lands while moving your herds from one strip of land to another.

In the early 1900's I worked for the Baggs Livestock Company and later for John K. Hart, one of the early sheep owners who believed there was enough range for everybody, if it was taken care of.

The first sheep shipped out of Routt County on the railroad was in 1909 over the old Moffatt Route. Transportation in those days was quite a problem.

"Axeman Spare that Tree" was first brought home to me many years ago. At the time I was working for a Mr. Spragg at the Pioneer Sheep Headquarters between Stimps Springs and the Roaring Fork. I was working on a trail just outside camp was in the act of striking the first blow which would have felled a 6½ foot Engelmann spruce tree, merely to get it out of the way, when I was stopped by Mr. Spragg with these words: "Son, when I was a young man living in Nova Scotia, as old Quaker once told me that we

aren't on this old earth very long, and if we can't do any good, do as little harm as we can." The tree was left standing and at this time is approximately 45 feet tall.

I knew Gifford Pinchot back in the early days. I first met him back in 1906 when I was a delegate to the Dry Farmers Conference of Colorado held in the Albany Hotel in Denver. Of six appointed at the Conference to go see Pinchot regarding the early land laws, I was the only one who turned up. Pinchot told me that the Forest Service would some day, not unlike the Postal Service, serve many people with a minimum of cost to the users. I have found his words to be true. In my estimation if there hadn't been men like Pinchot in those days, this country would be well on the same road with China, a country whose resources were never carefully guarded.

Many of the lakes which dot the Routt National Forest were named by the old-timers in memory of their lady friends. One such lake, now shown on the map as Sanchez Lake, was known as Helen's Button in those days. At times when the water in the lake was at it's lowest there was a rock in the center of it which would protrude above the water.

1/15/48

/s/ William J. McCausland

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE
SOUTHERN REGION

Glenn Building
Atlanta 3, Ga.

February 13, 1948

Forest Supervisor
Steamboat Springs, Colorado

Dear Mr. Pickford:

Shortly before Christmas, I made a field trip with Mr. J.E. King of the Washington Office, who was interested in some of our cadastral surveys of land being acquired by purchase in states not covered by the rectangular survey of townships and sections made by the General Land Office. During the trip I happened one day to tell King about some of the early reconnaissance surveys we made on the Routt and of what a thrill I got in mapping country that had never been mapped before. He mentioned the fact that you now have a superb set of planimetric maps based on controlled aerial photographs. In response to my enthusiasm, he said he would send me a set of the advance sheets of this map, which reached me a short time later.

I do not know of anything, unless it is an old tune, or some old familiar smell, that stimulates the memory in the same way as a map of familiar country. I immediately spread out these maps and, in my mind's eye, began going up and down the canyons and ridges that I used to travel nearly forty years ago, with memories crowding in from all sides. At this point, by a strange coincidence, your letter of January 6 was laid on my table, asking me to give you some recollections of my early days on the Routt. The following is my attempt to do this.

My first appointment in the Service was to the position of Forest Assistant, effective July 1, 1909. My first official act was to make out a transportation request covering my travel, at Government expense, mind you, from my home in Princeton, Indiana to Denver, where I was directed to report to District Forester Smith Riley, whose office was then in the Majestic Building. I reached there on the 3rd. of July, just in time to celebrate the weekend of the 4th. I spent the holiday with George Duthie, whose marching orders were dated the same as mine. On reporting for duty I met Mr. Riley, Fred Morrell, who was then Chief of Operation, C.J. Stahl, and a number of others who have now passed out of the picture. After about a week I was told that they were going to send me to the Routt. Supervisor J.H. Ratliff came in to Denver about that time, and when he went back to Steamboat Springs he took me with him. Taking the

early morning train on the Moffat Road from Denver, I spent the day with my nose glued to the window-pane trying to take in all there was to see of the mountain country. I saw plenty. When we got to the end of the line at Steamboat Springs in the late afternoon, I was astonished to see a great crowd of townspeople waiting at the station. Harry Ratliff assured me, however, that they had not come down to welcome me. The railroad was new then, and it was the custom for about half the people in town to go down every afternoon and see the train come in, if it came in.

I spent the night in Mr. Ratliff's house, and next morning we went to the office together early. When we opened the office door we found the deputy supervisor and one of the rangers (possibly Ed Peck) having a discussion about a point in connection with a timber sale. When Harry found out what they were talking about, he said, "just turn that over to Mr. Paxton. Mr. Paxton knows all about timber sales". I have often recalled those words during recent years when reading about the elaborate training courses in various kinds of work that are now set up for new employees. I was then what they called a "tech. ass", and I was as green as any that ever came over the mountain, but with those few words I was expected to work out my salvation, find out what needed to be done, and go ahead and do it as best I could. That seems to have been the regular way of taking on new men and my case was no exception.

It may be worthwhile to mention some of the men who were working on the Routt at that time. I have already mentioned J.H. Ratliff, the Supervisor, who then got a munificent salary of \$1,400 a year. When last I heard from him (1941) he was working for the Humphreys Gold Corporation, First National Bank Building, Denver. His deputy was Charles Summers, who left before the year was out and was succeeded by Ray Peck. Ray's brother, Ed Peck, was then a Ranger on the Bear's Ears District. Jim Oliphant, an old cowpuncher who used to ride on the long cattle trail between Texas and Kansas City, was in charge of the District at the west end of the Forest. We named a mountain after him, that shows on your new map. Ranger William M. Darley was engaged chiefly in examining land applied for under the Act of June 11, 1906, "alfalfa work", they called it. Angus Taylor served on several districts while I was there, the last being North Park. Jimmy Blackburn, Ratliff's brother-in-law, had the Hahn's Peak District. Other names that come back to me of that period were Ed Parks, Harvey Hurd, Stanley Brock, Everett Stapleton (who then had a ranch on Mad Creek), and Pop Euler, the cook, who later was Ranger on the Gore District.

These men all worked for the Service in several capacities while I was there. Possibly some of them still live in the vicinity. If so, I would like for them to know they are well remembered.

My first field assignment was to investigate a timber trespass of long standing, in which the alleged trespasser was one Charles Perkins of Dixon, Wyoming. He had a sawmill on Four Mile Creek not far from Section 13 of Township 10 North, Range 90 West. He also had a stone with a 1/4 on it and a patent to 80 acres of alleged timber land. By judiciously moving the stone he could always show that he was cutting on his own land. He had been cutting for years in the spruce forest on top of the divide between Four Mile Creek, Willow Creek, and Fortification Creek. A local surveyor named Alden Wessels went along with two rodmen for the purpose of setting up the boundaries of the eighty that Perkins owned. I was then expected to estimate and evaluate all the timber he had cut outside of his 80. Wessels soon found that at that time there was not a single corner which could be identified either within this township or on its exterior boundaries, and consequently he could not make any definite location. I estimated that Perkins had cut over two or three hundred acres of land, but since it was impossible to prove the location, no trespass proceeding could be expected to stick. I never have found out how many times Perkins had to move his 1/4 corner in the course of his cutting operations.

During my stay, I spent the night with Perkins and his engineer in the bunkhouse at the sawmill. The engineer was one of the thinnest men I ever saw. He had a shock of red hair and very long whiskers. During the course of the night I was awakened by a shot, and sat up in bed to find old man Perkins on the floor with a candle, and the engineer clothed in a black union suit squatting beside him with a smoking rifle. They explained that there was a pack-rat in the room and that he crept up into the coils of the springs below the mattress upon which I was then reposing. They suggested that I get up before they took the second shot at the pack-rat. I lost no time in complying with their request and the pack-rat was duly accounted for. I have often wished I could have a moving picture of that scene. Incidentally, I collected quite a few cooties out of old man Perkins' bunk.

Perkins never had to pay for any of his trespass cutting. He passed away a year or so after this. When this township was re-surveyed by G.L.O. about 1912, it was found that his eighty was down in the aspen belt several miles away from where he did his cutting.

My next field assignment took me with Ray Peck and Ranger Stanley down into the country lying south of the forest between the base line and the Gore Canyon, in the vicinity of a place then called Burn's Hole. Our job was to explore the country with a view to adding it to the national forest. We spent two or three weeks down there, but failed to find any considerable area of timber land except pinon and juniper, and consequently this country was never added to the forest, so far as I know. Early the following spring

we started the extensive timber reconnaissance job that was the occasion for doing the mapping that I referred to at the outset of this letter. We began somewhere south of the Bear's Ears early in April and worked around the west end of the mountain covering old man Perkins' country, then the drainage of Slater Creek and eastward to the vicinity of Hahn's Peak, where we arrived about the end of June without a sound pair of pants left in the party. During the summer months, with two or three parties, they worked out most of the Gore Range, and late in the season we worked the country back of Swamp Park and the forks of Elk River. During the following season, Ed Parks took a party to North Park and finished up the job there, but I did not participate personally in that part of the field work.

One of our great difficulties on this job was to make the district office realize that it was impossible to put together a job of that size without any primary control, in a country where there were practically no section corners but plenty of local magnetic attraction. They would not even give us a 200-foot tape to measure our base lines. It took a lot of pulling and stretching to get our maps together, but we finally did so (after a fashion) and the result was a base map of the forest which, while far from being correct, was still better than any map they had ever had before. It was used for ordinary administration purposes for the rest of my stay on that forest. During the course of this job the members of the party got a very complete idea of the vast territory then embraced by the boundaries, but we did not get anything of much value by way of an inventory of the merchantable timber.

Another episode of about this period was the opening up of the high sheep range. When I arrived on the Routt, the Colorado-Wyoming line was the deadline for sheep. The Hayden National Forest, which then embraced the headwaters of the Encampment River on the Colorado side and the territory immediately north of it in Wyoming, was very heavily stocked with sheep. The sheepmen wanted to use some of the high range on the Colorado side that was not good for cattle. Supervisor Ratliff and Supervisor Blackhall of the Hayden rigged up a treaty with the sheep and cattle men, under which the cattlemen were allowed to use a certain range formerly occupied by sheep in the lower country and the sheepmen were allowed to use the high ranges of Routt. The Forest Service was responsible for keeping each party in its place. Ratliff very shrewdly selected the son of the president of the cattle association to act as a guard to keep all of the sheep up above the "cow line", knowing full well that if any of the sheep did break over into the cow country, the cowmen would hesitate before shooting up the son of their own president. This arrangement worked out satisfactorily, but there was considerable tension all summer for fear somebody's mistake might start a new sheep war. Not long before this period, a large number of sheep and some men were killed along the old deadline. I am told that sheep are now ranging

all over this country, but I cannot reconcile my mind to it because, when I was there, not a single rancher in the whole Yampa Valley would have dared to turn a little bunch of sheep out on the open range, and it was not any too safe to keep them under fence at home.

During this and the following year, the Forest Service began the work of stocking some of the high glacial lakes that were without any trout or other fish population originally. Long before I came to the forest someone had hired a trapper to catch trout with a hook and line and carry them in a beer keg on a burro up to Lake Luna at the head of Mad Creek. This lake was stocked and also Lake Elbert, lying about a mile to the southeast. The first lake that I helped to stock was Rainbow Lake at the head of Norris Creek on the North Park side. Later we stocked several of the lakes at the head of Fish Creek, and my last venture was to put the first trout into the two little lakes at the head of a branch of Big Creek, about two miles northwest from Lake Luna. At that time the trout in Lake Luna weighed up to 4 to 5 lbs. apiece and were very difficult to catch with rod and fly. Two years after stocking, three of us caught a pack-horse load of 9 and 10-inch trout out of the lake that bears my name.

During my years on the Routt the supply of big game probably reached its lowest ebb. Black and brown bears were fairly plentiful and there was a fair number of deer, but nowhere near what the country would support. After a careful survey one fall, during which we tried to locate all of the remaining small bands of elk, Ray Peck and I estimated 50 head as the maximum left on the Forest. I imagine that there were about an equal number of mountain sheep in the more inaccessible places. There was a permanent closed season on elk and mountain sheep, and only a very short open season on deer. A few years ago I had a chance to look over the game census for many of the Colorado forests and was astonished at the large numbers now reported.

During the summer of 1912, our forest was authorized to build one of the first fire lookout stations ever erected in the Rocky Mountain Region. I believe one on the Harney preceded it. Hahn's Peak was the site selected.

On this prominent elevation, there was no need for a 100-foot steel tower such as we now use in the South. All we planned was a small shelter hut about 10 by 10 feet, with stone walls laid in cement and a roof of concrete laid on metal laths. Plenty of broken stone was available on top of the peak - in fact, there was nothing else there but broken stone and fresh air. Pack horses had to carry up all the rest of the building material, which included many hundred pounds of sand, cement and water, three or four 2-by-12 timbers, a little lumber for the door and window frame, several long strips

of metal lath, a small cook stove, balanced by a heavy mine-set telephone, and two fifty-gallon barrels.

No pack-horses could be hired for this job because the trail through the slide-rock near the top of the mountain was too rough and dangerous, so Supervisor Ratliff assigned several rangers and guards to do the job with personally owned saddle horses. I was present with three head, and also Stanley Brock and two or three others. We made quite a caravan when strung out along the trail with the pack-horses tied to the tails of the ones ahead of them.

Ratliff, who was an expert, supervised the job and personally loaded some of the more difficult items. His 900-pound pack-horse looked funny under the two fifty-gallon barrels. Three trips a day we made up that mountain, getting our sand and cement at the bottom, and our water from a prospect hole about halfway up. On one trip down the mountain my tail-end pack-horse reared back at a sharp turn of the trail and nearly jerked my lead horse, to whose tail he was tied, over the edge of the precipitous slope. I expressed my views to him in the best language I could command. Ratliff overheard me and said, "Doc, now I know you're a packer. There's just one way to say son-of-a-bitch." Sorry, but he did not give me an engraved diploma.

I must not ramble on indefinitely. I hope the foregoing will in some measure meet your needs. If not, I at least had a lot of fun remembering it. I have a very warm place in my heart for the country in which you work. Please accept my heartiest greetings, and pass them on to every member of your force, and also to any of my old companions who may still remember me.

Sincerely yours,

/s/ Percy J. Paxton

STATEMENT BY CHARLEY SHELL ON HIS EXPERIENCES IN NORTH PARK
AS FOREMAN OF THE HOME RANCH
OF THE BIG HORN CATTLE COMPANY

I went to work in June of 1922 for the Big Horn Cattle Company, Walden, Colorado. Jack White was the general manager at the time I went to work. I worked in 1922 and part of 1923 as a common ranch hand. In July of 1923 I was appointed Foreman at the Home Ranch, at that time it was headquarters for the Big Horn Cattle Company.

I might state the number of cattle they were running in the winter of 1923 and 1924 at the time that I was appointed foreman at the headquarters of the Big Horn Cattle Company, which was about 5,200 head of cattle on the feed trails. Of that number we had about 325 head of bulls that were kept in what was called the "bull pasture" at the Sheaffer Ranch in the north end of North Park. There were about 2,100 head of horses.

At this time there was no machinery of any type that was powered by gas or oil. All our freighting was done by team and sled or team and wagon. In winter we usually had from two to three four-line outfits with sled to haul salt, feed and lumber from one ranch to the other. The number of tons of hay that was being put up and fed out by the Big Horn Cattle Company at this time was about 15,000 tons of hay that they put up themselves on the 11 ranches. Besides the 15,000 tons they put up, we usually bought from 3,000 to 3,500 additional tons from ranchers throughout different sections of North Park. In the winter a man was paid at the rate of 75 cents per ton for feeding this hay out. They would give him 500 head of cows to feed.

On the number of acres of land that the Big Horn Cattle Company owned at this time, they were paying taxes on about 93,000 acres of land. They had better than 100,000 acres of leased land throughout North Park.

In 1928 the Big Horn Cattle Company went into the sheep business. Their first purchase was 13,000 head of ewes from a large sheep outfit in Wyoming. This sheep outfit was equipped at the Home Ranch. A blacksmith shop was located at the Home Ranch and the six sheep wagons used were built there. All the arrangements were made from headquarters. From 1923 up until 1929 all the groceries and supplies were purchased from headquarters and distributed to each ranch during the winter and summer. The butchering of the beef was done at the Home Ranch and distributed to the other ranches during the winter. During the summer months, June, July and August it was hard to keep the beef and each ranchman butchered his own beef.

They employed about 80 men the year around. During the hay season on the eleven ranches they employed in the neighborhood of around 235 to 240 men. I might state the number of tons of hay that each outfit put up. At the Home Ranch the hay crop ran from 1,200 to 1,500 tons; the School Section Ranch ran from 1,100 to 1,200 tons; on the Boettcher Ranch it ran from 3,800 to 4,000 tons; on the Sheaffer Ranch it ran from 900 to 1,100 tons; the Hill Ranch ran from 1,200 to 1,500 tons; the Lake Creek Ranch ran from 800 to 900 tons; McFarland Ranch ran from 1,600 to 1,800 tons. For these years they leased what is known as the old Coolidge Ranch and put up from 1,500 to 1,800 tons.

The Big Horn Cattle Company was originally organized by a man by the name of Charlie Boettcher and Mr. Bill Marr. As I recall, it was in 1874 when Mr. Boettcher and Bill Marr originally homesteaded in North Park. The last time that I was at the Boettcher Ranch, Mr. Boettcher's old homestead cabin was still there. Mr. Boettcher later moved to Leadville and went into the hardware and grocery business. Bill Marr stayed in North Park and was manager and operator of the Big Horn Cattle Company. In 1917 Bill Marr passed away and the management of the Big Horn Cattle Company at the time was turned over to A.K. Marr.

In 1918 and 1919 there was a severe winter. The Big Horn Cattle Company ran out of hay and shipped cottonseed cakes and corn from different sections of Nebraska and Texas and finally had to start trailing the cattle out of the North end of North Park and try and get them out on the plains. At the time they were running about 8,000 head of breeding cows, and upon trailing these cattle out they were awfully thin and they lost somewhere in the neighborhood of 3,500 head on the trail. In 1919 the cattle got the scabs and they had to build dipping vats at the Home Ranch and also one at the Lake Creek Ranch. This operation cost a tremendous amount of money. In 1921 the Big Horn Cattle Company was owned by Mr. Boettcher and Mr. Marr. At this time Mr. Boettcher was the President of the Denver National Bank. In 1921 there was an invoice taken of the total holdings of the Big Horn Cattle Company which showed they were in debt \$500,000. At this time was when Mr. Jack White stepped in as the manager of the Big Horn Cattle Company, wiped the slate clean and started in completely without any indebtedness of any kind. During the period from 1917 to 1921 they sold their horses and stock down to practically nothing.

At the time that Mr. Jack White had taken over the management of the Big Horn Cattle Company from 1917 until 1921, there were practically no fence repairs nor ditch repairs. From 1921 to 1925 they repaired all ditches and all fences and the ditches on the eleven ranches covered in the neighborhood of 500 miles including about 750 miles of fence. For about four years we had three fencing crews consisting of from 4 to 8 men in each crew.

Also in late fall and early spring they had three or four ditching crews going. We had a lot of this ditching to do at the Home Ranch on different places, and I asked Mr. White if there wasn't a chance of getting some gasoline power of some kind to do some of this ditch work. He told me that Mr. Boettcher objected to any gasoline power or oil power of any kind on any of his ranches. He had all of these horses and that was what he had them for, to do the work in that way. In 1924, as I remember, the first gasoline powered engine was put into operation and that was a light plant at the Home Ranch.

Mr. Boettcher used to come to the ranch every summer and make a tour of every ranch. At his age he was very accurate and had a very good memory. I remember one time when I was driving him through the Lake Creek Ranch. That was where his old homestead was. He had planted 15 to 20 quakie trees up on the hillside above the house some 50 years previous. They had grown up to a pretty good size and increased in number considerable. We had a man working on the Lake Creek Ranch who took a team one day and went up on the hillside and cut down about twelve or fifteen of these trees to make posts. In driving through there the old man noticed these trees had been cut and he saw the trail down through the sagebrush where they had been dragged and he stopped and asked me what they were doing up there. I told him the man who works here cut some trees down for posts. He said no more trees will be cut there; stop it right now! That's when he told me that he had transplanted those trees there.

I might tell you a little about the sheep outfit. In 1929 scab broke out in the sheep outfit in the winter. That spring we had to build dipping vats at what is called the Hanson Ranch. At that time it was headquarters for the Big Horn Cattle Company. A veterinarian came (A Federal man) and made us dip all of this stuff, and we had to dip before shearing and before lambing. That fall when we shipped, we shipped about a 20% lamb crop. I have no idea what the loss was there.

They used to allow fishing on the ranches until a bad accident happened. Some fellows came in fishing, late in the fall, and we had about five or six hundred steers in what we called the steer pasture, holding them there waiting for cars to ship. The cowboys had spent about a month gathering these steers from the forest, and the cars came in one evening and the next morning we were to load. These two fishermen had gone in there and during the night had gotten cold and started to build them a fire. They took the poles off of the buck fence to build the fire and early the next morning they left with the fence down. We went to the steer pasture to bunch these steers to take them to the stockyard and we didn't have any. We started to ride for them and we found them as much as 20 miles from the pasture, headed back to the forest in

what is called the Clover Valley Ranch. At that time I remember very well steers were selling for around 11 cents a pound. By the time we got these steers gathered and brought back to the pasture and got the freight cars in to them, with the running and the traveling they did, when they went into the yards and were sold in Denver they brought nine cents a pound. The Boettcher's figured out the number of pounds that these steers lost in the gathering up and driving them from the Clover Valley Ranch, which was about twenty-two miles to the Home Ranch. They had to travel back up there and then we had to bring them back. He figured out the number of pounds each steer would lose, the pennies he lost on each pound of steer from the day he would have shipped until the time he actually shipped, amounted to about \$7,000.00. From that date on there were no fishermen allowed on the Big Horn Cattle Company grounds, and I mean we patrolled the rivers to see that there weren't any fishermen.

I was foreman at the Big Horn Cattle Company's headquarters from 1923 to 1929. In 1929 I decided that I wanted to learn something about sheep, so I transferred from the ranch in the cow department into the sheep outfit. From 1929 until 1932 I worked with the sheep and enjoyed it very much. In 1932 I left the Big Horn Cattle Company and came to Steamboat Springs. Jack White stayed with the Big Horn Cattle Company until 1939. In 1939 he left the Big Horn Cattle Company and went with Myron and Wilkins, and I understand he is still with them. In 1941 the Big Horn Cattle Company sold all their south end holdings, which left them nothing but the north end. In 1945 Mr. Boettcher disposed of the balance of the Big Horn Cattle Company in the north end of North Park, which included the Sheaffer Ranch, the Boettcher Ranch, the Hill Ranch, the Lake Creek Ranch, and the Hanson Ranch at Cowdrey.

/s/ C.H. "CHARLEY" SHELL

Albuquerque, New Mexico
October 8, 1948

Dear Pick:

Without original diary record, I have to rely on memory as to what happened in 1910 on the sheep ranges which were opened up to grazing in 1908 and 1909.

The first agreement with the Carbon County Woolgrowers Association was made in 1908--that is, the "deadline" on the Colorado State line was opened to sheep. Some 20,000 to 30,000 sheep were permitted to trail across the Routt from where the trail entered Colorado near the Elkhorn Mine through Whiskey Crane, Long and Red Parks, east of Hahns Peak across Elk River to divide between Elk River and North Park and finally into Steamboat Springs where the ewes and lambs were shipped over the Moffat Road to market. In this deal the sheepmen gave up some low country east of Battle Mountain on Battle Creek and some basin that I have forgotten the name of. (Reeder?)

In 1909 some 26,000 head were given summer range in the Whiskey Park--Hahns Peak area, and the "trail" numbers were increased to some 40,000 head.

The lines, as I recall, aside from the trail outfits included the slopes into the Little Snake from the Elkhorn-Mine Trail, Whiskey Park, Crane Park, Red Park, Long Park, Solomon Creek drainage south to Hahns Peak and east to Continental Divide. Silver City Creek was included.

No individual allotments were established in 1909 but each outfit backed up into a location and attempted to hold it.

Incidentally, the snow was so deep in 1909 that no one could enter the Hayden to lamb on May 5. Consequently, they lambed on the desert or between the Forest and Rawlins.

In the spring of 1910 I was sent over from Big Creek with instructions to count in sheep at Deep Creek and to follow back into Colorado and set allotment lines for the 26,000 head of summer allotted sheep.

I counted 110,000 head through Deep Creek and Riggs counted 90,000 head through the Savery Corral. All sheep were inspected for lip and leg ulceration. It was feared it was foot and mouth disease but wasn't.

An inspector by the name of Murphy, B.A.I., and drunk when he

arrived, made the inspections at Deep Creek. Ormery as he was he was a good inspector and quarantined several bands that had been unable to kill all of the infected animals before entering the corral. (I found five killed out of a Niland and Tirney herd about 1/4 mile off the trail outside the Forest.)

After counting in at Deep Creek, I packed back into Whiskey Park ahead of the sheep and established camp across the creek from a cabin (which was built that year). There were some pines and a spring where I camped. I rode three horses down that summer. First, I tentatively located each band. Then, I kept informed as to how the feed equalized between them under use, and about the end of August I established the permanent allotment lines. It was a busy summer since we had a number of fires-- two at least in the timber west of Long Park.

As I recall, there were 19 bands of sheep in 1910. I can't recall all of the owners but can name some--Boyer Bros., Cow Creek Sheep Company, Pioneer Sheep Company, Niland and Tirney, Tirney Sheep Company, Hart Sheep Company, and some others. Probably your records will show all of them. I think old man Seaverson had some sheep but under a company name.

At least 200,000 sheep, many of which lambled on the Limestones, used the Hayden and that part of the Routt in 1910. There were no sheep south of Slater or anywhere west of the Whiskey Park Country in Colorado. With some 40,000 travel herds and 26,000 Colorado summer, the old Hayden must have had 135,000 sheep grazing over its limited area.

As I recall, it was a dust heap from Deep Creek to the top of the mountains. Whiskey and other parks were largely sedge and fairly moist. Side slopes were covered with bunchgrasses, especially the north side of Hahns Peak. The aspen type was principally weeds, some three to five feet high. Some of the best aspen understory was on the slopes into Little Snake River from the Elkhorn Mine ridge. I'll write you about some other interesting incidents in longhand. I doubt if you will want to include them in your history.

Sincerely,

/s/ Alva Simpson

P.S. There were some sheep on Hayden in 1910 that came in from Saratoga and were not included in the Deep Creek-Savery count.

A.A.S.

N. G. BELLAIRS, RANGER 1906 - 1910, INC.

In the late winter of 1906 I was living on my father's ranch known as the Squaw Rock Ranch, helped do chores, punched cows, etc. and planned to be a rancher someday on my own.

Late one evening a rider leading a pack horse rode up to the corral, a little square built man with lots of freckles, riding a great big horse about 16 hands high. He said his ponies were tired and he would like to stay the night.

He said his name was James Blackhall and that he was connected with the Forest Service and just looking the country over, with a view to locating Forest Rangers in various sections of the Medicine Bow Forest just as soon as suitable men were available.

We were, of course, delighted to take Jimmy in, strangers were always welcome at any of the ranches in those days of more or less isolation.

After we had supper Jimmy lit up a very strong pipe and proceeded to give me a brief outline of the new born Forest Service, its policies and about what a Ranger would have to do.

The following morning Jimmy informed me that there was to be a Ranger's examination at Saratoga, Wyoming on May 15, 16 and 17, 1906 and that I might like the work, and why not go over and take it, as it was a new field and some good opportunities for a young man.

On the morning of May 11 I saddled up my favorite pony and took off from the ranch 45 miles west of Fort Collins, made the Boswell Stage Station and ranch in Wyoming that first day, stayed the second night at the Payne ranch in North Park, made the 50 miles from there to Encampment, Wyoming that third night and the next day at noon I pulled into Saratoga, Wyoming.

I believe nearly all the men stayed at the Wolf Hotel and of all the motley crews I ever saw they were there that night, made up of miners, sheep and cattle business, horse breakers, ropers and some of those men could pack and throw a diamond hitch on a horse in a matter of minutes and the equipment was scattered all over the yard.

Captain Lou Davis was the Supervisor in charge of all examinations (he afterward became United States Marshall of Wyoming).

After our written examinations then the test in packing a horse, then riding in a walk-trot-gallop over the half mile track, we were then taken into the mountains for some instruction in timber cruising, surveying, cutting and marking timber.

Back to Saratoga where we were all turned loose to wand the long miles back home to wait for news as to the success of our examinations or not.

On my first night out of Saratoga I stayed at Will Hunter's ranch on Beaver Creek and about midnight was awakened to see two strange men standing in the door of my room, one of them held a lamp and both had guns strapped on.

I rubbed the sleep out of my eyes, asked them what they wanted and they informed me that I answered the description of a horse thief they were looking for. They looked to see if I had a tooth missing also had been to the barn and looked at my horse, after a lot of argument I finally talked them out of taking me back to Encampment and jail. One of the men was a deputy sheriff and the other man (Dirty Jake) was at that time city marshall of Encampment.

Now it so happened that just three days ahead of me a slim kid on a beautiful sorrel gaited saddle horse rode over the same road I did and into Walden where he sold the horse, went into Kremmling, was picked up there and finally sent to the Penitentiary. Whoever made the arrest got a reward of \$500.00 from the owner of the horse in Colorado Springs. This lad happened to be the notorious Summers, who, after being released from the pen came back to Walden, hired out as a cook and finally one night he nearly killed the owner of the hotel by hitting him over the head with a steel bar they used to ring the triangle with, to call the customers to meals.

Summers made his getaway thru the night, pulled into a cow camp for breakfast just across the Wyoming line and not an hour after I had left the same camp where I had stayed the night.

I know a lot of the old rangers will remember how this man Summers met Sheriff Al Bath, who had been notified to try to head him off, and shot him dead off his horse, dragged the body behind a tree, took the horse and started one of the greatest man hunts known in many years. I was on this hunt with a posse from North Park. Whatever became of Summers is to this day one of the unsolved crimes of the west.

The horse and saddle were picked up at Woods Landing and Summers had disappeared into thin air never to be heard from again. I am sure that he figured he had killed Stevens at the Walden Hotel and also that he knew Al Bath by sight and so shot him down like a coyote and beat it into the thick timber never to be seen again.

Mr. Hunter had a good laugh the next morning over my experience of the night before and told me the names of my armed visitors, as he knew them very well.

After three more days to cover the 125 miles back home, I settled down at the ranch to await the results of my examination at Saratoga.

Sometime in July I received word from Capt. Davis that I had passed the examination and would be classified as a Guard until my appointment came as a Ranger, and that my salary would be \$60.00 per month to start and to report for duty to James Blackhall at Grand Lake on August 1, 1906.

I gathered up an extra shirt, razor, pair long undies, few socks, my two saddle horses and going by way of Poudre River to Chamber's Lake over Lulu Pass and down the Grand River to Grand Lake where I met Jimmy and John McNamara who had just been put into service.

The next day all three of us rode down to Sulphur Springs and on the way Jimmy gave us a lot of instructions as to our duties, etc.

We all took a plunge in the hot pool at Sulphur, had a few beers and played the Roulette Wheel in Mc Creery's Saloon and the next day rode down to Troublesome to pick up some of Mc Namara's wardrobe which I think consisted of a pair of socks, a red handkerchief and a new rope, one extra horse to pack and up the Troublesome over the high range to Willow Creek and into Walden arriving in town the second night out of Troublesome at 9 P.M.

I remember we were all tired out and the only hotel was closed, so we had crackers and beer in Bill Snee's Saloon.

The next morning Blackhall told me that I was assigned all of that part of the Medicine Bow Forest from the Wyoming line up the Big Laramie River to Chambers Lake and from the Wyoming line up the east side of North Park to the head of the Canadian River. Also, all of the head of the three forks of the Michigan River and the east side of Owl Mountain (some territory).

We then hunted up an old white haired Scotchman by the name of James Taylor who had been acting as a Guard from the previous year, 1905.

Mr. Taylor was relieved of his duties as a Guard; also a U.S. Hatchet, scale stick and the Use book, I think they called it, and I was a Forest Guard - U.S. Badge and all in a strange land, strange people, and a strange new job. I felt pretty lonesome, just didn't know quite where to start.

However, I started right out in my territory, met and stayed with the ranchers, talked with them all and will say they were as a whole, a fine high class of the most hospitable people I had ever met.

Of course, I met with open hostility in a few instances and was turned in direct to Washington on two occasions, one charge was made that I was seen chasing cattle down a lane to keep them off the Forest, and the next case to cause me worry and hard riding was a report of a sheep trespass on the Big Laramie River. At that time Otto Gramin, a prominent businessman and politician of Laramie, Wyoming and incidently a friend of Mr. A.F. Potter, Chief of Grazing of Washington, D.C., had over a lot of opposition, finally put a band of sheep in the hills between the Laramie River and the Forest boundary, and during the last stock meeting we had on the river Mr. Gramin informed me that he didn't want me to mix up too much in the controversy.

The first thing to happen was, of course, all the sheep were reported as over the line on the Forest. As soon as I received word I left Walden, rode to the Two Bar Ranch, borrowed a fresh saddle horse and made it over the range to Laramie River, picked up a section corner and with the aid of my map ran the line down to the Forest boundary, and sure enough, sheep tracks were everywhere inside the line.

About a mile up near the timber I came on the sheep and a tough looking, bearded gent with a rifle over his shoulder, happened to be an Ex-Con out of Rawlins Penitentiary and Mr. Gramin's herder.

I told the man he was across the line and had better get off and he said he was taking orders from Mr. Gramin and if I had anything to say go and see the boss. Just from the appearance of things I took his word for it, rode back to Walden, turned in the trespass to Supervisor at Fort Collins, and in less than a week received a letter informing me that Mr. Gramin had hired an old surveyor who had a ranch close by to run the line and that I was in error. The sheep were never on Forest land, please explain at once.

Well! I knew if this were true that my days as a Ranger were rapidly running out, so I rode over to Ike Green's ranch, produced all my findings and finally Green admitted he was all wrong in his survey and I so reported to the Supervisor and Mr. Gramin was fined and he to remove his sheep. That was my closest call to losing my job through complaints.

If the Forest Service had been a few years later in taking over, no telling what would have become of our grazing and timber.

I remember so well in the years 1895 and 1905 those blazing skys at night from timber fires burning out of control and destroying thousands of acres of beautiful timber and practically no effort to stop them. For one thing settlements were few and far between and no equipment was available to fight a fire and besides there was no one responsible to fight a fire or gather men and no trails

were built to get to the fires.

My experiences as a Ranger were varied. It was a tough life at times, lots of bad, bitter weather, long cold rides, a few close calls all alone out in the mountains, no one looking for you back at any certain time. At one time I had five saddle horses and used them all. Finally my district was cut down and I was relieved of the Laramie River.

At the time I resigned from the Service I had no idea of quitting and if it had not been for some Forest Graduate sent out here from the east to check range conditions, I probably would have stayed on and been on the pension list by this time.

This lad rode the hell out of one of my good horses and all I was allowed was \$1.50 per day extra and I had to pilot him around and late one evening we wound up the inspection a long way from headquarters and instead of putting up at a ranch he insisted we go on in as he was sure he would get a letter from his girl, on top of that I had to share my bed with him and he snored to high heaven and kept me awake. He didn't know any more about range conditions or cattle than the sage chickens we stirred up.

I just felt I could not take it any longer, and so on the spur of the moment and to my deep regret since, I resigned after five years of service because from our primitive stage the Service now has fine trails, beautiful homes for the Rangers and the ponies are loaded in trailers and everything is so utterly different from 1906.

I could go on an on about my life as a Ranger in the early days and I only hope that what I have written will not be too tiresome and will revive a few memories among the older men who might be in the Service at this time.

/s/ N. G. Bellairs

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE
CALIFORNIA FOREST AND RANGE EXPERIMENT STATION

347 Forestry Building
Mail Address
P.O. Box 245,
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I
INFORMATION
Routt
Historical

May 2, 1949

Mr. G. D. Pickford,
Forest Supervisor,
Routt National Forest,
Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

Dear Mr. Pickford:

Mr. Talbot has referred to me your letter of March 29 requesting information on the early history on the introduction of sheep into the Routt National Forest.

I was transferred from a ranger position on the Shoshone National Forest to the Medicine Bow as Forest Supervisor in the spring of 1907. On arriving at the Supervisor's office at Saratoga, Wyoming early in April I was surprised to learn that the Medicine Bow included the Crow Creek Military reservation as well as the Sierra Madre Forest Reserve which had just been established a couple of months previously.. The Sierra Madre was later changed to the Hayden National Forest and later the Hayden Division of the Medicine Bow. The Medicine Bow proper had been established two or three years prior to the time I went there and Capt. Louis Davis was its first supervisor. But on his appointment as U.S. Marshall for the State of Wyoming early in 1907, I was selected to fill the vacancy.

After having an opportunity to become somewhat familiar with the numerous problems involved in supervising such a large area, involving tremendous grazing problems and many timber sales, the largest being on the Medicine Bow to the Carbon Timber Company, I realized that the Sierra Madre should be handled as a separate unit by a supervisor that could devote most of his time to range management problems. Accordingly in 1909 I recommended this and that James Blackhall be appointed supervisor with headquarters at Encampment. This met the approval of the Washington office.

When the Medicine Bow was established the number of sheep permitted, as I remember, was reduced to 50,000 head and the surplus sought range on the Public Domain to the west, especially the Sierra Madre Mts., then open territory. As a result of this action the Medicine Bow itself did not constitute a serious sheep management problem. However, it intensified the situation on the Sierra Madre, which we immediately encountered when we started to put this area under administration. In the first place there was no information regarding the number of sheep that had formerly used this area, therefore it was necessary to allow all sheepmen claiming former use, permits to use the area during the season of 1907. This allowed time to get a check on the number of sheep involved as well as evidence of former use of the area during the past three years. To our great surprise the owners of 315,500 sheep produced evidence of use of the area during former years. I suspected then and had information later that the number of sheep actually on the range was greater than the estimate indicated. However even this number represented a sheep and two-fifths to each acre within the forest boundary.

Needless to say, the range was not only tremendously overstocked, but seriously overgrazed. In fact, at the first meeting with the Advisory Board of Carbon County Woolgrowers Association' in Rawlins in the fall of 1907 when we tried to get the Board to approve a reduction of 50,000 sheep they said they did not believe the range was overstocked. I replied by stating that there were four townships of range surrounding the Cosgriff Bros., headquarters just below Copperton where there was not sufficient forage left on the ground to fill a man's vest pocket. To my great surprise the Board did not contradict even this absurd statement. Assistant Forester A. F. Potter, in charge of range management in the Washington Office, was present during this meeting, which lasted all day, and supported our request for a 50,000 head reduction. In approving the reduction the Board suggested that it be made on a sliding scale basis, starting with two bands or 2500 head on which no reduction should be made and a graduated reduction of from 5 to 10 percent on permits above this number. This was readily agreed to as we had made a number of trial estimates and realized that the plan they suggested would result in a reduction of 60,000 instead of 50,000. Of course this did not afford the relief needed or stop damage to the range but it was a step in the right direction. Our recommendations to the Advisory Board in later years, including reduction in number of sheep, and range improvements such as corrals, bridges etc. which the sheepmen financed, always met with the Board's approval.

Little effort was made in range administration of the Sierra Madre up to the spring of 1908. The first step was to get a

check on the number of sheep involved, then put plans in effect to prevent the permitted number being exceeded. This involved the construction of counting corrals on the driveways at the boundary of the forest so that the sheep could be counted on entering the range. The sheepmen opposed this saying that they had not made up their bands in numbers at shearing time to correspond with their permits. My reply was that we would take care of small overcounts through temporary permit to meet this situation. Even then the sheepmen held off of the forest for two or three weeks before coming to the counting corrals. This was my first experience with strike conditions so I simply stationed a ranger at each counting corral with instructions to not allow any sheep to enter until counted. I realized the sheepmen could not hold their sheep on the Public Domain as summer conditions advanced and would be forced, sooner or later, to have their bands counted. The sheepmen also soon realized this and readily submitted. One outfit, Cosgriff Bros., who had a permit for 40,000 head, not only had an overcount of 2500 but turned back ten of their bands which they did not bring to the counting corral at all.

The above is a brief description of early conditions on the Sierra Madre which confronted the Service in attempting to place this area under proper range management. It was soon realized that the reductions that could be made annually were not sufficient to improve the range and it was necessary to look elsewhere for surplus range for part of these sheep to afford additional range relief. The adjoining Routt Forest seemed to be the only source of relief that might be available. Accordingly the matter was taken up with the Routt Supervisor, Harry Ratliff, and he was in favor of allowing Wyoming sheepmen to use range in the Routt in Whiskey and Crane Parks and vicinity as there was quite a lot of range there that was not at that time being utilized. A part of this surplus range had formerly been used by two large cattle permittees, namely, Ora Haley and Jerry Pierce. These stockmen had followed the practice of buying yearlings in the south, namely Texas, and turning them loose on the range along the Yampa River and Upper Snake River, drifting them north in the spring of the year onto the forest and back down to their winter range in the fall. This plan of management made it difficult to get any accurate estimate on the number of cattle these two outfits had on the range. This resulted in the Routt forest officials making a roundup and count during 1908 and instituting trespass action against both these outfits for the excess number of stock found on the forest. This action, coupled with the advance in price of southern yearlings, resulted in these two outfits practically going out of business in two or three years. Also there was very little evidence in Whiskey and Crane parks that cattle had ever made much use of them.

While there were a number of small ranchers along the Yampa and Snake rivers, they owned very few cattle and no sheep. Nor were

these ranchers financially able, or their ranches sufficiently developed to take care of very much stock. As a result of the

above conditions which occurred almost simultaneously, there was a lot of surplus forage on the Hahns Peak District of the Routt Forest which the Wyoming sheepmen realized. With the consent of the Routt Supervisor, I accompanied several sheepmen over Whiskey and Crane Parks which resulted in their being very anxious to be allowed to use it. Supervisor Ratliff agreed to this use to the extent of 10,000 sheep in 1909 provided the tax question between the states could be adjusted and the Routt Forest given credit for its share of the grazing fees. There was no difficulty in making this arrangement and the first sheep were admitted that year. Later the plan was extended and expanded to the extent of moving sheep, particularly ewes and lambs that the sheepmen desired to dispose of, southward along the Continental Divide, grazing enroute, and loading out at Steamboat Springs to the Denver market. This was a tremendous benefit to the sheepmen, as heretofore sheep grazed on the Hayden Forest had to be drifted back to the Union Pacific Railroad before the lambs could be shipped to market which resulted in a tremendous shrinkage in the lambs before reaching market. There could be no comparison between this situation as compared to being able to leave the Routt range in the morning and load out at Steamboat Springs that night, arriving on the Denver market the following morning.

As I have already stated above, the small ranchers located south and west of the Hahns Peak District were not in a position to handle many cattle and probably not financially able to expand their numbers and holdings. The Wyoming sheepmen realizing this and the increased profits in their business by being able to ship their lambs directly from the range to the Denver markets, immediately saw the advantage in securing ranch holdings along the Yampa and Snake rivers and their tributaries. Several of these sheepmen immediately bought ranches and established headquarters in this area and I understand have expanded their interests since then. I believe that this is the first introduction of sheep into the Routt Forest and probably the first introduction in Routt County, as heretofore it had been known as cattle country.

I have heard some criticism of the Forest Service, over the grapevine system, for permitting sheep to graze in the Routt Forest but I do not believe this criticism is justified as it was simply the result of a condition that naturally developed for which no one is responsible.

I have tried to give a brief description of the grazing situation on the three forests involved without attempting to answer any specific question. If you desire further information and I can supply it I will gladly do so.

A copy of this memorandum is going to the Supervisor of the Medicine Bow as well as to the Regional Office in Denver.

I may be mistaken in some of the dates as I am depending somewhat on memory, but I am sure that the dates I have specified are essentially correct.

Very sincerely yours,

/S/ J. W. Nelson

cc: Regional Office, R-2
Medicine Bow National Forest
Calif. For. Exp. Sta.

PHILLIP VERNE WOODHEAD

It is with the deepest sorrow that it becomes necessary to announce the passing of Regional Forester Woodhead at his home in Albuquerque, Tuesday afternoon, July 26. He had been ill since last December, when he underwent a serious operation, though he was at the office off and on as recently as a month ago.

"Woody" as he was affectionately known throughout the Service, was born at Barnard, Missouri, September 13, 1891. He was reared in Colorado, and after a period as surveyor in a land classification crew, formally entered the Service as an Assistant Ranger on the Pike National Forest, April 9, 1916. He served as ranger on the Pike and Montezuma Forests until 1920, when he was promoted to Deputy Supervisor. He served in this capacity on the Montezuma, Leadville, and Big Horn Forests until 1925, when he became Supervisor of the Routt National Forest. In 1934, he was transferred to the Medicine Bow Forest in Wyoming, and a year later went into the Regional Office at Denver as Assistant Chief in the Division of Range and Wildlife Management.

In 1937, he moved on up to the Washington Office as Assistant Chief in the Division of Range Management. During this assignment, he became familiar with range conditions throughout the west and was director of the range survey carried on by the Forest Service on the western National Forests in 1938-1939. He was a recognized authority on range management and played a major role in formulating the present grazing regulations and policies.

He came to Albuquerque as Chief of the Division of Range and Wildlife Management July 1, 1939, and became Regional Forester upon the retirement of Frank C. W. Pooler in 1945.

He was a member of the Masonic Order, a senior member of the Society of American Foresters and was active in the Izaak Walton League. He was interested in boys' welfare work, and on the board of directors of Boys' Ranch, Inc., in New Mexico.

He is survived by his wife and one daughter, Phyllis, in Albuquerque, and by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Woodhead, of Dallas, Texas. Two sisters are living, Mrs. Thompson Tate, Williamsburg, Missouri, and Mrs. Lee Lehmberg, Dallas, Texas. Funeral services and burial will be at Dallas, Texas.

Mr. Woodhead's passing leaves a gap in Forest Service ranks which will be difficult to fill. Besides his superb administrative qualities, he was universally liked and respected. The Region joins with his bereaved family in mourning his loss.

July 27, 1949

Mr. G. D. Pickford,
Forest Supervisor,
Steamboat Springs, Colo.

Dear Mr. Pickford:

Reference is made to your letter of May 19, 1949.

Thanks for the story written by Newton Bellairs. It gave me some facts that I had forgotten or never knew.

When I took charge of the Colorado Division of the Medicine Bow National Forest July 20, 1907, Shep N. Husted turned it over to me. He was Ranger in Charge of the Holy Cross Forest Reserve at Glenwood Springs, when I attended the first Forest Supervisor's meeting ever held August 18, 1906, with Capt. James B. Adams, Chief of Operations in the Washington office in charge. Husted was transferred to the Colorado some time after that August meeting. I do not know the date of his transfer but he was on the Colorado during that winter and until he resigned in July 1907. Husted testified at a Land Office hearing that a homesteader had complied with the law on the claim and that he, Husted, had no interest in the claim. It was proven that the man had not lived on the claim and that Husted had loaned him money with the promise of getting the claim. Husted and Ranger Warren Rutledge who corroborated Husted's statements were found guilty on two counts.

The Colorado Division of the Medicine Bow Forest Reserve comprised the high mountain country of the Medicine Bow Range of Mountains from the Wyoming line on the north to the place where the range joins the Continental Divide at Cameron Pass; and the Mummy Spur of the Continental Divide and the Divide itself south to the Arapahoe Peaks, and the Continental Divide at the head of the Colorado River and south along the Never Summer Mountains, then west along the divide, sometimes called the Rabbit Ears Range to a place a bit west of Willow Pass. Ranger Truman O. Smith was the Ranger at Grand Lake and John McNamara was Ranger near Hot Sulphur Springs, on his homestead on a branch of the Troublesome. I made a trip from Estes Park, which was headquarters of the Colorado at that time, in September 1907, or late August, I am not sure, taking Ranger Joe Ryan of the Estes Park district along, to Grand Lake. Then with Smith went to McNamaras place. Then Mc and I went over Willow Pass to Walden to Newton Bellairs headquarters. We made the last 25 miles in 5 hours without getting off of a walk for more than a half mile.

My chestnut sorrel mare was the best walker I ever knew.

About an hour after reaching Walden word came over the private barb wire telephone that a fire had started up in Estes Park. Bellairs and I started at once up the Michigan River to the Owl Mountain sawmill and rolled up in blankets for the night. Very early next morning we started, but Newt was not too well acquainted with the territory and we were up about 10 miles almost to the old mining camp of Teller before discovering we were on the wrong road. We backtracked, went on to the head of the Michigan and over Lulu, now Thunder Pass down on the Grand, now the Colorado River to old Lulu mining camp site and on down stream to Squeaky Bob Wheelers resort. From here we climbed the old very steep trail to Poudre Lakes getting there about dusk Squeaky Bob had wanted us to stay all night, but a fire is a fire so we went on. I had let a contract for the Fall River trail, started by Husted, to be finished to the Poudre Lakes (Milner Pass). No grading had been done but we were able to follow stakes set along the line above timber line to the head of Fall River. Looking down into the head of the stream was like looking into a pocket. We made our way down the steep slope and just by chance my hand struck a fresh Forest Service blaze on a big Engelmann spruce. We were able to follow the new trail and arrived in Estes Park at 1 A.M. Next morning we found there was no fire, just some one burning brush. Ben Austin a ranger appointed by Husted had phoned me over the protest of Ranger Ryan. Austin thought he should be the Estes Park Ranger. How he passed the examination I do not know for he was in no way suited to the position.

Supervisors had been allowed no clerk up to this time. Word came that I might hire one. I used a young man named Willson but he was not a typist so I got a real clerk and sent Willson as a fire guard to Fraser. He saw a fire and started straight for it but got tangled up in a beaver swamp and in willow brush. He did get to the fire, got it out and found some evidence as to the cause of the fire. It started from a fishermans camp fire. He learned that the tourist had left but had shipped his suitcase to Denver by express. I got in touch with Smith Riley of the Denver office and asked him to arrange with the express office to call him as soon as the man came for the baggage. This was done, the man was taken before a U. S. Commissioner and plead guilty. He said when he got back to camp and saw the fire was beyond his control he went to Hot Sulphur Springs and on to Denver, after shipping his suitcase. He was most contrite and allowed to go back to Missouri by paying the small cost of the fire, which had done little damage. Willson wanted to go back to Texas so I sent Ben Austin over to Grand Lake to help Smith and to find out if he was worth keeping. He wasn't so resigned.

Some time in the summer of 1908, the Arapaho National Forest was created with C. J. Stahl as Supervisor. This eliminated all the Middle Park part of the Colorado and also the Rabbit Ears and Never Summer range up to Cameron Pass. A year or so later, perhaps longer, the Forest dropped the Medicine Bow name and became the Colorado. When created it was in charge of Capt. Lou Davis with headquarters at Saratoga, Wyoming. James Blackhall was his ranger and he rambled over the north part of the Colorado.

Bellairs resigned and I put Lon Ulrich on as ranger at Walden. He did some trapping of coyotes in winter, before we hired McIntyre as a special trapper. I visited Lon once and went over his trap line with him, but nothing was caught. I did shoot 4 jack rabbits, hung them on the outside of the R.R. car and to home where we ate them and treated our friends. Don't let any one tell you jack rabbits are not good to eat at the right season of the year when properly cooked. The thermometer that winter went to 52 degrees below zero in North Park. The old Laramie, Hahns Peak and Pacific R.R. from Laramie to Walden set many fires in the forest near the Camp Creek Ranger station. One fire in 1917 was within a half mile of the Wyoming line so the Medicine Bow forest boys got there first. Ulrich had tire trouble on the way and was delayed an hour. Tom Gill, my Forest Assistant, Frank Carroll and W. I. Hutchinson of the Denver office and I drove in my Ford, via Laramie, reaching the fire by five A.M. I went right on the fire line and stayed till 2 A.M., 45 hours without sleep. Many of these R.R. fires were started by one engine, old 2 spot, as it puffed up the grade. It started 13 fires on one run. I got tired of this business and sent the bill for cost of putting out the fire to the R.R. They paid the bill. So far as I know this was the first time a railroad had been asked to pay such a bill. This larger Camp Creek fire cost a lot of money to extinguish and if the R.R. had paid the bill it would have been broke. Whatever was done about it was done by the Denver office.

We had some tie sales near the Camp Creek Station and one winter I had a man named Merriam as a ranger. For a time he marked the trees and handled the whole sale with fifty tie hacks working. Later Wallace Pearce and a Guard named Bode helped him.

John McNamara was made a Deputy Forest Supervisor. He wanted to be back on his home territory so transferred to the Arapaho and went to Hot Springs and rented office space at Stahl's request before Stahl arrived. Stahl can tell you why McNamara quit. He should also be able to give you some early history of the Arapaho. He was taken into the Denver office as Chief of Lands soon after the District was created late in 1908 or early in 1909.

Many details of events could be given with the dealings among the stockmen but that would be too voluminous. In general, I would

say, that relations with the stockmen in both Middle and North Parks were excellent when they learned what was wanted. Husted made no field trips. He was out of the office in Estes Park but one night when he made an overnight call on the ranger at Ward, Colorado.

Not sure I have given you much of value and I am a poor typist since I do not have the old Oliver of the early days.

Very sincerely,

/S/ H. N. Wheeler

I should add that I hired Rattlesnake Jack McIntire as a trapper. He had been a snake charmer in a side show days ago but became a trapper, and I have never learned of a better one. He was a morphine addict, taking it by the mouth in great quantities. When he had smeared himself with wolf scent, slobbered on his unkempt beard, and in his old clothes he was something to behold and smell. He was camped in a cabin with his son Albert in the edge of the forest on the east side of North Park when a long blizzard struck. He was out of dope. Albert was at the stable looking after the horses and heard a shot. He found his father had put the muzzle of the shot gun in his mouth. Brains were scattered all over the place. I hired Albert and he was almost as good as his father. The wolves were exterminated from North Park.

I should have said that when the forest ceased to be Colorado Division of the Medicine Bow, it became the Medicine Bow for a time, then the name Bow went back to Wyoming which in the meantime had been the Cheyenne.

TIMBER ESTIMATE OF CARBON TIMBER COMPANY TRESPASS

Hayden National Forest

Under instructions from the then District Forester, Smith Riley, I left Fort Collins during the last part of August, 1914, and reported at Encampment. I reported to Supervisor Blackhall of the Hayden Forest and joined Jerry Ramskill of the district (regional) office engineering division, and John Delaney, Assistant Ranger on the Hayden. A teamster loaded our bedrolls, cooking utensils, tents and other equipment and food supplies to last a month on a wagon and we drove the first day up Findley Hill, which was excessively steep and sidling, and spent the first night at the ranger station which is now the Willow Park Guard Station. The next day we drove into Hog Park over the rough, rocky, sidling road so well described by Mrs. Flint in her book, "The Pine Tree Shield". Howard Flint, subject of the book, served as a ranger on timber sales in the Hog Park area.

In Hog Park, we pitched our tents below the Hog Park guard station in the open park area. Next morning when we awakened, there was, as I recall, four feet of snow and we thought all efforts to cruise timber were over for the winter. Sheep in the immediate area were without feed but fortunately, the weather warmed almost immediately, and south slopes were bare in a matter of a day or two. For the rest of September, the weather was clear and bright and timber estimating was completed in record time.

At the time of our stay in Hog Park, the Carbon Timber Company was operating there and Percy Paxton, now Assistant Chief of Lands in Region 8, and Wallace Pearce, formerly supervisor of the Washakie and later Staff Assistant in TM in the R.O., were stationed at Hog Park.

Jerry Ramskill was responsible for determining the location of cutover lands whether private or government owned. Delaney and I made the timber estimate by measuring the size and height of the stump but usually depended on the location of the top of the tree and clips cut from ties in determining the number of ties cut.

Report of the trespass with details of amount of timber cut was then prepared and approved by the district forester. After referring this case to the Solicitor, trial of the case was ordered before Judge Riner of the Federal Court at Cheyenne. By the time the case was up for trial, I was stationed in Michigan as supervisor of the then Michigan (now Huron) Forest. I reported in Denver in November of 1916, to appear as a witness but soon after arrival information was received that the case was post-

poned for one month. I remained in Denver for a month working in the R.O.

At the trial, the Carbon Timber Company was represented by Attorney Tom J. O'Donnell of Denver who really went after me about the estimate. He continually returned to his standard question, "Now, Mr. Hilton, isn't this so-called timber estimate of yours no more than a guess?" After asking me this an innumerable number of times, Judge Riner finally said, "Now, Mr. O'Donnell, I think you have asked Mr. Hilton that same question a sufficient number of times", and I was then excused as a witness.

Judgment in the amount of \$26,000. was rendered but collection was never made as the company was dissolved and collection could not be required from the successor, the present Wyoming Timber Company.

/s/ H. C. Hilton,
Assistant Regional Forester

BOLTEN & DAVIS LIVESTOCK CO., INC.
Rawlins, Wyoming

Statement of Isadore Bolten

I came to Hayden in the spring of 1909 and I had never heard of the Forest and many of the settlers who came to take up Homesteads did not know of it either. At that time the Forest was controlled or seemed to be controlled by large Steer Outfits such as the Carey Outfit, the Figure Four Outfit, and the Two Bar Outfit and a few local people who made use of the Forest by running a few cattle, but the majority of the people did not utilize it, as transportation was difficult.

The Forest did not come into the limelight until people began taking up Homesteads in the foothills, then the battle began for grazing rights. I mean the battle between the sheep and cattle men.

I am the only sheepman, who in 1922 took a wagon from Fortification to Bears Ears into California Park and I do not know of anyone, even at this time, who has gone across there with a team and wagon.

Mr. N. N. Chapman and I chopped out logs to make a road but at that, we upset the wagon twice. Mr. Chapman was a pioneer sheepman in Routt County and we both pioneered in the Routt Forest. Of course, we could have packed into the Forest but Mr. Chapman always wanted to do things the hard way.

When the sheep began going into the Routt Forest the officials did not count sheep in, nor were there any boundaries. The same applied to cattle.

The sheepmen at that time did not realize the richness of the feed in the Routt Forest and in fact the most of them knew very little about sheep.

I was one of the first to ship a carload of sheep to Denver and it took me three or four years to see how well sheep did on the Forest and for several years the packers did not realize what they were buying and if they did, they did not say anything about it, until we produced in larger volume and that created more competition and then we began to realize that the lambs that were grazed on the Routt Forest were dressing out to a greater percentage than any other lambs in the western states, and from then on the packers paid more for lambs coming off the Routt Forest.

In order to utilize the full benefit of the Routt Forest the ewes should be lambled on the foothills adjoining the Forest.

I think the Routt Forest contributes the greatest wealth to

Routt County, especially from sheep, for the length of the season, than any other grazing land within the county and it has held up exceptionally well and the best grazing on the Forest is better today than it was twenty-five years ago. All due to the careful management and cooperation of the management and stockmen. Of course certain parts of the Forest never was beneficial for the stockmen to graze their sheep and never will be, on account of steep slopes and the soil and no shelter to protect the young growth in the spring and the short season and erosion has been working for centuries and I doubt if it can ever be made good grazing grounds.

I do think that the Federal Government should invest some money for improvement on the Forests not only for grazing but for play grounds.

The Forests should be reseeded with grasses adapted to high altitudes, reservoirs large and small should be made, dead timber should be removed and good trails and roads made so that the Forest will be a monument to the Early Pioneers.

Yours very truly,

/s/ Isadore Bolten

Historian, Routt National Forest,
Steamboat Springs, Colorado

Dear Sir:

Enclosed herewith is my effort to recall the past. Given a typewriter and a few hazy remembrances and I immediately become a garrulous old woman. I realized this when I read over what I had written but I haven't the heart to tear it up and start over so here it is.

I enclose a few pictures showing some of the old timers in their moments of relaxation. In regard to the picture of the ranger's meeting the bareheaded man, next to Ed Peck, in the back row is Elmer Stevenson of White River Forest, stationed at Yampa. Died several years ago. I remember several of the others but can't recall their names.

I neglected to get Darley's address when in Steamboat, will you please send it. Whenever we met in Steamboat we two delighted in heckling Doc. Paxton who therefor called us the "nitwits".

Hope the enclosure is not too long for your purpose but if it is, cut it down to suit. Again thanking you for the courtesies shown me in Steamboat, I remain,

Very truly yours,

/s/ J. B. Lansing

STATEMENT OF J. B. LANSING

My connection with the Forest Service came about by chance. The editor of the paper where I worked had noticed that an examination for rangers was to be held soon and thought there might be a story in it, so, since no spectators were allowed I applied for permission to take the examination myself. On the fateful day I hired a kneesprung old skate from the livery stable and worked my way out to the designated spot for the test. As I remember it there were five or six applicants.

Angus Taylor is the only one whose name I remember and I think he and I were the only two who got appointments on the Routt Forest. Of the field tests I remember pacing a triangular area and estimating the perimeter. I led off in this test, the others following close behind and log legged me by taking the longest possible strides threw the whole line out of kilter because on looking back I could see all the others were doing their best to follow the leader. I called all steps three feet and missed I imagine by about a half. The other test was loading a camp outfit on a pack horse so that it would stay there while the horse trotted a few steps. Most of them didn't stay put. Of the written exams, I remember only one question - "What is a steam nigger?" I didn't know.

The papers were sent to Washington, the returns were slow in coming and I had drifted away, was mining coal in Oak Creek when I got the news that I had squeaked through by a narrow margin. Later I was offered a temporary appointment at Leadville with an annual salary of \$1100. I wrote Steamboat telling of the offer and saying I would rather be on the Routt if there was any chance, I also told how my life was in jeopardy three times a day while living in a miner's boarding-house. I later learned that the letter tickled the Supervisor and he said, "I believe I'll give that nut a chance." Because of the other offer he upped the starting salary to correspond and I became the first appointee to start at that figure. Prior to that time the start had been at \$900. Taylor, who had already been appointed was a little peeved that I got more than he.

I spruced up by washing most of the coal-dust out of my hair and ears and reported to Steamboat where I was told that I was to be a member of a reconnaissance crew already at work in the California Park area, also I would have to have a horse and saddle. With the aid of my editor friend Charley Leckenby I got an outfit together and started for camp with a letter from Ratliff to Ray Peck who was in charge of the party. That was the toughest ride of my life. Hadn't ridden for ten years or more and the forty mile trip was a real test of endurance. Arrived at the supposed location of the camp I found the party had moved on. It looked like a supperless night with a bed on the soft side

of a rock and I was ravenous. When I slid off the horse my legs refused to function and I sat on the ground to rub a little life into my battered carcass, with that accomplished I scrounged around for a time hoping to find a crust of bread or a dried pancake but once more I had no luck. I followed the tracks to where they crossed the creek and the bank on the farther side was still wet so I reasoned they could not have moved far and made camp so I struggled back on my horse and followed. A shanty with smoke boiling out of the stove-pipe was the most beautiful sight I have ever seen.

The party consisted of Ray Peck, Ed Parks, A. Taylor, Harvey Hurd, Archie Smethurst, Teamster and Si. the cook. They were a congenial outfit and when I blew in to replace one of them I was a dose of small-pox in a day-nursery for popularity. The plan they had been following was to leave camp long before daylight and be at the quitting point of the night before by the time it was light enough to see, then work as long as the snowcrust would hold a man's weight after that it was every man for himself in finding the way back to camp. As Harvey Hurd was considered the best walker it was quietly arranged that he should lead me a roundabout way and wear me out in the snow, unfortunately my long legs made the going much easier for me than for him and when he began to tire he confessed the plot and we hit for camp by the most direct route. Each little gully was bank full of ice-cold water and when we came to one we would follow along the bank until a fallen tree, some rocks or a couple of clumps of willows nearly opposite each other offered a chance to cross.

The last one was of course the worst and increased rapidly as we followed down so I decided to cross by jumping from one clump of willows to the other. My feet landed all right but my momentum was not great enough to carry me to an upright position against the spring of the opposing willows and when it was spent I was pushed back, my hands and feet on the bank and the rest of me below sea level. Harvey held his sides to keep from bursting with laughter while I scrambled out but a moment later, still laughing, he tried to jump from one boulder to another, slipped and landed on his tail-bone. When I had helped him to his feet he moaned, "Oh, my tail bone is mashed to a jelly. Haw haw, boy you were the funniest thing I ever saw in my life, dangling from those willows. Oh, my poor rump, Ha Ha!" and so on until we got into camp. We were always good friends after that. So were all the others for that matter, once we were acquainted.

Si, the cook, sometimes failed to cook the meat tender so we took to carrying strips of raw beef which we roasted over an aspen fire at lunch time. I enclose a picture showing Parks at the left and Hurd at the right who seem to have their steaks sizzling nicely while Peck stares glumly at a clinker on the end of his stick.

Speaking of meat reminds me of the time when Si had boiled a dutch-oven of beef which he intended serving cold for Sunday dinner, he failed to put the lid on tight and while we were eating dinner someone discovered his meat was fly-blown. I think we all felt a little queasy but everyone except Harvey managed to hold down what he had swallowed while he, poor fellow, emptied himself clear down to his boots. There-after anyone could spoil the day for Harvey by tipping up a piece of meat and peering cautiously at the under side.

The snow was practically gone when we finished the south slope but we moved right back into it on the Slater Creek side of the divide. There was a fenced pasture where we could turn the horses loose with a reasonable chance of finding them again, there was also a cabin which was being used as a kitchen by a U.S. Survey party. The two saddle horses found their way inside and into a sack of flour with which they proceeded to decorate the place and themselves with gobs of dough. Peck and I each claimed his mount was absolutely innocent but since no-one ever saw a horse nip at a fly on some other horse I don't think we fooled anyone.

In a few days the work was too far from camp to be practical so Peck and I rode ahead to locate a new site while the others loaded the wagon. He (Peck) picked a small tributary which seemed to come from the right direction and rode ahead to see how far it could be followed with the wagon, leaving me at the road to stop the outfit to wait his return. There was a little swale at the most convenient place to turn off but it looked pretty soft so I rode around the spot and found the ground solid a short distance above. Peck beckoned us ahead soon after the wagon arrived. I cautioned Archie, the driver, about the soft ground. "Hell," he said, "I'll shotgun them broom tails through there so fast that they won't know it's soft till they get on the other side. Anyhow it don't look bad to me." Without more ado he headed the team down the slope, released the brake, cracked the whip over the leaders and with a wild yippee of encouragement they were off to a flying start.

The lead team managed to lunge forward about their own length when they hit the bog, just enough to let the wheel team in also, struggling and sinking always a little deeper. The foot rest on the front of the wagon rested on the wheeler's rumps and they were well anchored. I would have given a dollar for a picture of Archie's dismayed face but the camera was in the wagon. As soon as the horses quit lunging Archie waded in and groped around in the goo until the horses were released and one by one dragged ashore. In the meantime we had unloaded the wagon and reloaded when it had been pulled back to solid ground. For quite a while we could get Archie's face red by casually mentioning "Shotgun".

There was another reconnaissance party in the neighborhood and

we either camped with them or went for a visit, I don't remember which. The only members of the new gang that I can remember are "Doc" Paxton and a wizened little cook called "Pop". Archie and I were watching Pop get breakfast. It was cold and Pop's nose was dripping a little. He was putting a batch of biscuits in the dutch oven and as he put the last one in we saw a drop fall from his nose, also into the oven. The biscuits were a beautiful, golden brown at breakfast time and Archie's mouth watered when he looked at them. "I'd give ten dollars to know which of them biscuits got hit," he said wistfully, "But I'll be damned if I've got nerve enough to take a chance."

"Doc" wouldn't get up for breakfast nor for any other reason until one of the gang filled the stove with green branches then went outside and put a pan over the stovepipe. A hush of expectation settled over the outfit. In a moment there was a strangled cough, the tent erupted and out came the maddest Hoosier anyone has ever seen. I think his vocabulary was adequate but a wheezy cough interfered with a steady flow of his eloquence nevertheless he managed to give us enough information to make all ashamed of their ancestry for a long way back. He simmered some time.

The season was so far advanced that the various districts had to be manned in order to care for the grazing permits and other business so the survey party was broken up. Taylor and I were the first to leave heading for Steamboat on horseback. We arrived at the Elk River ford late in the afternoon to find the river booming, a nasty looking crossing but the nearest bridge was several miles down stream. While we were debating the choice a native came along and told us that we must angle upstream until about half way across then angle down to the landing on the further side. "Once you get off of the ledge you're in for a bad time. Couple of fellers got drowned that way not long ago." We debated again but five miles down to the bridge and five miles back was too much and we decided to risk it.

"Since you have the better horse you better go first," I suggested. "That's just it", he replied, "I don't care anything about my life anymore than you do for yours but I'd sure hate to lose that horse. With you it's different, if you lose that skate you won't lose much. Go ahead." We finally drew straws and Taylor lost so in he went and I followed. I think we were both surprised when we reached shore without mishap.

After a few days at headquarters word was received of a fire in the neighborhood of Yampa. As Stanley, the the ranger at Yampa, had resigned and was just waiting for his successor to arrive, Supervisor Ratliff decided to go himself. Archie and I were taken along. Arrived at Yampa the supervisor arranged for a food supply and a cook to be sent up and picked up what few men

were available to ride up with the cook. Jimmy Adams was included in the bunch although his girl had come up on the morning train to spend a day at the ranch with him. Naturally Jimmy was very reluctant about going but he went.

We found the fire raging in a blowdown. In an area approximately a quarter mile wide and three quarters long practically every tree had been blown down while green, when the needles dried it was like an overgrown powder magazine. Fortunately there was very little wind and the burning area was nearly on top of the hill so we managed to confine it to the down timber by trenching entirely around it and patrolling the border. After the first day Ratliff returned to Steamboat and left me in charge of what was to be my district for the next three or four years.

My only other experience with fire was a sawdust pile which Dan Stukey left burning when he sold his timber holdings on Service Creek to the famous Suttle family and moved his mill away. When I heard of it I rode over to familiarize myself with conditions before I called on Mr. Stukey who ran a general merchandise store in Steamboat.

"Well", he said, "That sawdust has been burning for three or four years and has never done any harm. There was a ranger around every little while and nothing was said about that fire so it seems to me you are a little bit late in pouncing onto me after I have sold out and moved my equipment away. I haven't any interest in the thing at all."

"You are overlooking one important detail," I told him. "The bond you posted when you began operations has not yet been released and it won't be until that fire is out. I'll be back at the mill in a week and if nothing has been done I'll hire a crew and put them to work at your expense." "I'll look into it," he promised.

I think the man thought I was running a bluff for nothing had been done when I got back to the millsite. I therefore requisitioned a cook outfit and the necessary tools, bought a supply of groceries, hired a crew, hauled the outfit up and put them to work with instructions to start at the bottom of the pile and shovel it all over quenching every spark of fire as they came to it.

It was a week before Stukey heard anything about it. When he did he complained so bitterly that Ratliff brought him out from town to talk the situation over. In the meantime I had looked the sale area over and scaled a few thousand feet of logs which had been left in the woods, the brush had been piled but not burned. Ratliff and I held a conference while Stukey was looking over the work where we soon joined him. The Supervisor started in on

him at once by saying, "Lansing says there are several thousand feet of logs left in the woods. You pay double the stumpage rate on all logs you leave behind." Dan groaned a little at that. "Also some piled brush which you agreed to burn," I added. He groaned again.

"How much are you paying these men?" he asked.

"\$2.50 per day."

"And board?" he asked incredulously and he really groaned when I said "Yes." "Why, man, I can get all the men I want at a dollar a day."

"You had a chance to hire your crew and wouldn't do it but if you want to pay these men off, pay for the supplies and the expense of getting them up here and hire your own men I'll turn the job over to you. However I'll be back two or three times a week to see how things are going."

He agreed to all this and asked me to loan him the cook outfit and tools until the job was finished. I let him have them and damned if he didn't sell the whole business to the Suttles. However, he replaced the entire outfit with new utensils from the store when I called his attention to the matter.

At this time there were no trails other than game trails on the Gore range from the Kremmling-Toponas road to the Rabbit Ears road on the north and from Morrison Creek east to the summit. This was a heavily timbered area and it was decided to open a trail from the head of Little Rock Creek to Buffalo Park (famous as the headquarters for Lord Gore's hunting expedition in the 1860's). It was here too that some of his employees found gold and would have left his lordship high and dry had not the Indians become so hostile that the entire party had to move on in a hurry. Several shallow trenches, shafts and a ditch for their sluice water were still in evidence when we made the trail in 1911-12. Peck and I took a bearing from the map, ran a line several miles by compass through the timber and when we came to a large outcrop of rock where we could see ahead we were surprised to see that we had hit our objective right on the nose. Up to that moment we had no great faith in the map or the compass bearing either.

Peck was wearing one of my spurs and when we discovered it was lost I cried so bitterly that he gave me a dollar to replace it. Later I found the spur on the outcrop of rock mentioned above but I don't remember returning the dollar so, interest being what it is, I probably owe him a fortune by now. The trail was built approximately along the line we ran and another was run down Silver Creek to Morrison, the latter was used in stocking

the back country with trout but someone told me on my recent trip that the Silver Creek trail was not now known to very many people.

Riding over the Rock Creek trail one day I came across the carcass of a good sized steer which had quite recently been dragged out of a bog hole and up a fifteen foot embankment. On alighting to investigate I saw the work had been done by a bear whose feet were longer than mine so he must have been a big one. In measuring the tracks I noticed the grass was still raising where the bear had stood, evidently he had just left. I felt that he had had the right idea and I left too for my hair was rising a lot faster than the grass was.

That night I camped with the crew who were building a drift fence along the summit of the range. I told about the bear and the teamster said, "I told you there was bear around here, the horses have been as spooky as hell for a couple of days."

The crew was composed mostly of young fellows from school who had temporary appointments which enabled them to get a little field experience during the summer vacation. They seemed much impressed by the bear story so Archie, the teamster, had a bright idea for giving the students a real thrill. When no one was looking he slipped the bell off one of the hobbled horses in the herd which was grazing in a near-by park and hid it in the wagon. In the talk around the fire that night he reverted frequently to the frenzied fear shown by horses when they scented a bear.

"They'll run right over a man like he wasn't there," he stated solemnly, "you've gotta givem room, but quick." When everyone was bedded down Archie took the bell, slipped away a short distance toward the horses then came charging into camp clanging the bell furiously and tripping over as many tent ropes as possible before landing in the wagon, a sort of a reserved seat for the ensuing spectacle.

There was an instant upheaval among the tents as the scantily clad occupants scurried away to avoid the expected stampede. One of the more observant soon noticed that the horses were quietly grazing not far away and one by one the shamefaced boys came back to the fire. The only casualty was the boy who had stretched out under the wagon. He had almost de-horned himself by butting a protruding bolt.

One of the disagreeable features of the Forest Service was the requirement to report game law violations to the State fish and game people. Of course, eating as we frequently did with some rancher it was practically impossible to tell whether it was mutton or venison on the table but when someone reported someone else to you that was something else again.

A rancher told me that the section boss at Egeria was killing deer, I passed the information on to the Supervisor and a game warden was sent to investigate. He found the report was true and brought the violator to town together with a badly shot-up shoulder of venison by way of evidence. When I rode into Yampa that night I found the section boss waiting for me in the bar-room at the hotel. He wanted to know who had told me of the violation and when I wouldn't tell him he said, "Well I'll tell you. I'll also tell you why. I have been buying beef, which the so-and-so probably stole from somebody else, to feed the crew and when I killed the deer I quit buying beef." He then told me whom he suspected and he was right. "That game warden was a yellow-bellied skunk, too."

"But he brought you in," I prodded. "Yes, he did, but it was only because I thought they'd throw me in jail for a week or so and I'd lose my job if I killed him. The son-of-a-bitch stuck a gun in my belly when I went to the door but he backed up when I went outside to talk to him. In about a minute my wife was standing in the door with a double-barrelled shot gun pointing right at the guys middle. He dropped his gun quick. She's a foreigner, and don't give a damn for nothing. If I'd a nodded my head she'd have blown him clean in two and he knew it. He was down on his knees beggin' but I give him a kick or two and took his star away from him before I motioned the old woman away. When I decided to go with him he said he'd have to take some venison along for evidence so I gave him a shoulder that had been smashed by a soft-nose bullet and wasn't any good for meat anyhow." After a moment he continued, "You don't believe that do you?"

"Well, to be frank about it, no."

"He was supposed to take all the meat with him wasn't he?" I nodded and he continued, "Tell you what, if you'll drop by in a day or two I'll show you two deer he left hanging in my shed, I'll also give you his game warden badge." I did and he did and I kept the badge for several years. A short time later all rangers were given a delightful surprise, they were appointed State game wardens to serve without additional pay.

October 13, 1951

Forest Supervisor.
Routt National Forest

Dear Sir:

The following is submitted in response to your letter of September 19th, 1951 requesting a brief account of conditions and personal experiences in Routt County prior to and during the first few years following the creation of the Routt National Forest and the placing of that area under forest administration.

I first went to Routt County in 1888, when my father, E. R. Sizer, moved a herd of Hereford cattle from the vicinity of Florence, Colorado and turned them loose in California Park, where he built a log cabin for summer headquarters and later located a ranch for winter quarters on Bear River about a mile above Cross Mountain.

At that time the country was only sparsely settled, the ranches being located along the streams and much of the river bottom being still open range. There was an abundance of game, especially deer and elk, which drifted to the lower country for winter, at which time it was not uncommon to see several hundred in one bunch, especially so of elk.

The ranchmen were divided into two classes, the small settler, with only a few cattle and horses who raised a garden and put up some hay to feed his stock in the winter, and the cattlemen with considerable stock who drifted their stock to the lower country to winter on the open range, and drifted them back to the mountains again in the spring. My father was in this latter group. But following the hard winter of 1889, he moved to New Mexico in 1890, in search of a better year long range.

After my father's death I returned to Routt County in the spring of 1900 and went to work for the Two Bars Cattle Co., whose home ranch was on the Little Snake River above the Brown's Park Crossing. About 1902 I went to work for the 00 whose ranch was a few miles below Hayden and about 1904 the Two Bars offered me more wages than I was getting so I went back to work for them. The Two Bars summer range was from Fortification Creek to Elk River on the east, and from Little Snake River to Bear River on the south. Winter range included the territory from Fortification Creek, and Four Mile west to Lookout Mountain and Brown's Park, with, of course, some drift to adjoining ranges. At that time a group of the cattle men on the Snake River had organized an association, and by mutual agreement, roundups were held in the following order:

1. The Snake River Association, with Sol Puckett as foreman

ran all roundups on Snake River slope above the old L 7 ranch.

2. The Two Bars, with Hi Bernard as foreman ran all roundups from the Snake River Divide to Bear River and Brown's Park.
3. The Keystone outfit, with Tug Wilson as foreman, ran the roundups on the White River Slope from Blue Mountain and Skull Creek to Coal Creek above Meeker.
4. The Carey outfit, with Ed Miles as foreman, ran the roundups south of Bear River to William's Fork, from the mouth of William's Fork to Twenty Mile Park.

It was customary for cattlemen to send representatives to work with roundups on adjoining ranges and notice was sent to all as to dates and places that roundups would start and finish. After some unpleasant experiences the sheepmen had gained control of the range north of the Colorado line by leasing the alternate sections of railroad land and they drifted their sheep from summer range along the Continental Divide north of Snake River, west to the head of the Vermillion and Green Rivers. Since the cattle did not like the smell of sheep they did not drift onto the range occupied by or recently used by sheep, and as the period of use of those adjoining ranges by sheep and cattle was the same, it was not necessary for the cowmen to work the range north of the Colorado line.

For those unfamiliar with the methods employed in working the range during that period, a brief description follows:

Each man usually had 16 horses or more in his mount; half of them being used a month or six weeks while the other half was turned loose on the range to recuperate.

The cook drove the mess wagon and the night hawk drove the bed wagon, when moving camp. The horse wrangler herded the saddle horses during the day, and the night hawk herded them at night. These, with from 8 to 20 or more men made up a roundup crew, and all work was done on the open range, moving camp as the work progressed.

The night was usually divided into four guards with two or more men on each guard, depending upon the size of the herd. Four horses were used on each wagon, and an extra span usually carried in the remuda for use if needed. This made 10 head of work horses, and with 8 head of saddle horses for each man plus one extra mount, made around 100 head of horses in the remuda for a trail crew of 8 cowboys, or about 200 for a roundup crew of 20 men.

First guard usually went on at 8 P.M., and last guard was relieved

at 4 A.M., breakfast being called at 3:30 A.M. Ropes were stretched from the wheels of the bed wagon, for a horse corral while catching horses, and the night hawk brought the horses in about 3:30 A.M. The men changed horses at morning, noon and night.

Like most of the outfits of that period, the Two Bars raised their own saddle horses, and a horse roundup started about the first of March, branding colts and gathering geldings to break for saddle horses, finishing at Big Gulch in time to start the spring shove-up at Green River about April 1st, which was finished at Fortification or Little Bear Creeks about May 15th. Next in order was gathering horses and change mounts and go to the railroad to bring in yearling steers, which took about two weeks per trip.

The summer roundup usually started about the middle of June and lasted till about the first of August and the beef gather started about the latter part of August and finished about the tenth of October. The drive to the railroad took about two weeks for the round trip, and between each of these works we gathered fresh mounts of horses and turned loose those that we had been using.

The fall shoveldown could not be started until storms brought enough snow to start the cattle drifting of their own accord which was usually around the middle of November, and this work finished at Big Gulch or Spring Creek about New Years. From that time until about the first of March we were in winter camps on lower Snake River where, during storms, the cattle drifted in from the hills to the river bottom in large numbers, and as soon as a storm eased up we pushed everything back into the hills to save the feed along the river bottoms to carry them through the storm periods.

Around the first of March the horse roundup started, and so went the year.

Because of heavy death losses in mother cows during winter, the Two Bars started gathering out their she stuff in 1900, and replacing them with yearling steers from Mexico. This continued for two or three years until nearly all the she stuff had been replaced by steers, which were shipped out after four to five years, as grass beef or feeders.

About 1902 Pierce and Reef, with George Watson as foreman, moved in 3,000 or 4,000 Mexican yearling steers in the A or Lazy Seven brand and turned loose on Wolf Creek, Elk head and California Park, and located a ranch on Bear River above Cross Mountain, which served as winter headquarters. That fall they drifted their steers to lower Bear River, mostly on the south side of the river, from Juniper Mountain to Lilly Park and Elk Spring. During each of the next two or three years the Sevens brought in some 6,000 to 8,000 more Mexican yearling steers and turned them loose on the same range.

At the same time the Two Bars were bringing in about the same number, but taking out some two to three thousand head of breeding stock. About one half of the Two Bars steers were turned loose on the Snake River Slope, from Four Mile to Slater Park. About 1903 there were some 35,000 or 40,000 Mexican steers riding the other stockmen's cows around with the bulls unable to keep up in the race, and the calf crop getting smaller every day. This didn't tend to create a bond of friendship between the cowmen involved and there were so many cattle on the range that they could not be handled under the methods used in former years, as more men, more horses, and more mess wagons were needed. The result was that about 1904 five outfits, the Two Bars, the Sevens, the Figure Four, the H X A, and the QQ each took their own roundup outfit and all working together, but holding separate herds and remudas, rounded up the Bear River slope from Big Gulch to Elk River and Slater Park. By the time we reached the mouth of Dry Prong on Elk Head Creek, it was hard to find room to water the five day herds and five remudas without having a mixup, but they did O.K. until one night the H X A remuda stampeded in a rain storm and ran into the Seven's remuda, both then ran into the Two Bars remuda, and the H X A and Seven's herd and stampeded the whole works, with the result that we spent about two days gathering and sorting out the horses and cattle that were lost in the mixup.

Shipping points at that time were usually Rawlins, Wyoming or Wolcott, on Eagle River, (Colorado), though some shipments were made from Wamsutter, Wyoming and Rifle on Grand River, and each of the outfits here mentioned took their own crews and wagons to the shipping points with their herds. The trail to Rawlins led from Slater Park (where the beef gather usually finished), across Snake River near Slater P.O. and up the Savory; the trail to Wolcott crossed Bear River above Hayden, through Twenty Mile and Egeria Parks down Red Dirt, crossed Grand River, and out through Domanile Basin to Wolcott. The trail to Wamsutter crossed Little Snake River at Dixon, and went up the Muddy.

My first contact with the Forest Service was on the Snake River shove-up in the spring, I think, about 1905 or 06. It seems that the small cowmen and settlers in the upper portions of the range had been told that under Forest Regulations the small settler and home builder would be protected against unfair competition in the use of the range, and non-resident, outside stockmen would be excluded from Forest Ranges where necessary to provide for the local stockmen. This looked to the small cowmen and homesteaders like an open door through which to kick the Two Bars and Sevens out, and the Government would furnish the men to do the kicking.

As a result, a petition was sent in and a National Forest Reserve was duly created, all unbeknown to us who worked the roundups. At this particular time I was reping for the Two Bars on the

Snake River shove-up, and Sol Puckett was roundup boss. The night we reached Arsenick Spring, I noticed a stranger in camp, and pretty soon he and Sol Puckett came to me and asked what I intended to do with the Two Bar stuff. I replied that I was going to throw everything to Slater Park. The stranger said nothing and left next morning. We continued rounding up and pushing everything toward the mountains as far as we could each day, until we reached Four Mile where I discovered that most of the small cowmen and homesteaders with a Forest Ranger had been riding line at the Forest boundary and throwing back the Two Bar and Seven stuff they found, with the result that we had more cattle in the roundup than we could possibly work that day. The drives coming in were held in four or five separate bunches to provide for quicker work in branding and cutting out. As soon as the drives were in, Puckett and the man I had seen at Arsenick Spring and another stranger rode around to me and Puckett told me I could start cutting out the Two Bars. I replied that I was not going to cut anything, whereupon the new stranger informed me that he was a Forest Inspector* from Washington, D.C. and the other man was the Forest Ranger** in charge of the District, that the Two Bar outfit had no permit to graze stock on the Forest Reserve, the boundary of which was only a short ways ahead, and that I would have to cut back all Two Bar cattle and see to it that none of them trespassed on the Forest Reserve, or he would prosecute me to the full extent of the law.

I replied that Hi Bernard had given me orders before I left the Two Bar wagon and if he didn't want that Two Bar stuff to go to Slater Park, he'd better talk to Hi Bernard, as I was not taking orders from anyone but him. I knew, and they knew, that they could not contact Hi Bernard in less than two or three days. They knew, too, that we had about 4,000 or 5,000 cattle rounded up there, about a third of which were Two Bar stuff; that it was then past noon, and not enough daylight left to work that herd.

Puckett and the two Forest officers then rode off a short distance and held a little pow-wow; then Sol waved his hat towards Slater and yelled: "Let 'em go!" Whereupon the herd was started up Willow Creek toward Slater Park, but night came too soon, and they were turned loose on Slater Creek quite a way below the Park but well inside the Forest Boundary. The Forest Inspector made good his threat to prosecute but when it came up in court, Ora Haley's lawyer called attention to the fact that the Forest Reserve had been created only recently and that few of the stockmen were informed as to what was required; further, the regulations stated that all regular users of the range would be notified that grazing permits were required, and upon receipt of applications, such regular users of the range would be granted permits for the number of stock that they had grazed during pre-

*Paul G. Reddington

**John O'Conner

vious years. This had not been done. Ora Haley, owner of the Two Bars, had not been given notice as provided for, although he was one of the oldest and the largest users of that range.

The outcome was that the Trespass case was dismissed and Mr. Haley was granted a permit for the estimated number of stock he had grazed on that range during previous years. No grazing fees were charged for the first year.

Up to this time the Homesteaders (nesters) and small stockmen were strongly in favor of the Forest Service and the establishment of Forest Reserves thinking that through them they could force the big outfits off that range, but when the Two Bar was granted a permit free of charge, the table turned over, and the Forest officers were accused of double crossing and selling out to the big outfits. Insofar as we were concerned, the creation of the Forest Reserve made no difference; things went along as before. We shoved the cattle up in the spring, made our roundup, brought in Mexican steers and turned them loose gathering beef and shipped as usual, without seeing or hearing anything of a Forest Officer, until late one fall we were driving a herd of big steers to Wolcott for shipment, we had a mixup with the cattle, on the way from Bear River to Twenty Mile Park and did not get to Fish Creek to water till about three P.M. The wagons and remuda had gone ahead and arrived at Fish Creek in usual time. The horse wrangler rustled some wood and moved the horses out on the mesa to graze, the night hawk stretched out under the bed wagon for a nap, while the cook built a fire and started getting dinner, when a man rode up and asked what he was doing with that fire. The cook replied: "Get down and stay for dinner, I'll have it ready pretty quick." But the man, still sitting on his horse, only a few feet from the pot rack pulled a six shooter on the cook and said: "No, you ain't. You put that fire out right now, or I'll shoot your damned head off." The cook took a look at the gun, and picked up one of two buckets of water he had carried up from the creek to get dinner, and threw it on the fire. The man with the gun said: "Throw on that other bucket, too" and the cook did. The man with the gun then made the cook carry more water and throw it on the woodpile. When this was done the man with the gun said: "Now you bastards get out of here as quick as you can, and don't you build any more fires." The cook said: "That's fine, pardner, now can I ask who you are?" and the man replied: "I am the Forest Ranger in charge of this Forest Reserve and it's against the law to build a fire on the Forest Reserve." The cook then said: "There will be some hungry men in here pretty soon and how am I going to feed them if I can't build a fire to cook with?" The Ranger replied: "You tell the Boss if he wants his grub cooked, he better get you a stove." Whereupon, he rode off up the creek.

As soon as the Ranger left, the cook woke up the night hawk and had him lay under the wagon with a Winchester and keep watch for the Ranger while the cook built another fire and got dinner.

We got the herd in on the creek for water about a mile below the camp about 3 P.M. and half the men went to camp for dinner, but it was not yet ready, so they did not get back till nearly sundown. When we found out what had happened, we started setting fires in the sage brush on the side where the wind would blow it away from camp and the bed ground, and on guard that night, one man rode around the herd while the other built fires in the hope that the Ranger would come back, but he didn't and all that we accomplished was to burn off a few acres of sage brush that grew up again in a few years, and fortunately we never met up with that Forest Ranger, but it left me, as well as the others, with a strong dislike for Forest Reserves and Forest Rangers.

Going on from Fish Creek and the fire, when we arrived at the Devil's Grave, we found that Homesteaders had fenced up all the east half of Egeria Park, and to get through we would have to move through a narrow lane across the Creek, then rim the hill-sides through timber for several miles, or follow the wagon road through the town of Taponis which was about a fifty foot lane. The town of Taponis was a group of log and frame buildings built along both sides of the wagon road leading from Wolcott to Steamboat Springs, and included a store, a saloon, a Post Office, a hot hotel and maybe fifteen or twenty residences. The moon was about half full and after looking things over, old Hi decided the road through town was the best bet, so we moved the herd off the bed ground at the Devil's Grave about 2 A.M. intending to get through town before the people were awake, but as we entered town strung out about a mile, a dog came alive, and then all the rest rushed out barking and raising hell. The steers stopped to take a look, then someone in a white nightshirt stepped out on a porch and the steers went yonder, knocking down fences and whatnots as they went. Back of the houses were oat fields ripe and ready for harvest and it was in those fields that we rounded up a sizeable portion of the herd and moved on, tearing down such fences as came in our way, till we reached open range again near the Red Dirt Divide. What Ora Haley paid for the damage I never knew; all that I could say was that we were lucky that we didn't lose any steers.

I think it was early in June of the next year that some six or eight bands of sheep were shipped across Snake River north of Hahn's Peak onto cattle range in a heavy timbered area where evidently the sheepmen thought they would not be discovered. But they had evidently not forgotten what the cowmen did to them on the winter range near Lookout Mountain some years before, and were keeping a close lookout for any sign of cowmen in that

vicinity. They had little more than gotten their sheep distributed through the timbered belt when the herder with the band farthest back in the timber saw two heavily armed men riding through the timber back of his camp, and evidently trying to escape notice. He being over on cattle range and the two men being armed with both six shooters and Winchesters led him to believe that they were cowmen coming in for a sheep killing. The two men disappeared in the direction of Slater Park, and the herder thought they would be back with more help and kill his whole outfit. So he set his dogs on his sheep and ran them down through the timber toward Snake River. running them into other bands enroute in a wild effort to get across Snake River before the cowmen could overtake them. The result was some six or eight bands of sheep all mixed up; quite a lot lost, killed or crippled in jamming them through down timber and over rough ground. When they got across Snake River they took the sheep to some shearing and sorting corrals on the Savery to separate them and remake their bands. While they were engaged in sorting their sheep, we came along with a trail crew enroute to Rawlins to receive a shipment of yearling steers. The sheepmen saw us coming and sent a spokesman out to find out what we were there for. We saw that they were all stirred up, but didn't know the reasons until later. Who the armed men were that scared the shepherd and started the stampede, I never found out.

Arriving at Rawlins we received about 3,500 Mexican yearling steers, and started back for Snake River on the Savery Trail which for some miles followed an open ridge with shallow draws heading on either side, and in one of the largest of these draws on the east slope there was a wild meadow of 20 or 30 acres with numerous springs which furnished sufficient water near the lower end of the meadow to water a herd if given sufficient time. This draw headed in the hollow of a bend in the divide forming almost a horseshoe, so the distance across the lower end of the meadow was perhaps a third of the distance around following the ridge, and afforded good feed and fair watering and it had been the custom for herds going over that trail to cut across that meadow for watering and noon camp.

When we arrived at that point, our bunch of yearlings were very thirsty, and we let them off into the draw for water, but they had been in there but a little while when about fifteen sheepmen with their shooting irons and sheep dogs rode up and demanded that we get out of there and do it quickly. We told them that we would move out just as soon as the yearlings got watered. But this didn't suit the spokesman for the sheepmen, and he replied that if we didn't move those yearlings right now, that they would. Well, these yearlings had been choused on the trail and on the train from Chihuahua, Mexico, to that point and had had all the scare scared out of them before they reached Rawlins, so now when anything unusual came up they simply stopped and looked

at it and refused to move, and we knew that the Devil himself with all his imps couldn't stampede them if they tried, so I, being the boss in charge of the outfit, told the sheepmen that they could go ahead and move them if they wanted to whereupon they set their dogs on the yearlings which only turned around facing the dogs and stood there. After several minutes of wasted effort they were right where they started, and the sheepmen gave up the idea, but told us to get that stuff out of there just as soon as we could and stay out. We let the yearlings stay on the water about two hours when they began moving out. We then started them on the trail without difficulty, but with a warning from the sheepmen not to come through there again.

About this same time, several other cowmen going over both the Savery Trail and the Muddy Trail were notified by the sheepmen to stay off their leased land and that no further driving of cattle over these routes would be permitted. This brought things to a head, as the railroad land included alternate sections and the sheepmen had the railroad land leased. The result was the cowmen notified the Union Pacific Railroad Company that they could make no more cattle shipments from Rawlins or Wamsutter unless driveways were made available for them. The shipment of cattle from these points was quite an item and the cattlemen's request resulted in cattle driveways being laid out over both the old Savery and Muddy routes, with provision for watering at the waters as formerly used, and so far as I know there was no more friction from this angle.

The year that the Moffat railroad was completed to Hot Sulphur Springs, Haley decided to ship one herd over that route. We cleaned the herd in California Park, as usual, about the 10th of October, and followed the old Wolcott trail to Oak Creek in Twenty Mile Park, finding several new fences built across the old trail which forced us to go along hillsides through brush and timber to get around them. From Oak Creek we swung to the left and crossed Bear River at the upper end of Strawberry Valley. This put us at the foot of the mountain at noon and we did not get on top until long after dark in a young blizzard. It had been a hard day and good humor was at a low ebb. While the men on 3rd and last guard bedded the herd, the others went to camp to catch night horses and to eat supper. While we were eating one of the cow punchers and the night hawk got into a fuss that ended up with the night hawk emptying his six shooter at the other man, hitting him once in the left side below the heart, whereupon the hawk jumped on his horse and left for parts unknown. We then had to put the wounded man in the bed wagon and send two men to take him to Steamboat to a Doctor, which left us short three men to make up the guards and no night hawk to hold the remuda; so we cut the guards to only one man on each guard, and one man detailed as hawk. It was then after 10 P.M. and still snowing, but the herd was bedded on the south-

west side of the open draw where the timber afforded good protection from the storm and we experienced no further difficulty.

Next morning daylight broke clear and cold with about 10 inches' of snow on the ground. Having only half a crew left and no bed wagon, we loaded the beds on the mess wagon and pulled out a little after daylight.

By this time the steers were pretty well herd broke, and though shorthanded, we had no difficulty. Our route led down an open draw to the divide between North Park and Middle Park where we turned to the right down Willow Creek to Hot Sulphur Springs with only a few fences to block an easy route and force us over ridges or along rough hillsides.

Arriving at Hot Sulphur Springs, we found the railroad was not quite there and we were forced to hold over on the mesas west of town, with snow now about knee deep, for three or four days, until they got the rails laid and some temporary loading pens built. Going back we took the route over the Gore range to Taponis and Twenty Mile Park, and from the new fences we encountered along the way from the upper end of Egeria Park to Bear River, it was evident that few, if any, more herds of any size could be taken over that route, as the open draws and watering places were fast being fenced up. Summed up, the homesteaders and their wire fences were fencing the cattlemen out of business and killing off the game at the same time.

In many cases it appeared that the fences were purposely located so as to interfere as much as possible with the movement of stock, and the watering places were the first places to be taken up and fenced. Next came the roundup grounds and the open draws that were used as routes of travel in moving herds through the country. This was especially true in the vicinity of Little Bear and Elk Head Creeks.

I left Routt County in 1907 and went to work for the Chiricahua Cattle Company on the Apache Indian Reservation in Arizona, thinking that I was getting away from the homesteaders, barbed wire fences and Forest Reserves. This was a big outfit on a rough range with no roads and a string of pack mules to take the place of mess wagons. All went as things go in such an outfit until July 1909, the Forest Service took over timber administration and fire protection on that Reservation, and bedamned if I didn't go to work for them as a fireguard! This led to a regular appointment, and after 34½ years of service I was retired in 1943 because of age.

In closing, I want to say that after I got acquainted with the Forest Service men I found them a pretty good bunch of men and

I thank those with whom I worked for the help they gave me, without which I would have had a pretty rough time.

Trusting that some part of this may be useful to you in compiling a record of events on that forest and conditions during that period, I am,

Very truly yours,

/s/ J. H. Sizer

P.S.

I have only 3 pictures and they are small and probably not suitable for your use, but am sending them along in case you care to use them. Would like to have them returned to me when you are through with them. At this late date I found it hard to identify the men in the pictures.

J.H.S.

Mr. G. D. Pickford,
Forest Supervisor, Routt National Forest,
Steamboat Springs, Colorado

Dear Mr. Pickford:

Your letter of November 8th, '51 is received. I am glad to know that some of the information I sent you was of interest.

As to the Forest Officers on Four Mile, I don't remember the Inspector's name, as I only met him the one time. The Ranger's name was Johnnie O'Conner or Johnnie Connor, I am not sure which, but I think it was O'Conner.

As for the screhead that made the cook put his fire out at Fish Creek, I was never able to find out for sure what his name was. A homesteader in Twenty-mile Park told me the ranger's name in charge of that District was Joe Bush, and he lived in Steamboat Springs, but as far as I know, I never saw the sorehead or Joe Bush either, so don't know if they were one and the same or not.

As to Tom Horn I was not what one would call acquainted with him. I saw him a few times but never worked with him. I got his history pretty straight, I think from men who were in a position to know it, and I don't think that it merits a place in any historical record unless it be one of hired assassins and murderers.

I do not blame any one for killing a man in self defense, and I can excuse a man for killing another in a fit of anger. But when one will waylay and kill a man who never molested him in any way, just for a little money paid him by some one who didn't have the guts to do his own fighting, I think he and the man that paid him the money should both be shot on sight and forgotten, and I think that if you could have seen how that stuff was done, you would feel the same way. So far as I know Tom Horn killed only two men in Routt County. They were Matt Rash and Isom Dart, both unarmed at the time, and both shot from ambush on Cold Spring Mountain on the north side of Brown's Park; both of whom were suspected of stealing cattle from the Circle K outfit, north of Lockout Mountain. The only evidence against Horn was two 30-30 cartridge shells where Matt Rash was shot, and one 30-30 cartridge shell found where Isom Dart was shot.

Tom Horn had the only 30-30 rifle known to be in that part of

the country at that time, and some time later he got drunk in Dixon and boasted that that was the gun that got Matt Rash and Isom Dart. He kept on drinking and talking mean until he stirred up a fight and got cut pretty near in two, but he finally recovered, but I don't think that he ever returned to Routt County, after he was released from the hospital. Tom Horn was hung in Cheyenne in the fall of 1903 for bushwhacking Willy Nichols, a boy about 15 years old, and I think he had it coming.

As to Butch Cassidy and his gang, I never met any of them that I know of, though every once in a while one or two strangers would show up, posing as cow punchers, looking for a job. Some were suspected of being outlaws and some were suspected of being officers looking for outlaws, but the ranch men treated them all alike, and asked no questions. All were welcome to stop and stay as long as they wished. Some staid only for a meal, some over night, some a week or so, and some took a job when offered it. A few of the latter being taken in by the officers within a few months for crimes committed in other states.

As you no doubt know, the northwest corner of Routt County was, and still is, a corner on the boundaries of three states, and the surrounding territory was very sparcely settled and remote from regular means of communication and so afforded an outlaw a refuge fair safe from pursuit, and if discovered they could quickly get across the line into another state, where the officer in pursuit had no legal authority, hence the drifting string of strangers encountered from time to time.

These strangers usually arrived on jaded horses, sometimes with a pack outfit, or a greasy sack, in which case they might camp where feed was good and loaf around while their horses recuperated. If they had no camp outfit, they stopped at some ranch, or drifted from one to another by easy stages. If a rancher didn't treat them right, he might find their jaded horses on the range after they left and never find some of his own that he last saw before the stranger left. Since the ranchmen could not afford to lose their saddle horses, they kept open house for all comers, asked no questions and treated all alike as a matter of self protection.

It was this situation which gave Brown's Park a hard name and caused some of the settlers in there to be accused of harboring a bunch of outlaws, where in fact, they were not.

I am sorry that I am unable to supply any information of historical value on either Tom Horn or Butch Cassidy. I heard quite a few stories years ago, but all that I remember is that Butch Cassidy and some of his gang, was killed in Argentina while robbing a bank, which may or may not be true.

Very truly yours,
James:Harl Sizer

STAMPEDE TO TIMBERLINE

BY

MERIEL SIBELL WOLLE

TELLER CITY

We drove through timber most of the way, and by the time we reached the camp the trees were close around us. There were nearly three hundred ruined cabins, on both sides of the "street" and many more back in the trees, some large and some small, some blackened by fire and others bleached by sun and weather. I wandered from one pile of logs and boards to another, but could find few traces of the identity of any building.

Most of the streets are partly overgrown with trees; a forge is all that identifies the blacksmith shop; and a few unmarked graves lie in the cemetery nearby. Rusty machinery is piled on the ore dumps--machinery which was brought in by freighters who sometimes "made 1000 feet a day" over bad places in the road. In the hollow by the creek stands the ruined mill.

The camp was established in 1879, when reports of rich silver deposits in the southeastern corner of North Park brought people flocking into the wooded area at the foot of the divide. A post office, named for Senator Henry M. Teller, was established at the silver camp, and passengers and mail were carried in by coach from Laramie in 1880, fare \$11.00. The camp reached its peak in 1882, when its population reached 1300, and by 1883 it was almost dead. The townsite was 18 acres, with numbered and lettered streets, C street being the main thoroughfare. The cabins in Teller did not have fire places because they were equipped with stoves which were freighted in. Further up the valley, nearer the mines, the cabins had fireplaces "built of porphyry."

As the camp grew, various business houses were opened, a newspaper was published, a smelting works and two steam sawmills were established and ore was shipped. The Yates House was the big, two story hotel with more than forty rooms and a piano; other large buildings were the mine office of the North Park Mining Company, and the office of the Endomile mine. There was a blacksmith shop, an assay office, two doctor's offices and "three to twenty saloons."

Mrs. Cairns, in Grand Lake, The Pioneers, describes a famous race run during the summer of 1883. About once a month the miners from Teller, Gaskill and Lulu went down to Grand Lake to celebrate. A man named Sharp, who was working at the Wolverine, beat all the other miners at foot-racing and was looked upon as a

champion. His fellow-workers bragged about him when they went to Grand Lake, until a man there said he had a man named Montgomery who could beat Sharp. Immediately bets, starting at \$100, were placed, the bets totalling \$4,000.00. Sharp trained at Gaskill and Montgomery at Grand Lake, but the race was run on C street in Teller City. Montgomery won by seven feet, and Sharp, "who had a good part of the stakes in his possession, kept running to the end of the street and then out in the timber where a saddled horse awaited him and rode away." He was never heard of again, With him went one of the girls from Teller's red light district. When the men at the Wolverine paid their bets they were all stony broke.

The Endomile mine three miles above the town was one of the best properties, producing both gold and silver "in almost inexhaustable quantities." All that was needed was "the means to reduce the ore to bullion," but capital was lacking and the mine was forced to close down. The last shift lasted seventy-two hours, as the men bailed water by hand after the pump broke down, and came up to the surface only to eat. According to one old timer the last time he came up he fell asleep at the entrance with a cold biscuit in his hand.

The story of the Twin Shafts as told by Mrs. Cairns is illuminating. A contract was given by an eastern company to two men to sink a hundred foot shaft in their mine to determine the quality of ore at that depth. The men dug a shaft fifty feet deep and struck water. Finding it hard to keep ahead of the water with their crude windlass and buckets, they abandoned one shaft, and moving sixty feet away, sank another fifty-foot shaft in the same vein of ore. When they had finished they signed a statement that they had done one hundred feet of work and sent it to the company. As soon as they were paid they "skipped out," and today the two shafts and two piles of earth and rocks mark the site of the swindle.

The mining boom at Teller City, Lulu, and Gaskill petered out at about the same time in all three places, although a little placer mining was done in the vicinity for several years after the camps were gone. Although town lots were sold to the amount of \$750 in January, 1883, the town was already beginning to fold up. "Teller was a lively place while it lasted," but when the end came the camp was deserted so fast that the people left everything standing as it was, even to dirty dishes on the table.

B I O G R A P H I C A L

Article on North Park

WRITTEN BY A COLORADO PIONEER

Born in Mereer County, Missouri, October 28, 1844
Moved from Missouri to Kansas on October 3, 1864
Crossed the Plains in 1864
Returned and attended school in Missouri in 1866 & 1867
Taught school in Missouri in 1868 & 1869
Came to Colorado in November of 1872.
Located in Jackson County in 1880

It might be of interest to relate the incident that resulted in my first coming into North Park. Three men, by the name of Dudley Hale, Charlie Billinghamurst and Hal Entricon, and I had been hunting on the Stake Plains and decided we would make a trip into the Rosebud country in Montana. We went from the Catfish on the Stake Plains, to Fort Sumner on the Pecos River, and on to Cheyenne, a distance of perhaps nine hundred miles. Our mules were so leg-weary, we decided to stay there a few days to rest them. While standing in the depot one day, watching a train go by, a newsboy came out on the platform peddling books and papers. He had one book by Frank R. Stockton entitled "To the Rockies and Beyond", which title appealed to me so I bought the book. One chapter entitled, "North Park, the Hunter's Paradise" particularly appealed to me, so after reading it, I handed it without comment to Charlie Billinghamurst - he in turn gave it to Dudley Hale, who read it and handed it to Entricon. After everyone had read it, I said: "Let's go to North Park" - to which all but Entricon agreed. Entricon was desirous of returning to Dodge City, Kansas, so we hired another man to make up the party of four, by the name of Jim Meek, and instead of going into the Rosebud country, came on into the Park.

When I located in Jackson County in 1880, there were only two residents in the North end of the Park - Mr. Pinkham at Pinkhampton, and Henry Capron at the Soda Springs. No one lived on the Platte, Michigan, Canadian or Government Creek in the North end of the Park. Shortly after I came into Colorado, Luke Wheeler and Al Prosser came in and located with me here in Big Creek Park.

The first public school taught in the Cowdrey District was held in a little cabin in what was then known as the Moore field, sometime in either 1883 or 1884, and was taught by Miss Carolyn Greendyke, later Mrs. Cooke Rhea. Charles Cowdrey and family settled on the Michigan River and was still living there when he started the town of Cowdrey. The ranch was later purchased

by Herb Hill, and is now owned by Bush Munroe.

I might make mention of a beauty spot in the Park - Big Creek Lake. I first saw this lake the latter part of August, 1880, camping in this Park, prospecting for game. There has been no perceptible change in the lake since I first saw it.

In about 1888 permission was granted for a Postoffice for Pearl, at that time without a name. The name was chosen by a ballot being taken, each resident casting a name into a hat, and the first name withdrawn from the hat to be the name of the Postoffice - and it was "Pearl." Mrs. Mary Robinson was the first Postmistress. At that time the residents for this Pearl Postoffice comprised Luke and Bob Wheeler, the Robinson family, three McNultys, Alec Hilton, Jerry Singleterry, Harford Louck, Emerson Carney, and Harry Baugh, the first settler in the draw where Mr. Burr Lebdell now lives. Mail was then sent from "Swan" the Postoffice later named Encampment, to "Collins", afterward named Downington, Wyoming, and brought from there by horseback to Pearl.

The little town of Pearl began to grow in 1900, mining activities becoming very heavy at that time, and from our door we could hear seven whistles in the Pearl District where steam hoists were in use, in the Swede Group, Round Top, Wolverine, Big Horn, Zirkel, Tully and Bull Canyon Mines. Needless to say, that at the present time there is no longer a town or Postoffice and surrounding activities are confined to ranching.

The town of Walden was founded by Judd Rathbun, who had a saloon and hotel, at that time known as "Point of Rocks".

In 1881 I circled the West side of the Park, from Teller to the old crossing of the Platte near Independence Mountain, and never encountered a fence or a house after leaving Jack Creek.

We paid our first taxes at Grand Lake - there being a dispute at the time between Grand Lake and Fort Collins as to which County we belonged, it later being settled in Court that we belonged to Larimer County. Later we were cut off from Larimer and formed Jackson County.

Cooke Rhea
August - 1929

Forest Supervisor,
c/o U.S. Dept. of Agriculture,
Steamboat Springs, Colorado

Dear Sir:

In view of the activities of the Forest Service last summer, I am sending you, herewith, diagrams and pictures which I believe will resolve the problems concerning the early settlements in these sections, and their respective fence lines. Before discussing the enclosures, it might be well to recite some of the background relative to this territory.

The first Homesteaders were Cooke Rhea (my father), Luke Wheeler and Al Prosser. Shortly after settling in Big Creek Park in 1880, my father and Luke Wheeler formed a partnership and, as "Rhea and Wheeler", established a Creamery, situated on what is now referred to as the "Wheeler Place", in Sections 31-32, Township 12, North Range 81. With the help of two hired men, Denny Nicholson and Billy Brown, they milked about forty-five head of cows a day. The churning was done by waterwheel. After preparation, the butter was rolled into three pound rolls and then packed into large wooden tubs filled with brine. They supplied the butter for the old Inter-Ocean Hotel and the Bristol Store in Cheyenne. Hahns Peak was a flourishing mining town at that time, and here they found a ready market for one thousand pounds of butter a year, taking a route that led through Hog Park. Incidentally, we have some very fine hunting pictures taken in Hog Park by Rudolph Eichemeyer in the early part of October, 1885. He won some of the highest awards in London, England, for his photographic work. Several men in these pictures lived in North Park. Amongst these is Edward Gould, for whom the town of Gould is named. There is also a man named Nelson, A Naturalist (who was working for either the Government or the National Geographic Society), and John Lord, a professor from Ft. Collins.

You may be interested in knowing how the creek "Damfino" acquired its name. On one of his hunting trips, father simply answered "Damfino" when asked if he knew what might be the name of this creek. His reply gave it its name.

Another "Rhea-Wheeler" enterprise was the preparation of Deer and Elk meat for market. In the fall of 1880 they sold over two thousand pounds of dried meat to a butcher named Dan Uhlman, in Cheyenne. They smoked it in their own smokehouse.

They also prepared and sold the hides. Watkins Meat Market in Denver was another buyer.

When they decided to take up separate homesteads, Mr. Wheeler chose the bottom land west of Beaver Creek, and father took the sagebrush land east of the creek and south of the fence that still divides the properties. The fence lines separating the adjoining properties have not been changed since they were surveyed by these men over seventy years ago.

The east fence, built between 1885 and 1886, was placed in its present location because of natural elements, there being high mountains to the northeast and, as you may observe by the line running east and west in the picture marked (A), a sloping hill from the west, with a gulley stretching to the north and to the south. The building marked "Home" in the diagram is not visible in the picture, for it is on the other side of the hill. The road leading out to the gate was originally corduroy for some distance, due to drainage and deep bog. It is now built up by tons of gravel, though troublesome during certain seasons of the year.

In the fall of 1886, father brought my mother, as a bride (she was Cowdrey's first school-teacher), to the two room cabin that stood for so many years on a sagebrush knoll near the southeast corner of our meadow. There was a spring there at that time. This was midway between the Creamery and the permanent home he was planning to build on our present site. My sister Ethel (Deceased, the first white child born in Big Creek Park) was born in this little cabin.

Father began his work on his ditch in the spring of 1887, and moved into our present home in 1890. In 1887 a law was passed establishing a big game season and making it unlawful to sell wild game on the market. Meanwhile, father had developed occupational disability in his hands. The enactment of this law and his disability compelled him, in 1888, to dispose of his interests in the "Rhea-Wheeler" enterprises.

The south fence originally enclosed the "Rhea Ditch". The ranch was under lease to a tenant for a three year period, during which time the family was in California. Within that term, however, the lessee abandoned the ranch and absconded with some three hundred head of livestock. It was during this period that the south fence was moved.

The west fence makes a turn at the northwest corner where the first line of trees shows in the picture marked (B), and follows the creek to the point marked "Bridge" on the diagram. This fence is unchanged. From the point marked "Bridge" on the diagram, the original west fence sloped up to the ranch buildings through the timber. There is a short canyon through which

the creek runs, beginning at the point marked "Bridge" on the diagram. High mountains precipitating at such a steep grade, together with severe winters and high winds, made it impracticable to run the fence across the top of the mountain. Hans Clausen ran his fence line from his southeast corner near the bridge, through the timber along the side of the mountain, to the south of his homestead.

From our ranch buildings (running south), the original west fence, until about 1940, continued on from our southwest corner to the timberline, and a small pasture for saddle horses ran a short distance to the west from there. Harry Willford removed that part of the fence that ran from that southwest corner to the timberline. This opened the small pasture into what is known as the "Lenke Place", and accounts for the "jog" that puzzles the Forest Rangers.

In 1924, when Mr. Spencer told father the Forest Service wished to do something for him, father replied that he would like to buy the forty acres in back of our home for protection against campers who left open fires burning. This would also afford him additional pasture land. The fence for the forty acres starts from the corner of this "pasture", follows our old drift fence, and turns to connect with the south fence of Hans Clausen on the west side of the mountains that form that short canyon.

I hope you will find the explanatory notes upon the enclosed diagrams and pictures helpful. It seemed the better way to facilitate a fuller understanding of the overall situation.

I have written you at length because the experiences that shaped the lives and problems of these pioneers could not otherwise be clarified.

Thanking you for your considerations, I am

Sincerely yours,

/s/ Nina Rhea Leavenson

Forest Supervisor,
Mr. Robert W. Gardner,
Steamboat Springs, Colorado

Dear Sir:

The writer has been called upon to make reply to your favor dated Oct. 21st to Mrs. Blanche A. Schmalhorst, located at 630 Monaco Parkway, Denver 20, Colorado.

I presume my call was due to having pioneered in Big Creek Valley for 57 years and over.

The development of Big Creek Lakes as a recreational area, such as it is today, is a long story with much detail, thus it would weem your asking is a brief statement regarding the chapel at the Big Creek Campground.

Credit first is due to Dr. E. V. Westphal and his good wife, both outstanding Christian workers, that came to the valley for a vacation outing from the east.

By now many people were coming from different states, including as far as New York and California. Dr. Westphal could forsee the need for a Chapel at the Big Lake and was soon joined by Dr. and Mrs. Blanche A. Schmalhorst and Dr. B. F. Henry and wife from Kansas.

The interest grew readily through people with summer homes in the valley and people at the lake for their outing.

Colonel Peck was Regional Forester in Denver at the time, and a Mr. Fay was supervisor, now who can build a chapel? At that time, the CC camp was active at the lake with Mr. George McCaslin of Longmont, Colo. in charge, he was consulted, and, yes, we can build a chapel. The proper persons were consulted, plans were outlined and instructions given by Mr. Fay to go ahead. The Chapel was completed, but before long it proved inadequate and a change was made by Mr. McCaslin later on.

Much could be said regarding the many pleasant services rendered by whoever happened in charge.

Hoping the above is in keeping with what you had in mind.

Yours very truly,

/s/ Burr Lobdell

WHY THE WESTERN SLOPE IS SHORT ON WATER

There has been quite a lot of debating done about this matter. The people that have resided in this part of the mountains are convinced that they have the answer; and the answer is: over-grazing on the water shed of the range. That about hits it. Now in order to get to the bottom of this subject, let us go back some 58 years.

The folks of this writer lived on the eastern slope or foothills of the Rocky Mountains on a ranch. It wasn't much of a place. You could make a living and that was about all. So in the summer of 1898 they decided to sell out and move to Routt County on the western slope where there was good land to be had by homesteading, and where grass and feed grew in abundance. So the first of August we started. My father and I took the stock - 27 head of cattle and horses. We started for the old Rollins Pass road. By going this route, we had better graze for our stock. The closer we came to the Pass, the better the feed got. There was water in all the creeks. We had quite a time getting over the peak as the cattle did not care for the high climb (about 11,600 ft. elev.), but we made it. As we got down on the western slope about two miles, we got into some aspen where the soil was deep and rich, and the vegetation knee high. The only grazing was done by game - deer and elk. Down on the flats the grass was shorter but plentiful. There were a few ranches and all had cattle. We arrived at the place where we wanted to locate about the 15th of August. We had never before seen such vegetation as was there. Everywhere there were pea vines, red top, wild oats, and mountain bromme, all mixed, some four feet high. All the creeks had plenty of water. The reason for this was that in the fall the vegetation died and covered the ground to a depth of five to six inches. In the spring when the snow melted the water would soak in the ground, and this dead vegetation would keep the sun from shining on the bare ground. That would keep the soil moist all summer long. Therefore, springs were running full all summer and furnished plenty of water to keep the creeks flowing.

Now this was a cattle country and they would not let sheep come in. The sheep tried but were driven out. Cattle never went to the high hills. There was no Forest Service then. This was established under Teddy Roosevelt's administration. That was when the Forest Service decided to let sheep in the forest for a grazing fee at so much per head. They let in the sheep from Wyoming and Utah. The cattle men did not like it, but there was nothing they could do about it, for it was the government and they did not dare to buck it.

It took a few years to notice the difference in the water supply.

It took some time to destroy the vegetation, but the most harm was done during the first World War. Sheep and cattle both were permitted in the forest in greater numbers than the land could support. It was claimed this had to be done in order to raise food for our allies. In a short time in the fall the hills were almost denuded of vegetation. Springs and creeks went dry. Soon the Forest Service tried to do something about it. They started to cut down on the number of sheep and they have done so. The Forest Service is doing splendid work and people should cooperate with them. They are conserving the timber where in the early days fire destroyed thousands of trees. Today if a fire breaks out, the Forest Service is right on the spot to fight the flames, and it very seldom gets very far before it is subdued. Before when a fire started, it would sometimes go for miles 1 rain or snow put it out. The Forest Service is also building good roads in the forest so that every part of the reserve can be easily reached by truck or auto. They also establish recreation camps for tourists, and are always ready to advise campers where in the forest to have a pleasant outing.

Wildlife is increasing. There are more deer and elk than we have had for some time, thanks to the Game & Fish Department. In spite of all hunting and game killed during the season, they are increasing in number.

The Game & Fish Department tries to do its best to keep the streams stocked for fishermen. The trouble is that the smaller streams are mostly dry except where there are beaver dams. They can then only stock the dams and here the fish are easily caught. Creek banks used to overhang the streams. Now they are mostly sloping beaches taking away the better home for fish.

The only way to correct the shortage of water is to forbid all grazing on the water shed of the higher mountains, and let the vegetation grow again in abundance as before to keep the ground moist all summer. Then we will have plenty of water again. This may take a few years to accomplish. If this is not done, we will be sure to have less water in creeks and streams each year. Soon there will not be enough to irrigate the meadows for hay. We have to cooperate with Nature, not fight it. If we do cooperate, we can, in due time, have some stock grazing in the forest in limited number without hurting the water flow. If we do not cooperate, we will be in the same trouble as on the plains, where, during the first World War, they plowed up the ground to raise wheat at \$3 a bushel. They rooted out the buffalo grass and created the Dust Bowl. This was intended to be a grazing country which at one time supported over 20 million buffalo from Nebraska to Texas. Now the government is spending millions to bring it back to normal.